MARVEL

DEADPOOL®

CLASSIC

VOL 5

HE'S THE MERC WITH A MOUTH, THE ASSASSIN WITH ELAN, THE WRYEST WISECRACKER OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, NOW IN A COLLECTION OF HIS EARLIEST SAGAS!

Deadpool, against the greatest threats in the Marvel Universe: Thanos! Wolverine! Bullseye! T-Ray! Dr. Bong!? Deadpool, in some of the quirkiest adventures ever seen: Sumos! Arabian princesses! Saber-toothed bunnies! Zombies! Introducing Widdle Wade, the tiny Deadpool assassin! All this and Deadpool…married!? Plus: Witness the most bizarre Deadpool stories ever told!

WOODS
SHELANDER
¡SOTO!

Collecting *Deadpool* (1997) #26-33, *Baby's First Deadpool Book* and *Deadpool Team-Up* #1 — written by Joe Kelly and James Felder; and illustrated by Pete Woods, Scott McDaniel and Joe Cooper.

MARVEL T+

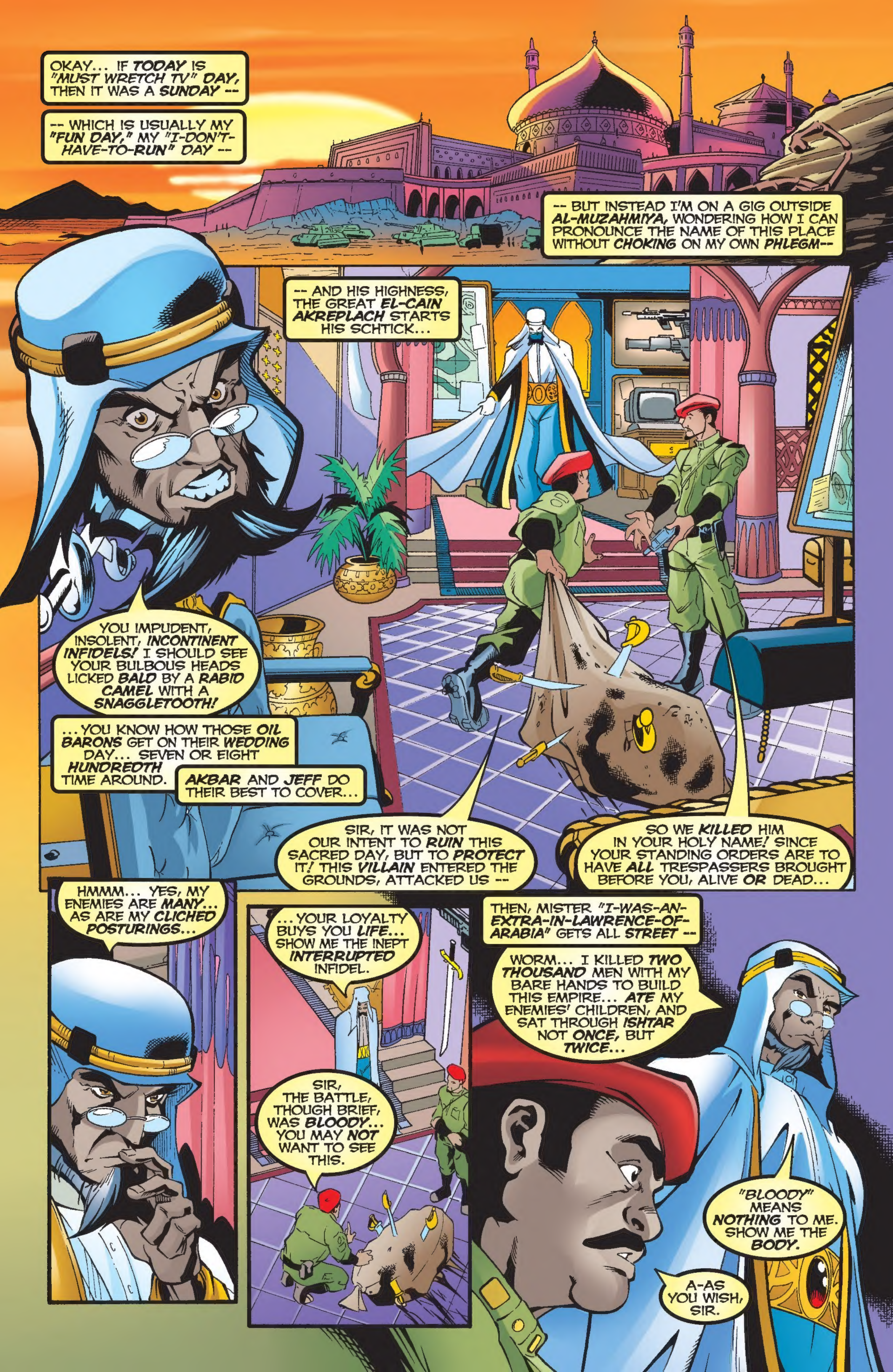
MARVEL

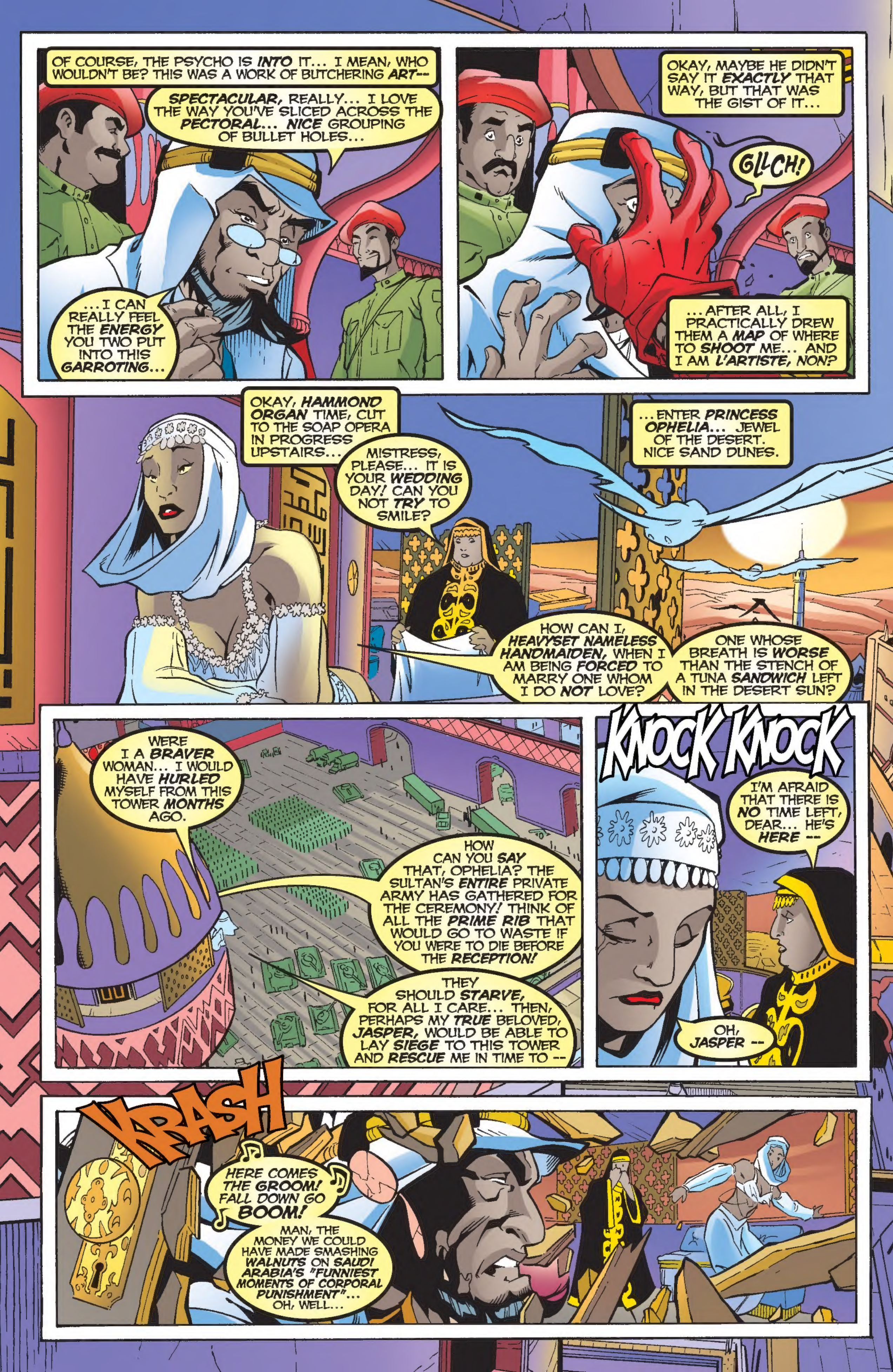
DEADPOOL®

CLASSIC VOL 5

MARVEL COMICS
DEAD-POOL
MAR #26
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
KELLY
WOODS
WONG
WARNING: THIS SCENE DOES NOT TAKE PLACE IN THIS COMIC!
THEN AGAIN: WOULD YOU REALLY WANT IT TO?
WOODS WONG ¡SOTO!
WWW.MARVEL.COM

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. WWW.MARVEL.COM

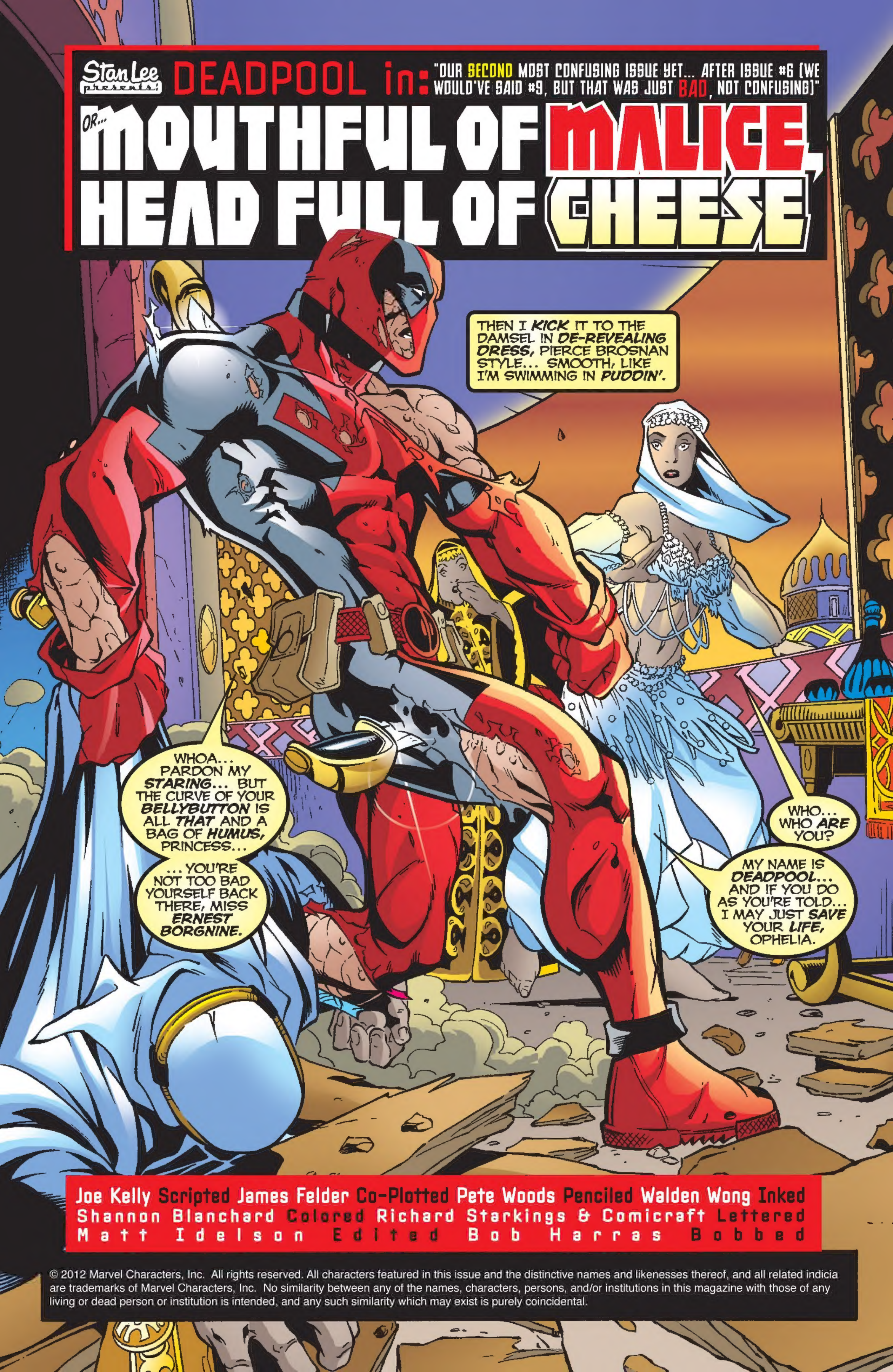

OKAY... IF ***TODAY*** IS ***"MUST WRETCH TV" DAY,*** THEN IT WAS A ***SUNDAY*** --
-- WHICH IS USUALLY MY ***"FUN DAY,"*** MY ***"I-DON'T-HAVE-TO-RUN"*** DAY --
-- BUT INSTEAD I'M ON A GIG OUTSIDE ***AL-MUZAHMIYA,*** WONDERING HOW I CAN PRONOUNCE THE NAME OF THIS PLACE WITHOUT ***CHOKING*** ON MY OWN ***PHLEGM***--
-- AND HIS HIGHNESS, THE GREAT ***EL-CAIN AKREPLACH*** STARTS HIS SCHTICK...
YOU IMPUDENT, INSOLENT, ***INCONTINENT INFIDELS!*** I SHOULD SEE YOUR BULBOUS HEADS LICKED ***BALD*** BY A ***RABID CAMEL*** WITH A ***SNAGGLETOOTH!***
...YOU KNOW HOW THOSE ***OIL BARONS*** GET ON THEIR ***WEDDING*** DAY... SEVEN OR EIGHT ***HUNDREDTH*** TIME AROUND.
AKBAR AND ***JEFF*** DO THEIR BEST TO COVER...
SIR, IT WAS NOT OUR INTENT TO ***RUIN*** THIS SACRED DAY, BUT TO ***PROTECT*** IT! THIS ***VILLAIN*** ENTERED THE GROUNDS, ATTACKED US --
SO WE ***KILLED*** HIM IN YOUR HOLY NAME! SINCE YOUR STANDING ORDERS ARE TO HAVE ***ALL*** TRESPASSERS BROUGHT BEFORE YOU, ALIVE ***OR*** DEAD...
HMMM... YES, MY ENEMIES ARE ***MANY***... AS ARE MY ***CLICHED POSTURINGS***...
...YOUR LOYALTY BUYS YOU ***LIFE***... SHOW ME THE INEPT ***INTERRUPTED*** INFIDEL.
SIR, THE BATTLE, THOUGH BRIEF, WAS ***BLOODY***... YOU MAY ***NOT*** WANT TO SEE THIS.
THEN, MISTER ***"I-WAS-AN-EXTRA-IN-LAWRENCE-OF-ARABIA"*** GETS ALL ***STREET*** --
WORM... I KILLED ***TWO THOUSAND*** MEN WITH MY BARE HANDS TO BUILD THIS EMPIRE... ***ATE*** MY ENEMIES' CHILDREN, AND SAT THROUGH ***ISHTAR*** NOT ***ONCE,*** BUT ***TWICE***...
"BLOODY" MEANS ***NOTHING*** TO ME. SHOW ME THE ***BODY.***
A-AS YOU WISH, SIR.


OF COURSE, THE PSYCHO IS INTO IT... I MEAN, WHO WOULDN'T BE? THIS WAS A WORK OF BUTCHERING ART--
SPECTACULAR, REALLY... I LOVE THE WAY YOU'VE SLICED ACROSS THE PECTORAL... NICE GROUPING OF BULLET HOLES...
...I CAN REALLY FEEL THE ENERGY YOU TWO PUT INTO THIS GARROTING...
OKAY, MAYBE HE DIDN'T SAY IT EXACTLY THAT WAY, BUT THAT WAS THE GIST OF IT...
GLLCH!
...AFTER ALL, I PRACTICALLY DREW THEM A MAP OF WHERE TO SHOOT ME... AND I AM L'ARTISTE, NON?
OKAY, HAMMOND ORGAN TIME, CUT TO THE SOAP OPERA IN PROGRESS UPSTAIRS...
MISTRESS, PLEASE... IT IS YOUR WEDDING DAY! CAN YOU NOT TRY TO SMILE?
...ENTER PRINCESS OPHELIA... JEWEL OF THE DESERT. NICE SAND DUNES.
HOW CAN I, HEAVYSET NAMELESS HANDMAIDEN, WHEN I AM BEING FORCED TO MARRY ONE WHOM I DO NOT LOVE?
ONE WHOSE BREATH IS WORSE THAN THE STENCH OF A TUNA SANDWICH LEFT IN THE DESERT SUN?
WERE I A BRAVER WOMAN... I WOULD HAVE HURLED MYSELF FROM THIS TOWER MONTHS AGO.
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT, OPHELIA? THE SULTAN'S ENTIRE PRIVATE ARMY HAS GATHERED FOR THE CEREMONY! THINK OF ALL THE PRIME RIB THAT WOULD GO TO WASTE IF YOU WERE TO DIE BEFORE THE RECEPTION!
THEY SHOULD STARVE, FOR ALL I CARE... THEN, PERHAPS MY TRUE BELOVED, JASPER, WOULD BE ABLE TO LAY SIEGE TO THIS TOWER AND RESCUE ME IN TIME TO --
KNOCK KNOCK
I'M AFRAID THAT THERE IS NO TIME LEFT, DEAR... HE'S HERE --
OH, JASPER --
KRASH
HERE COMES THE GROOM! FALL DOWN GO BOOM!
MAN, THE MONEY WE COULD HAVE MADE SMASHING WALNUTS ON SAUDI ARABIA'S "FUNNIEST MOMENTS OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT"... OH, WELL...

Stan Lee presents:

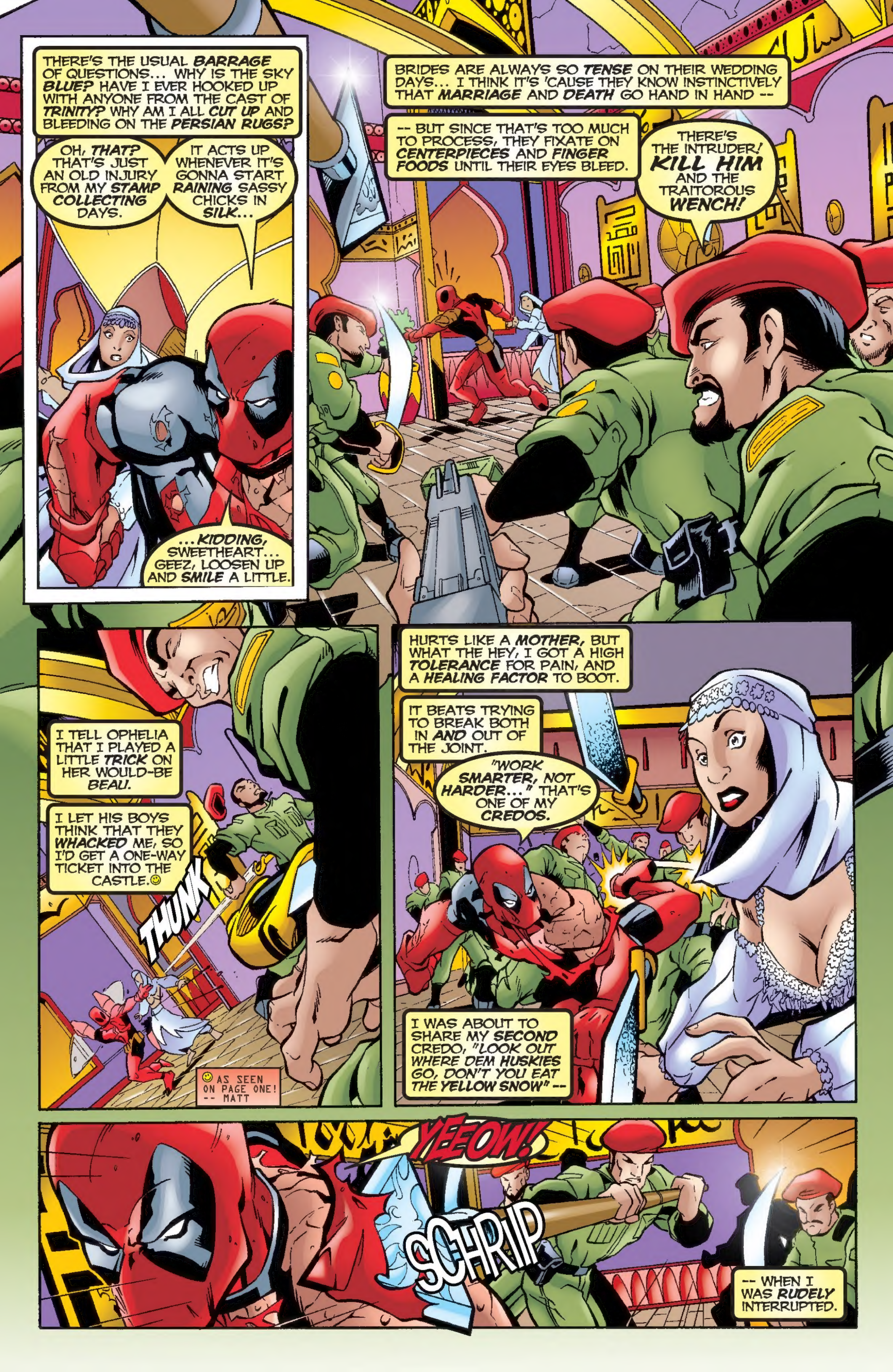
DEADPOOL in: "OUR SECOND MOST CONFUSING ISSUE YET... AFTER ISSUE #6 (WE WOULD'VE SAID #9, BUT THAT WAS JUST BAD, NOT CONFUSING)"

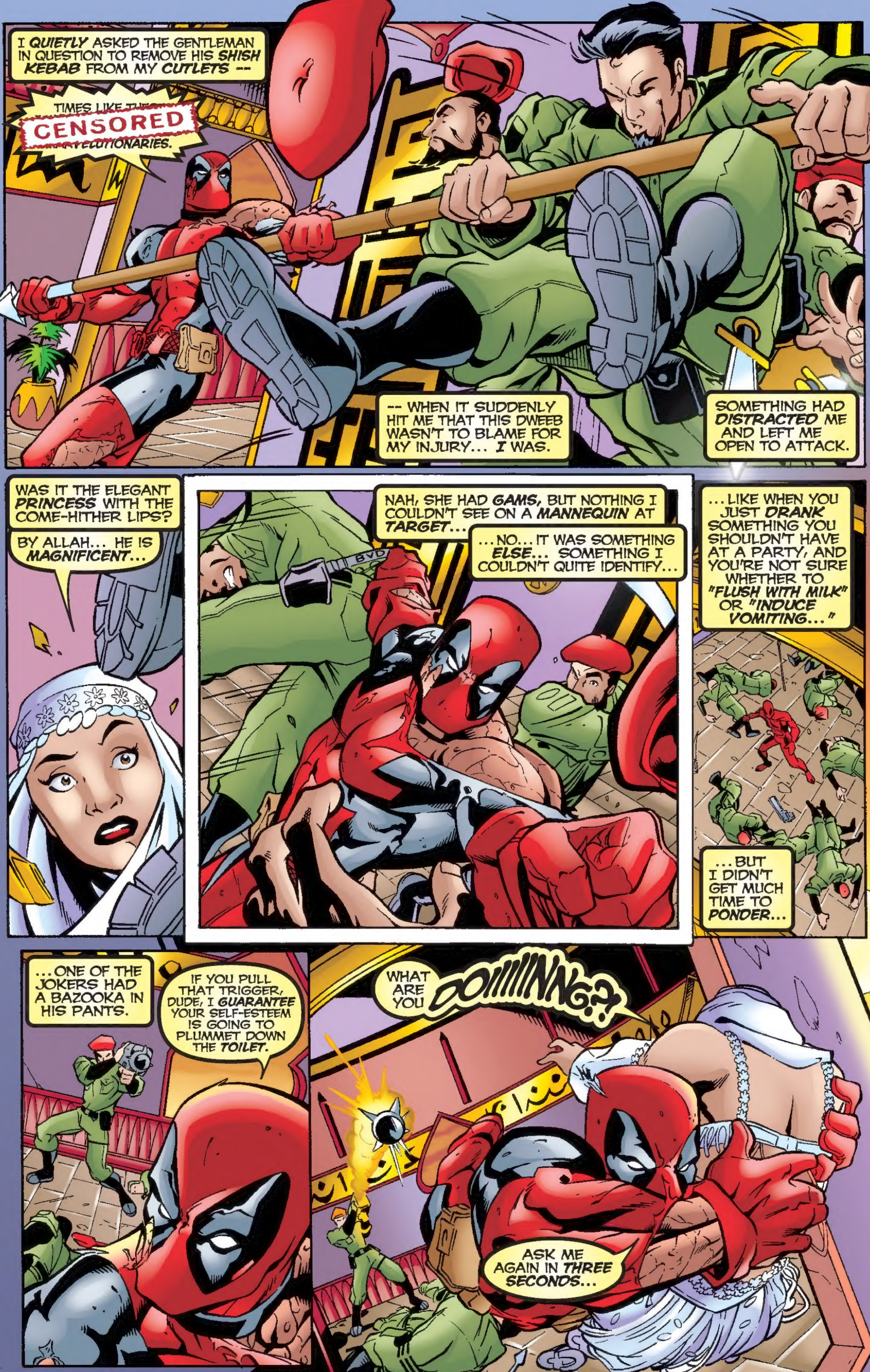
OR... MOUTHFUL OF MALICE, HEAD FULL OF CHEESE

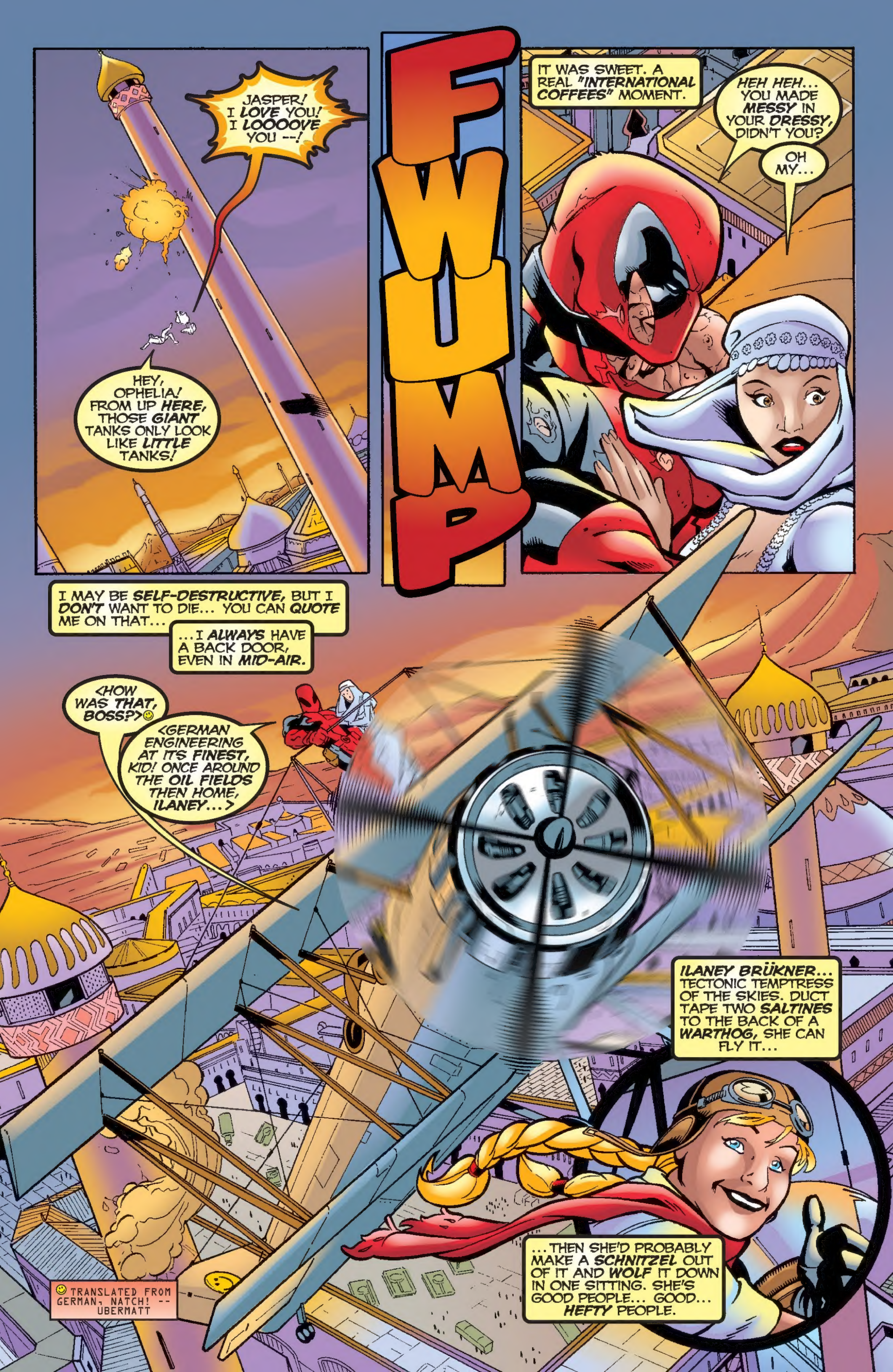

THEN I *KICK* IT TO THE DAMSEL IN *DE-REVEALING DRESS,* PIERCE BROSNAN STYLE... SMOOTH, LIKE I'M SWIMMING IN *PUDDIN'.*
WHOA... PARDON MY *STARING*... BUT THE CURVE OF YOUR *BELLYBUTTON* IS ALL *THAT* AND A BAG OF *HUMUS,* PRINCESS...
...YOU'RE NOT TOO BAD YOURSELF BACK THERE, MISS *ERNEST BORGNINE.*
WHO... WHO *ARE* YOU?
MY NAME IS *DEADPOOL*... AND IF YOU DO AS YOU'RE TOLD... I MAY JUST *SAVE* YOUR *LIFE,* OPHELIA.

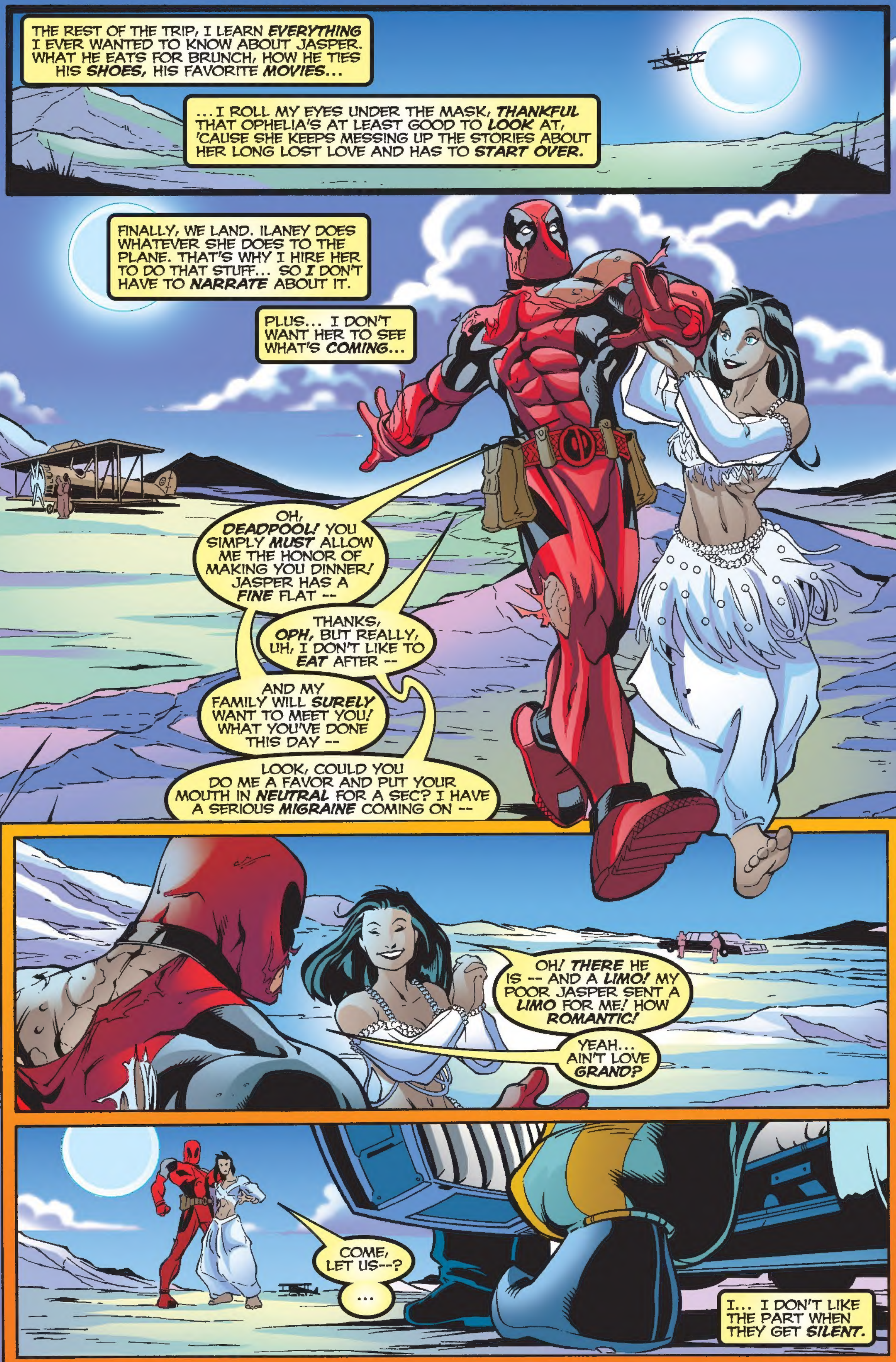
Joe Kelly Scripted James Felder Co-Plotted Pete Woods Penciled Walden Wong Inked
Shannon Blanchard Colored Richard Starkings & Comicraft Lettered
Matt Idelson Edited Bob Harras Bobbed

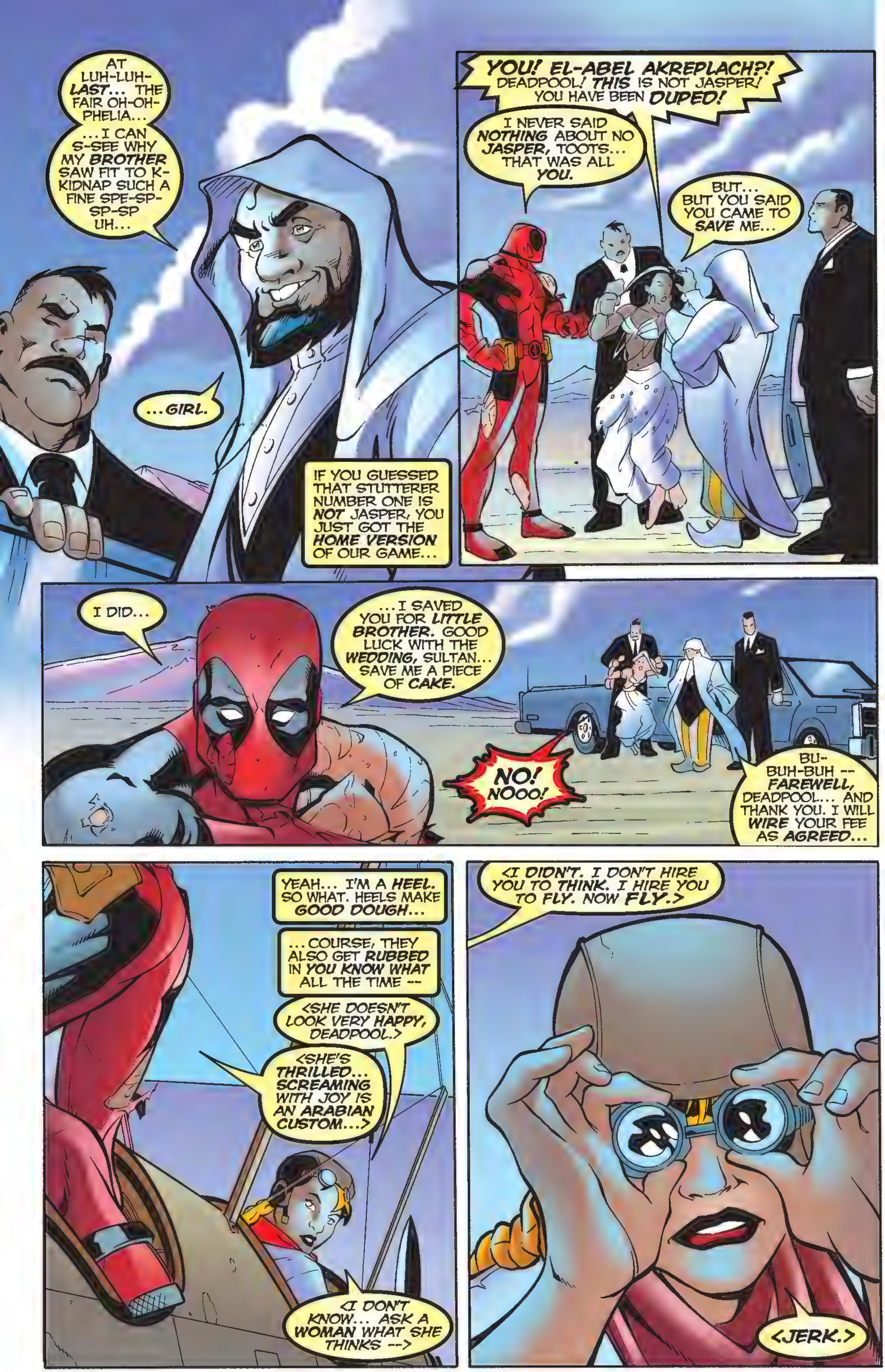
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

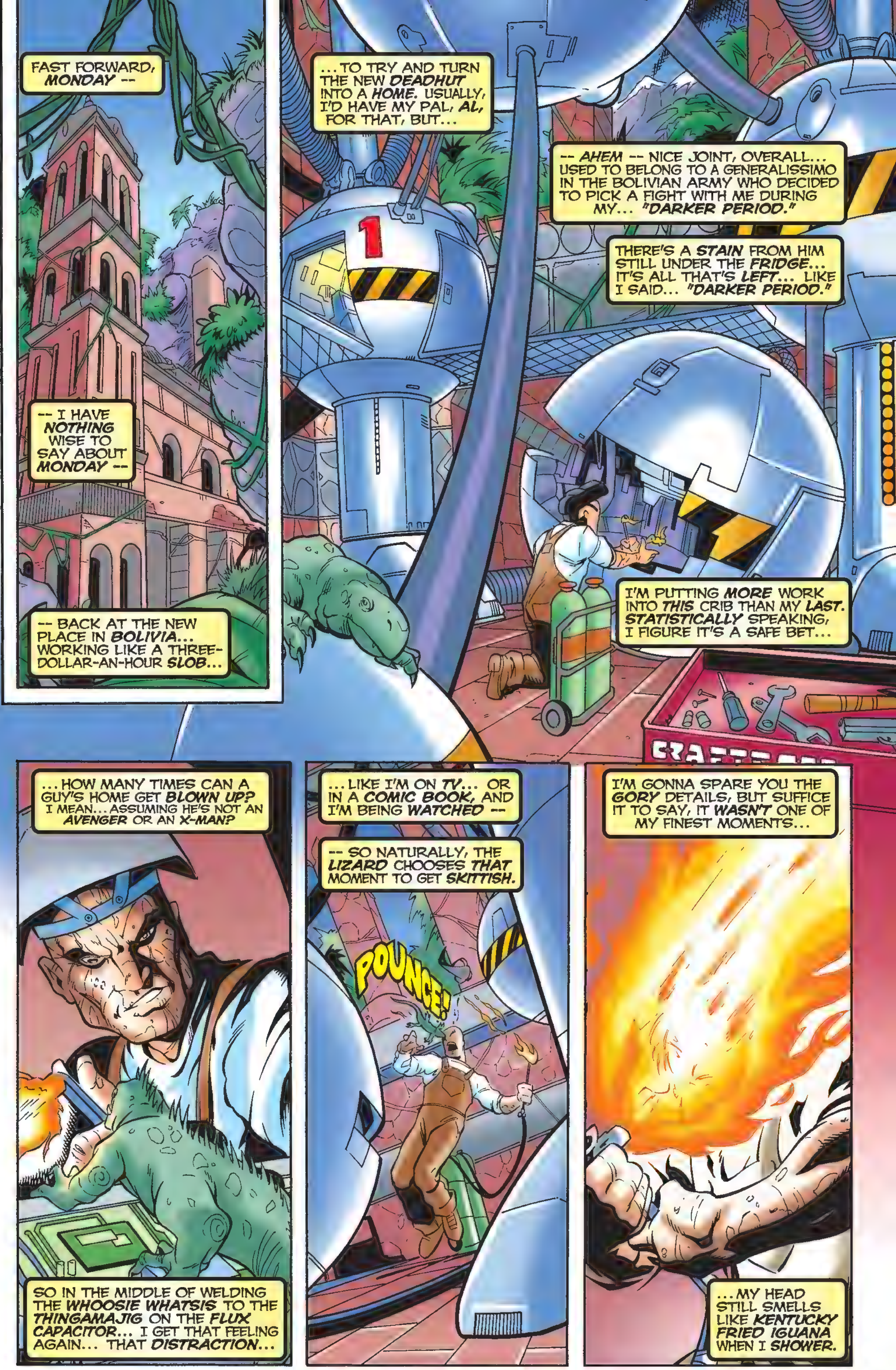

THERE'S THE USUAL BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS... WHY IS THE SKY BLUE? HAVE I EVER HOOKED UP WITH ANYONE FROM THE CAST OF TRINITY? WHY AM I ALL CUT UP AND BLEEDING ON THE PERSIAN RUGS?
OH, THAT? THAT'S JUST AN OLD INJURY FROM MY STAMP COLLECTING DAYS.
IT ACTS UP WHENEVER IT'S GONNA START RAINING SASSY CHICKS IN SILK...
...KIDDING, SWEETHEART... GEEZ, LOOSEN UP AND SMILE A LITTLE.
BRIDES ARE ALWAYS SO TENSE ON THEIR WEDDING DAYS... I THINK IT'S 'CAUSE THEY KNOW INSTINCTIVELY THAT MARRIAGE AND DEATH GO HAND IN HAND --
-- BUT SINCE THAT'S TOO MUCH TO PROCESS, THEY FIXATE ON CENTERPIECES AND FINGER FOODS UNTIL THEIR EYES BLEED.
THERE'S THE INTRUDER! KILL HIM AND THE TRAITOROUS WENCH!
I TELL OPHELIA THAT I PLAYED A LITTLE TRICK ON HER WOULD-BE BEAU.
I LET HIS BOYS THINK THAT THEY WHACKED ME, SO I'D GET A ONE-WAY TICKET INTO THE CASTLE.☺
THUNK
☺ AS SEEN ON PAGE ONE! -- MATT
HURTS LIKE A MOTHER, BUT WHAT THE HEY, I GOT A HIGH TOLERANCE FOR PAIN, AND A HEALING FACTOR TO BOOT.
IT BEATS TRYING TO BREAK BOTH IN AND OUT OF THE JOINT.
"WORK SMARTER, NOT HARDER..." THAT'S ONE OF MY CREDOS.
I WAS ABOUT TO SHARE MY SECOND CREDO, "LOOK OUT WHERE DEM HUSKIES GO, DON'T YOU EAT THE YELLOW SNOW" --
YEEOW!
SCHRIP
-- WHEN I WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED.

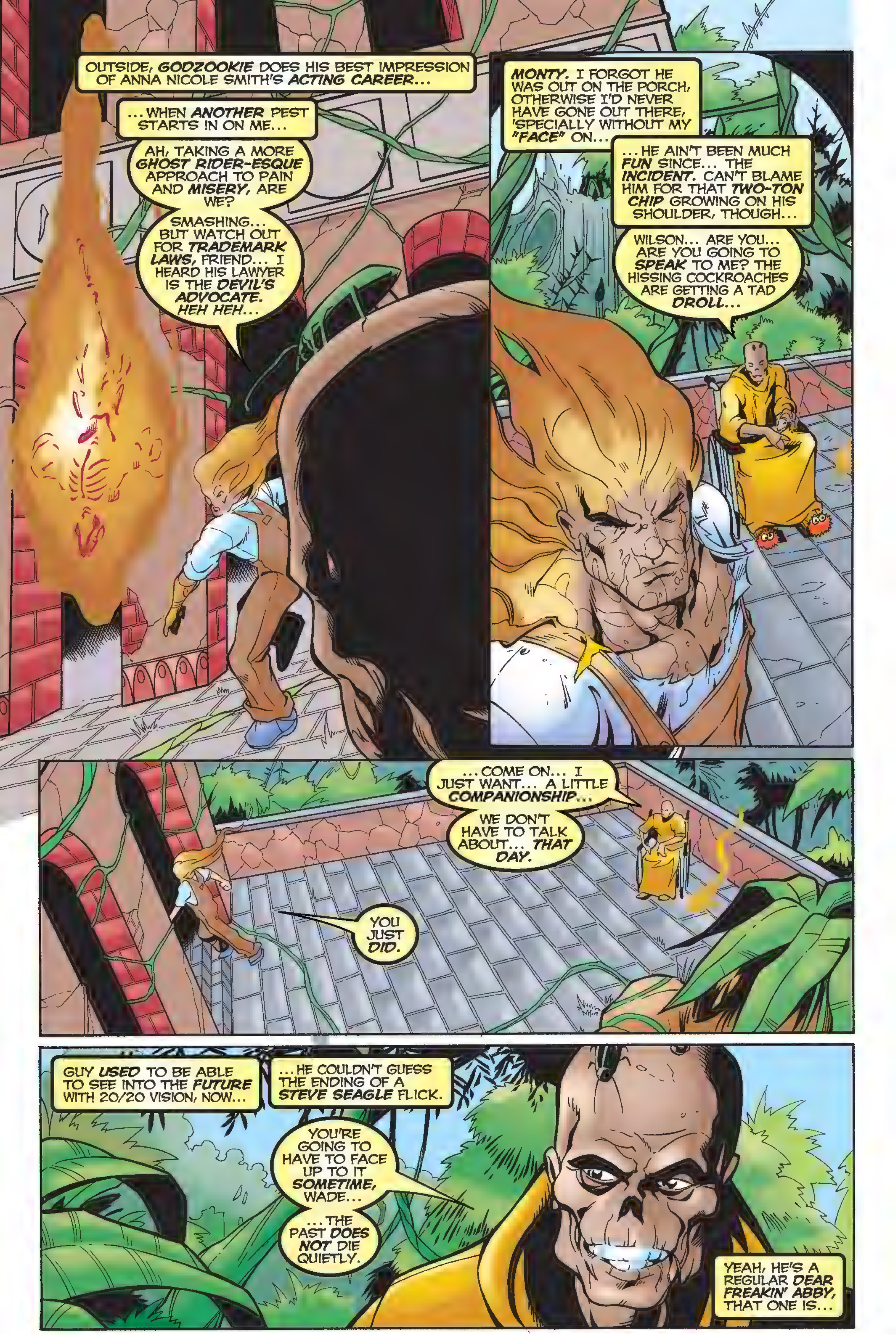

I QUIETLY ASKED THE GENTLEMAN IN QUESTION TO REMOVE HIS SHISH KEBAB FROM MY CUTLETS --
TIMES LIKE THE
CENSORED
OLUTIONARIES.
-- WHEN IT SUDDENLY HIT ME THAT THIS DWEEB WASN'T TO BLAME FOR MY INJURY... I WAS.
SOMETHING HAD DISTRACTED ME AND LEFT ME OPEN TO ATTACK.
WAS IT THE ELEGANT PRINCESS WITH THE COME-HITHER LIPS?
BY ALLAH... HE IS MAGNIFICENT...
NAH, SHE HAD GAMS, BUT NOTHING I COULDN'T SEE ON A MANNEQUIN AT TARGET...
...NO... IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE... SOMETHING I COULDN'T QUITE IDENTIFY...
BVD
...LIKE WHEN YOU JUST DRANK SOMETHING YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE AT A PARTY, AND YOU'RE NOT SURE WHETHER TO "FLUSH WITH MILK" OR "INDUCE VOMITING..."
...BUT I DIDN'T GET MUCH TIME TO PONDER...
...ONE OF THE JOKERS HAD A BAZOOKA IN HIS PANTS.
IF YOU PULL THAT TRIGGER, DUDE, I GUARANTEE YOUR SELF-ESTEEM IS GOING TO PLUMMET DOWN THE TOILET.
WHAT ARE YOU DOIIIIINNG?!
ASK ME AGAIN IN THREE SECONDS...

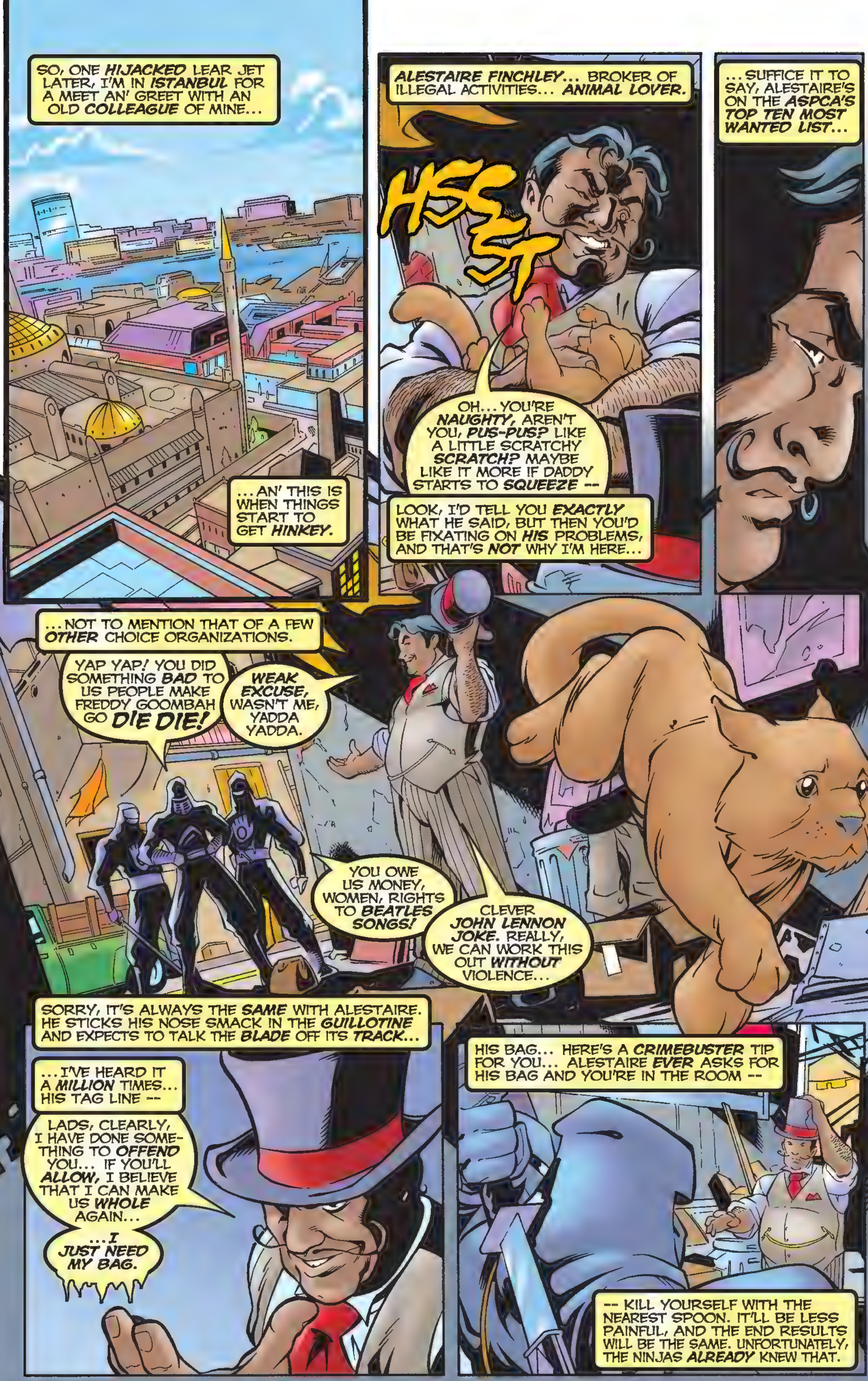

JASPER! I *LOVE* YOU! I *LOOOOVE* YOU --!
HEY, OPHELIA! FROM UP *HERE,* THOSE *GIANT* TANKS ONLY LOOK LIKE *LITTLE* TANKS!
FWUMP
IT WAS SWEET. A REAL *"INTERNATIONAL COFFEES"* MOMENT.
HEH HEH... YOU MADE *MESSY* IN YOUR *DRESSY,* DIDN'T YOU?
OH MY...
I MAY BE *SELF-DESTRUCTIVE,* BUT I *DON'T* WANT TO DIE... YOU CAN *QUOTE* ME ON THAT...
...I *ALWAYS* HAVE A BACK DOOR, EVEN IN *MID-AIR.*
<HOW WAS *THAT,* BOSS?>☺
<GERMAN ENGINEERING AT IT'S *FINEST,* KID! ONCE AROUND THE *OIL FIELDS* THEN HOME, *ILANEY*...>
ILANEY BRÜKNER... TECTONIC TEMPTRESS OF THE SKIES. DUCT TAPE TWO *SALTINES* TO THE BACK OF A *WARTHOG,* SHE CAN FLY IT...
...THEN SHE'D PROBABLY MAKE A *SCHNITZEL* OUT OF IT AND *WOLF* IT DOWN IN ONE SITTING. SHE'S GOOD PEOPLE... GOOD... *HEFTY* PEOPLE.
☺ TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN, NATCH! -- UBERMATT

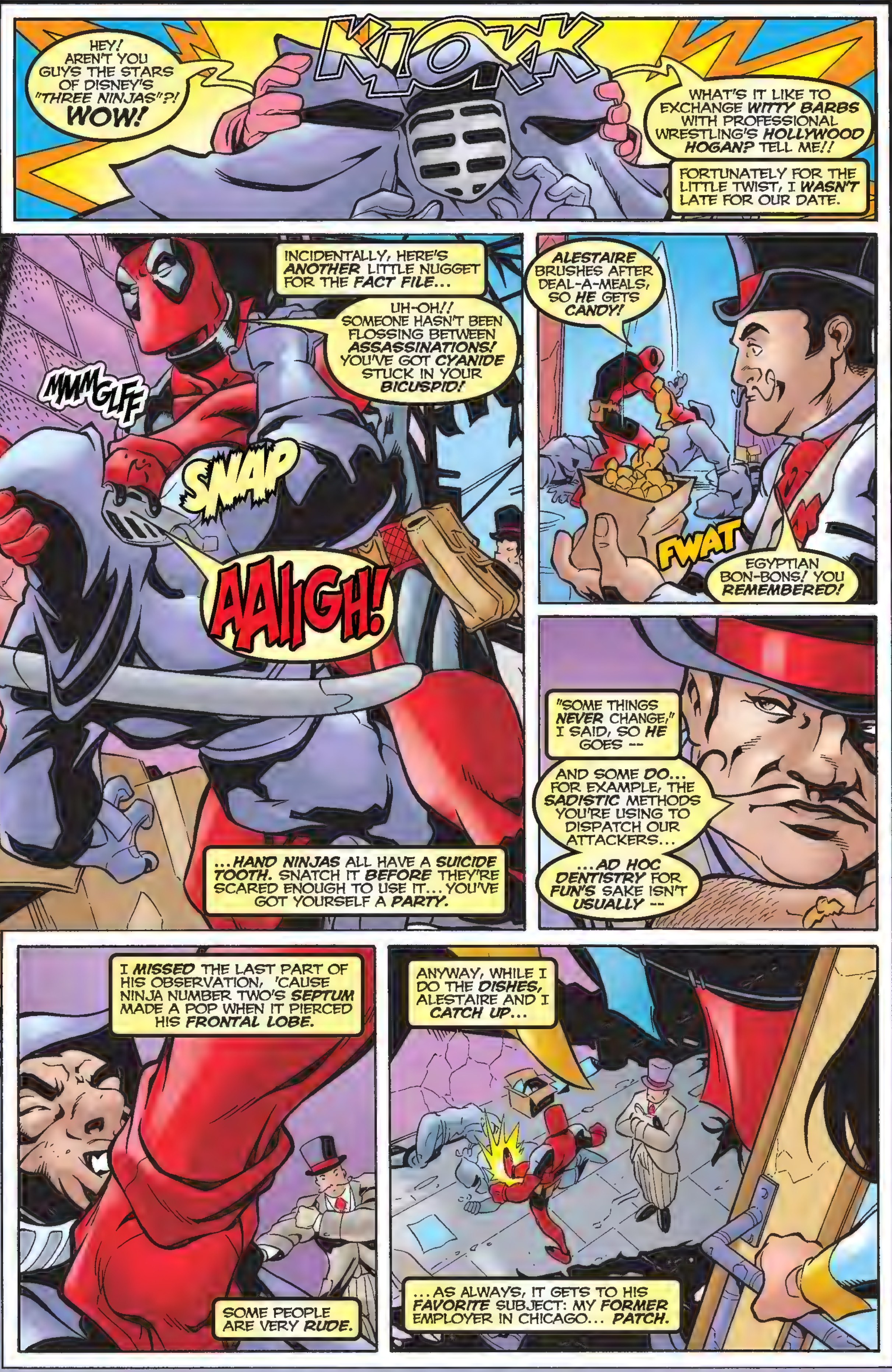

THE REST OF THE TRIP, I LEARN *EVERYTHING* I EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT JASPER. WHAT HE EATS FOR BRUNCH, HOW HE TIES HIS *SHOES,* HIS FAVORITE *MOVIES*...
...I ROLL MY EYES UNDER THE MASK, *THANKFUL* THAT OPHELIA'S AT LEAST GOOD TO *LOOK* AT, 'CAUSE SHE KEEPS MESSING UP THE STORIES ABOUT HER LONG LOST LOVE AND HAS TO *START OVER.*
FINALLY, WE LAND. ILANEY DOES WHATEVER SHE DOES TO THE PLANE. THAT'S WHY I HIRE HER TO DO THAT STUFF... SO *I* DON'T HAVE TO *NARRATE* ABOUT IT.
PLUS... I DON'T WANT HER TO SEE WHAT'S *COMING*...
OH, *DEADPOOL!* YOU SIMPLY *MUST* ALLOW ME THE HONOR OF MAKING YOU DINNER! JASPER HAS A *FINE* FLAT --
THANKS, *OPH,* BUT REALLY, UH, I DON'T LIKE TO *EAT* AFTER --
AND MY FAMILY WILL *SURELY* WANT TO MEET YOU! WHAT YOU'VE DONE THIS DAY --
LOOK, COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND PUT YOUR MOUTH IN *NEUTRAL* FOR A SEC? I HAVE A SERIOUS *MIGRAINE* COMING ON --
OH! *THERE* HE IS -- AND A *LIMO!* MY POOR JASPER SENT A *LIMO* FOR ME! HOW *ROMANTIC!*
YEAH... AIN'T LOVE *GRAND?*
COME, LET US--?
...
I... I DON'T LIKE THE PART WHEN THEY GET *SILENT.*

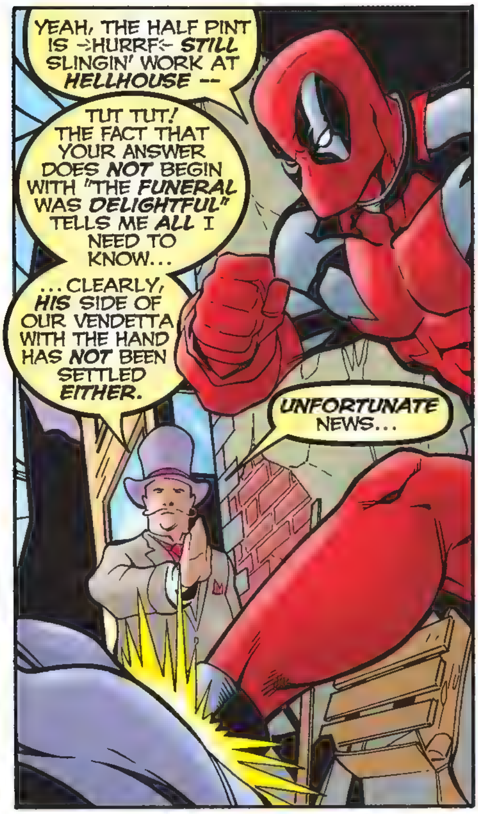

AT LUH-LUH-LAST... THE FAIR OH-OH-PHELIA...
...I CAN S-SEE WHY MY BROTHER SAW FIT TO K-KIDNAP SUCH A FINE SPE-SP-SP-SP UH...
...GIRL.
IF YOU GUESSED THAT STUTTERER NUMBER ONE IS NOT JASPER, YOU JUST GOT THE HOME VERSION OF OUR GAME...
YOU! EL-ABEL AKREPLACH?! DEADPOOL! THIS IS NOT JASPER! YOU HAVE BEEN DUPED!
I NEVER SAID NOTHING ABOUT NO JASPER, TOOTS... THAT WAS ALL YOU.
BUT... BUT YOU SAID YOU CAME TO SAVE ME...
I DID...
...I SAVED YOU FOR LITTLE BROTHER. GOOD LUCK WITH THE WEDDING, SULTAN... SAVE ME A PIECE OF CAKE.
NO! NOOO!
BU-BUH-BUH -- FAREWELL, DEADPOOL... AND THANK YOU. I WILL WIRE YOUR FEE AS AGREED...
YEAH... I'M A HEEL. SO WHAT. HEELS MAKE GOOD DOUGH...
...COURSE, THEY ALSO GET RUBBED IN YOU KNOW WHAT ALL THE TIME --
<SHE DOESN'T LOOK VERY HAPPY, DEADPOOL.>
<SHE'S THRILLED... SCREAMING WITH JOY IS AN ARABIAN CUSTOM...>
<I DON'T KNOW... ASK A WOMAN WHAT SHE THINKS -->
<I DIDN'T. I DON'T HIRE YOU TO THINK. I HIRE YOU TO FLY. NOW FLY.>
<JERK.>

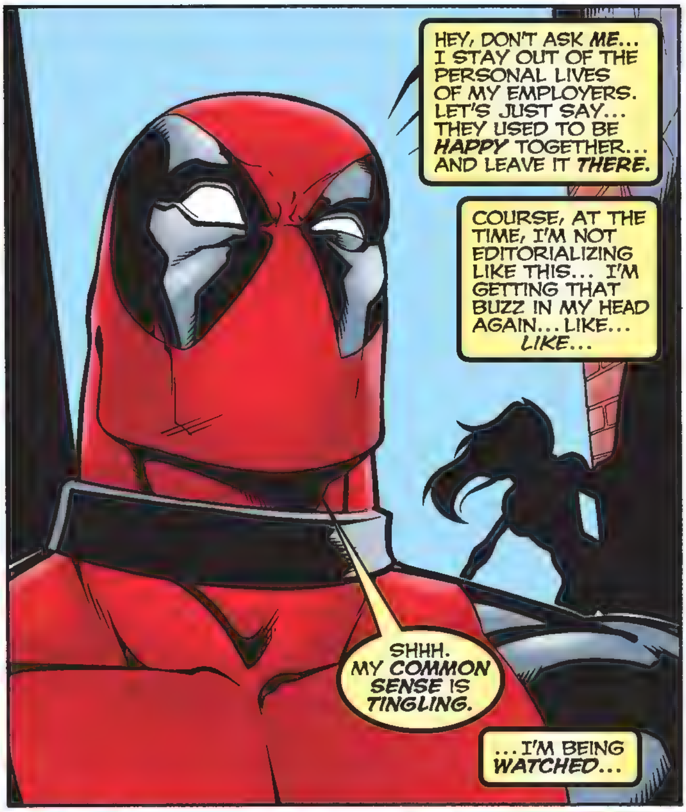

FAST FORWARD, MONDAY --
-- I HAVE NOTHING WISE TO SAY ABOUT MONDAY --
-- BACK AT THE NEW PLACE IN BOLIVIA... WORKING LIKE A THREE-DOLLAR-AN-HOUR SLOB...
...TO TRY AND TURN THE NEW DEADHUT INTO A HOME. USUALLY, I'D HAVE MY PAL, AL, FOR THAT, BUT...
-- AHEM -- NICE JOINT, OVERALL... USED TO BELONG TO A GENERALISSIMO IN THE BOLIVIAN ARMY WHO DECIDED TO PICK A FIGHT WITH ME DURING MY... "DARKER PERIOD."
THERE'S A STAIN FROM HIM STILL UNDER THE FRIDGE... IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT... LIKE I SAID... "DARKER PERIOD."
1
I'M PUTTING MORE WORK INTO THIS CRIB THAN MY LAST. STATISTICALLY SPEAKING, I FIGURE IT'S A SAFE BET...
...HOW MANY TIMES CAN A GUY'S HOME GET BLOWN UP? I MEAN... ASSUMING HE'S NOT AN AVENGER OR AN X-MAN?
SO IN THE MIDDLE OF WELDING THE WHOOSIE WHATSIS TO THE THINGAMAJIG ON THE FLUX CAPACITOR... I GET THAT FEELING AGAIN... THAT DISTRACTION...
...LIKE I'M ON TV... OR IN A COMIC BOOK, AND I'M BEING WATCHED --
-- SO NATURALLY, THE LIZARD CHOOSES THAT MOMENT TO GET SKITTISH.
POUNCE!
I'M GONNA SPARE YOU THE GORY DETAILS, BUT SUFFICE IT TO SAY, IT WASN'T ONE OF MY FINEST MOMENTS...
...MY HEAD STILL SMELLS LIKE KENTUCKY FRIED IGUANA WHEN I SHOWER.

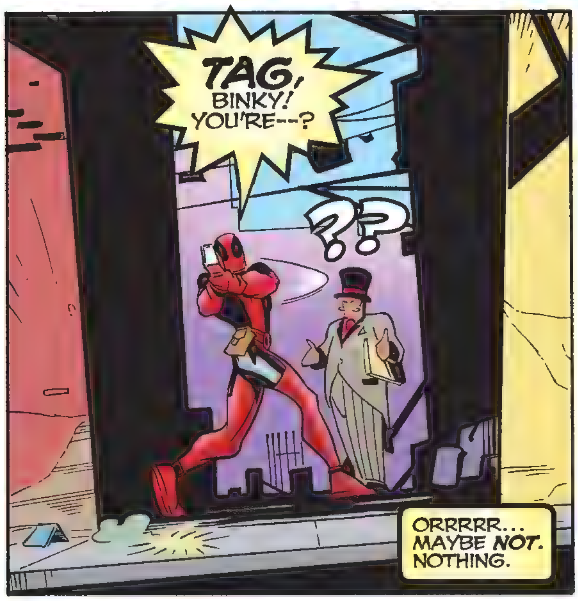

OUTSIDE, GODZOOKIE DOES HIS BEST IMPRESSION OF ANNA NICOLE SMITH'S ACTING CAREER...
...WHEN ANOTHER PEST STARTS IN ON ME...
AH, TAKING A MORE GHOST RIDER-ESQUE APPROACH TO PAIN AND MISERY, ARE WE?
SMASHING... BUT WATCH OUT FOR TRADEMARK LAWS, FRIEND... I HEARD HIS LAWYER IS THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. HEH HEH...
MONTY. I FORGOT HE WAS OUT ON THE PORCH, OTHERWISE I'D NEVER HAVE GONE OUT THERE, 'SPECIALLY WITHOUT MY "FACE" ON...
...HE AIN'T BEEN MUCH FUN SINCE... THE INCIDENT. CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR THAT TWO-TON CHIP GROWING ON HIS SHOULDER, THOUGH...
WILSON... ARE YOU... ARE YOU GOING TO SPEAK TO ME? THE HISSING COCKROACHES ARE GETTING A TAD DROLL...
...COME ON... I JUST WANT... A LITTLE COMPANIONSHIP...
WE DON'T HAVE TO TALK ABOUT... THAT DAY.
YOU JUST DID.
GUY USED TO BE ABLE TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE WITH 20/20 VISION, NOW...
...HE COULDN'T GUESS THE ENDING OF A STEVE SEAGLE FLICK.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FACE UP TO IT SOMETIME, WADE...
...THE PAST DOES NOT DIE QUIETLY.
YEAH, HE'S A REGULAR DEAR FREAKIN' ABBY, THAT ONE IS...

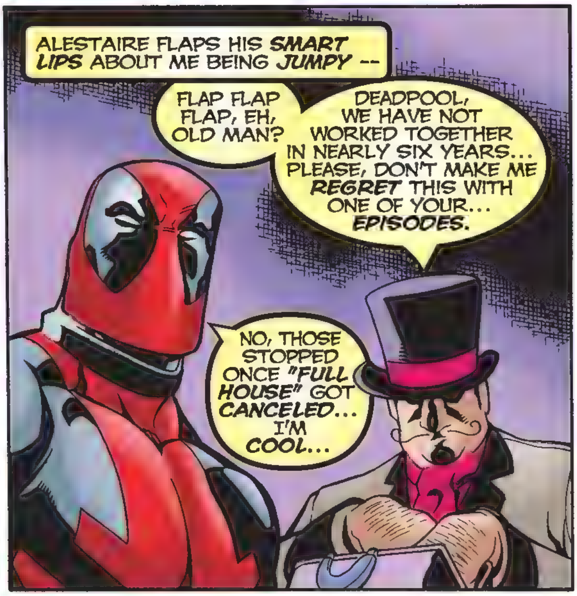

SO, ONE HIJACKED LEAR JET LATER, I'M IN ISTANBUL FOR A MEET AN' GREET WITH AN OLD COLLEAGUE OF MINE...
...AN' THIS IS WHEN THINGS START TO GET HINKEY.
ALESTAIRE FINCHLEY... BROKER OF ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES... ANIMAL LOVER.
HSSSST
OH... YOU'RE NAUGHTY, AREN'T YOU, PUS-PUS? LIKE A LITTLE SCRATCHY SCRATCH? MAYBE LIKE IT MORE IF DADDY STARTS TO SQUEEZE --
LOOK, I'D TELL YOU EXACTLY WHAT HE SAID, BUT THEN YOU'D BE FIXATING ON HIS PROBLEMS, AND THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE...
...SUFFICE IT TO SAY, ALESTAIRE'S ON THE ASPCA'S TOP TEN MOST WANTED LIST...
...NOT TO MENTION THAT OF A FEW OTHER CHOICE ORGANIZATIONS.
YAP YAP! YOU DID SOMETHING BAD TO US PEOPLE MAKE FREDDY GOOMBAH GO DIE DIE!
WEAK EXCUSE, WASN'T ME, YADDA YADDA.
YOU OWE US MONEY, WOMEN, RIGHTS TO BEATLES SONGS!
CLEVER JOHN LENNON JOKE. REALLY, WE CAN WORK THIS OUT WITHOUT VIOLENCE...
SORRY, IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WITH ALESTAIRE. HE STICKS HIS NOSE SMACK IN THE GUILLOTINE AND EXPECTS TO TALK THE BLADE OFF ITS TRACK...
...I'VE HEARD IT A MILLION TIMES... HIS TAG LINE --
LADS, CLEARLY, I HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO OFFEND YOU... IF YOU'LL ALLOW, I BELIEVE THAT I CAN MAKE US WHOLE AGAIN...
...I JUST NEED MY BAG.
HIS BAG... HERE'S A CRIMEBUSTER TIP FOR YOU... ALESTAIRE EVER ASKS FOR HIS BAG AND YOU'RE IN THE ROOM --
-- KILL YOURSELF WITH THE NEAREST SPOON. IT'LL BE LESS PAINFUL, AND THE END RESULTS WILL BE THE SAME. UNFORTUNATELY, THE NINJAS ALREADY KNEW THAT.

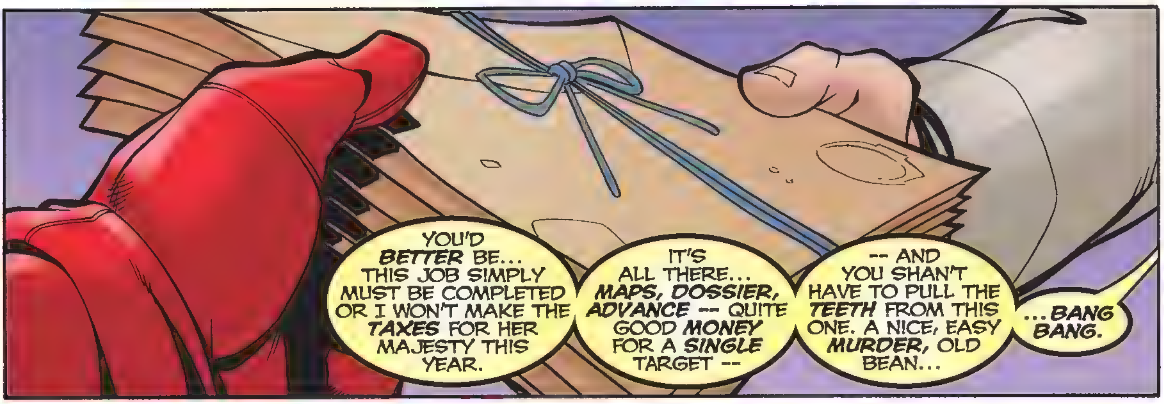

KLOKK
HEY! AREN'T YOU GUYS THE STARS OF DISNEY'S "THREE NINJAS"?! WOW!
WHAT'S IT LIKE TO EXCHANGE WITTY BARBS WITH PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING'S HOLLYWOOD HOGAN? TELL ME!!
FORTUNATELY FOR THE LITTLE TWIST, I WASN'T LATE FOR OUR DATE.
INCIDENTALLY, HERE'S ANOTHER LITTLE NUGGET FOR THE FACT FILE...
UH-OH!! SOMEONE HASN'T BEEN FLOSSING BETWEEN ASSASSINATIONS! YOU'VE GOT CYANIDE STUCK IN YOUR BICUSPID!
MMMGLFF
SNAP
AAIIGH!
...HAND NINJAS ALL HAVE A SUICIDE TOOTH. SNATCH IT BEFORE THEY'RE SCARED ENOUGH TO USE IT... YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A PARTY.
ALESTAIRE BRUSHES AFTER DEAL-A-MEALS, SO HE GETS CANDY!
FWAT
EGYPTIAN BON-BONS! YOU REMEMBERED!
"SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE," I SAID, SO HE GOES --
AND SOME DO... FOR EXAMPLE, THE SADISTIC METHODS YOU'RE USING TO DISPATCH OUR ATTACKERS...
...AD HOC DENTISTRY FOR FUN'S SAKE ISN'T USUALLY --
I MISSED THE LAST PART OF HIS OBSERVATION, 'CAUSE NINJA NUMBER TWO'S SEPTUM MADE A POP WHEN IT PIERCED HIS FRONTAL LOBE.
SOME PEOPLE ARE VERY RUDE.
ANYWAY, WHILE I DO THE DISHES, ALESTAIRE AND I CATCH UP...
...AS ALWAYS, IT GETS TO HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT: MY FORMER EMPLOYER IN CHICAGO... PATCH.

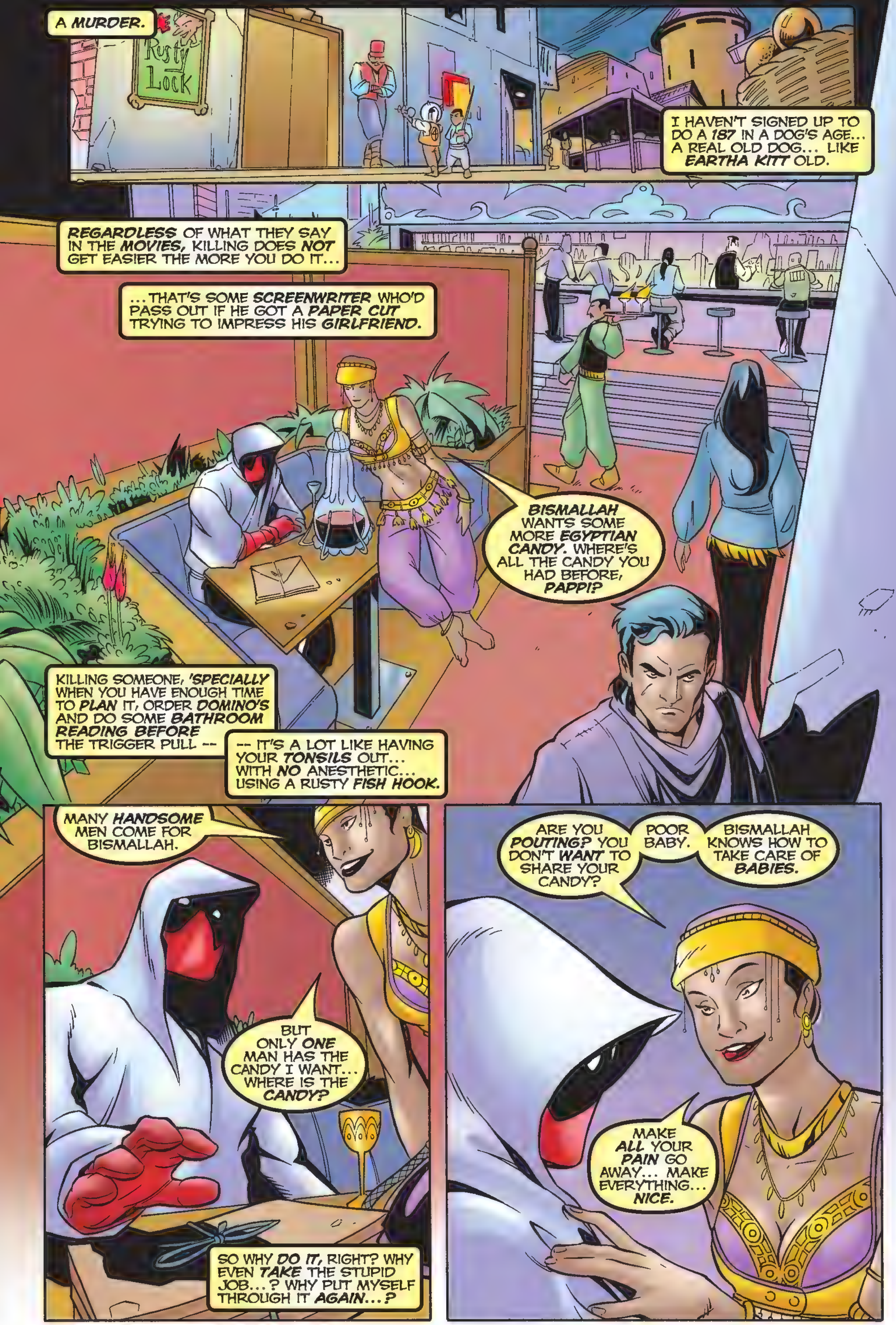

YEAH, THE HALF PINT IS ~HURRF~ STILL SLINGIN' WORK AT HELLHOUSE --
TUT TUT! THE FACT THAT YOUR ANSWER DOES NOT BEGIN WITH "THE FUNERAL WAS DELIGHTFUL" TELLS ME ALL I NEED TO KNOW...
...CLEARLY, HIS SIDE OF OUR VENDETTA WITH THE HAND HAS NOT BEEN SETTLED EITHER.
UNFORTUNATE NEWS...

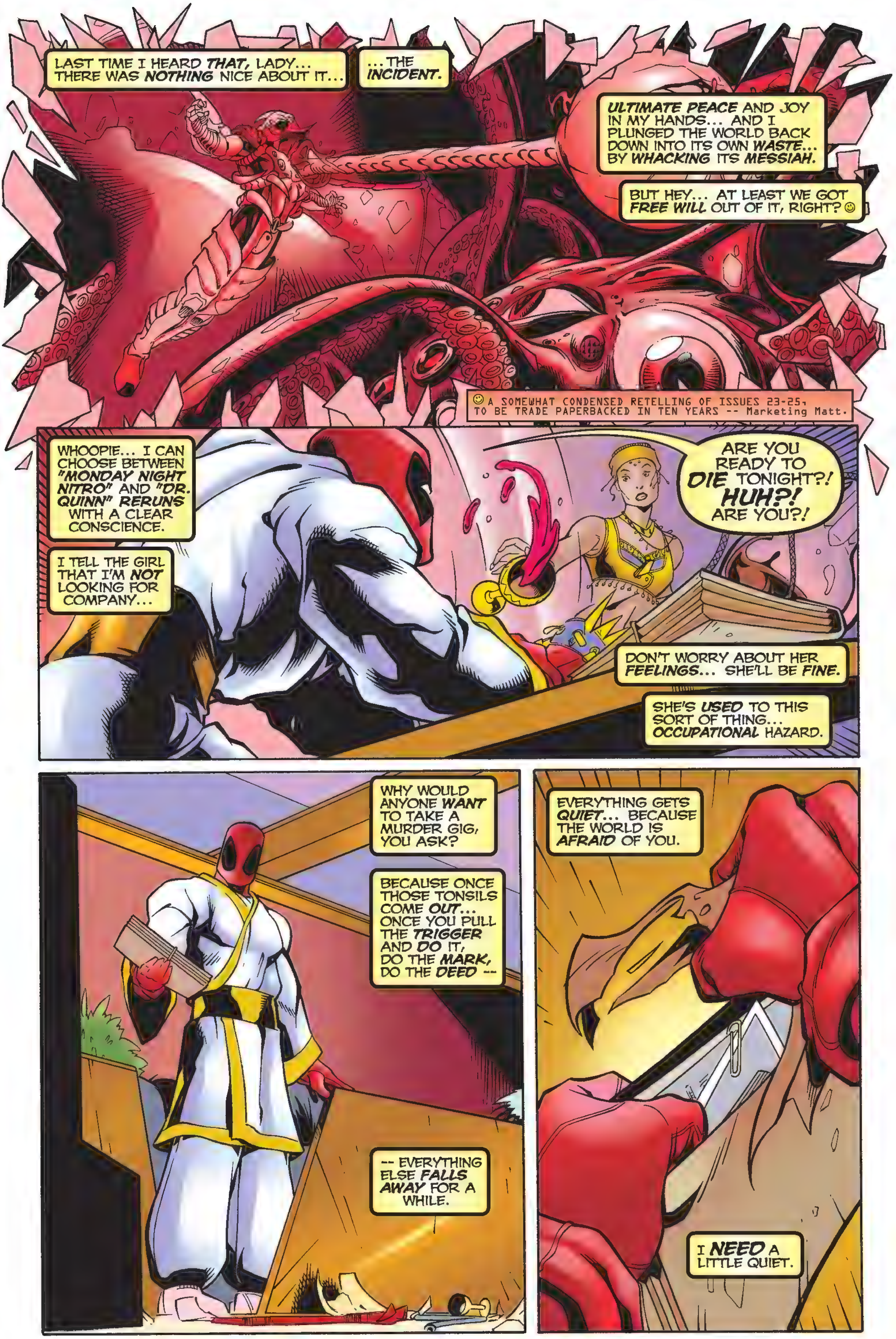

HEY, DON'T ASK ME... I STAY OUT OF THE PERSONAL LIVES OF MY EMPLOYERS. LET'S JUST SAY... THEY USED TO BE HAPPY TOGETHER... AND LEAVE IT THERE.
COURSE, AT THE TIME, I'M NOT EDITORIALIZING LIKE THIS... I'M GETTING THAT BUZZ IN MY HEAD AGAIN... LIKE... LIKE...
SHHH. MY COMMON SENSE IS TINGLING.
...I'M BEING WATCHED...

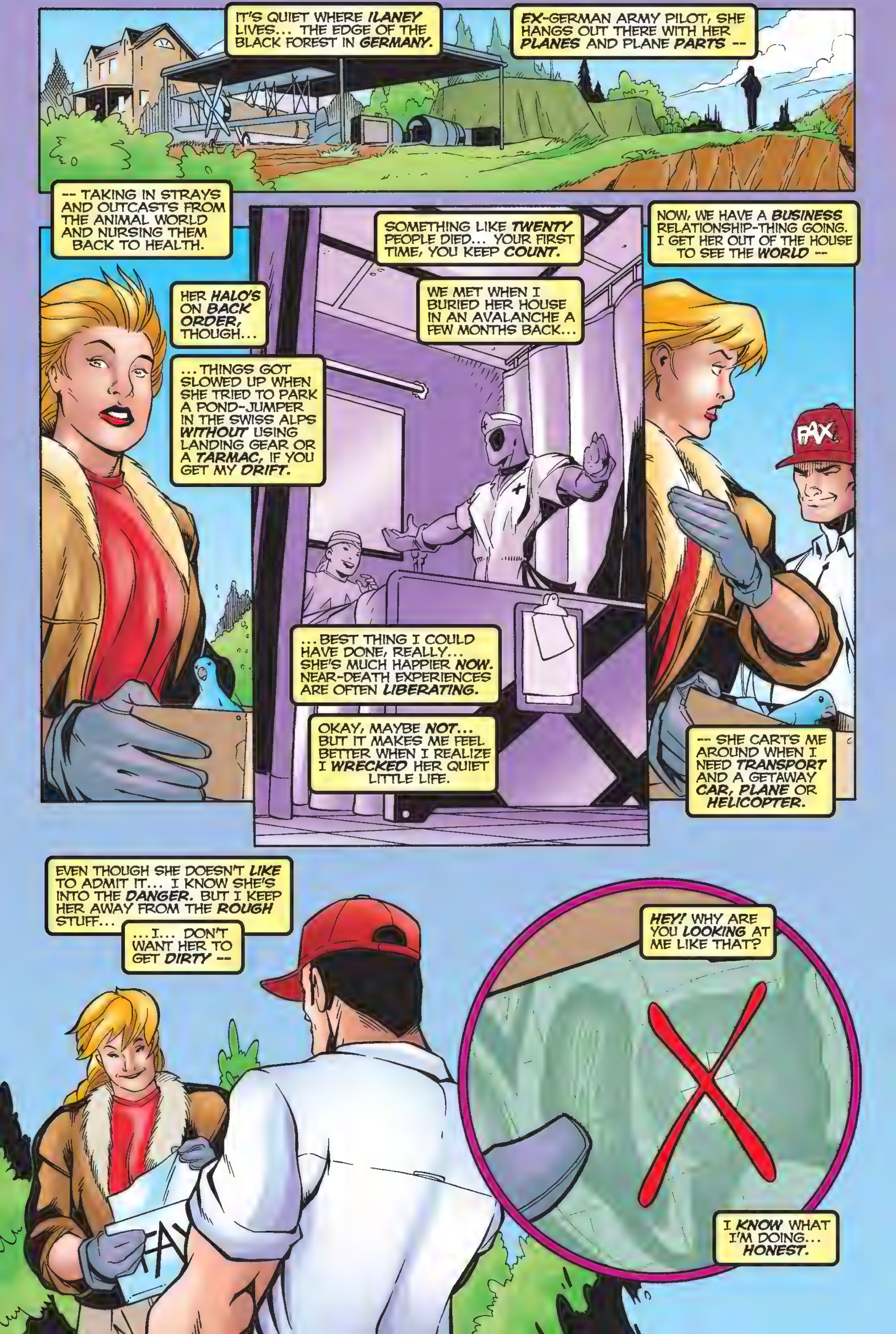

TAG, BINKY! YOU'RE--?
??
ORRRRR... MAYBE NOT. NOTHING.

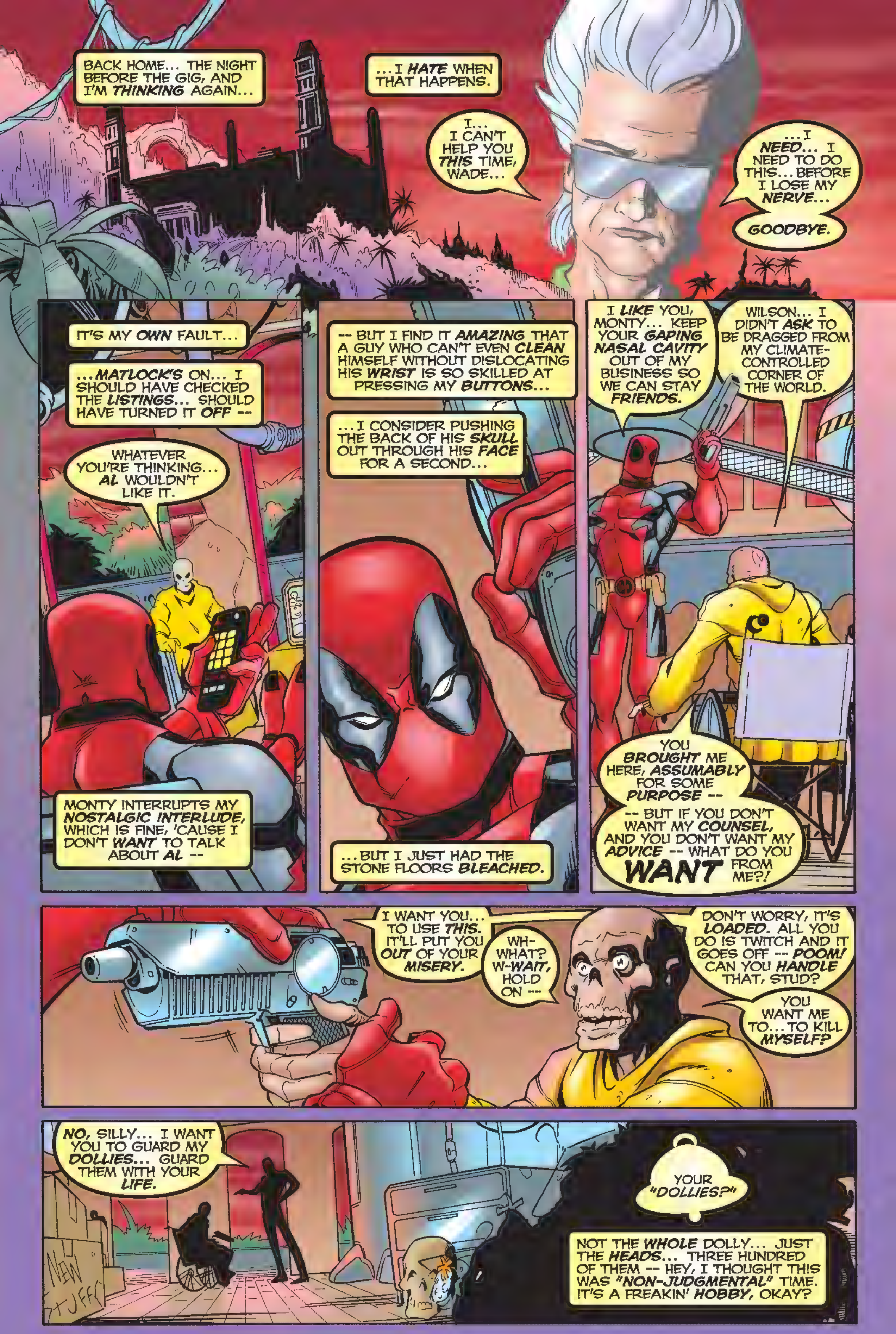

ALESTAIRE FLAPS HIS SMART LIPS ABOUT ME BEING JUMPY --
FLAP FLAP FLAP, EH, OLD MAN?
DEADPOOL, WE HAVE NOT WORKED TOGETHER IN NEARLY SIX YEARS... PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME REGRET THIS WITH ONE OF YOUR... EPISODES.
NO, THOSE STOPPED ONCE "FULL HOUSE" GOT CANCELED... I'M COOL...

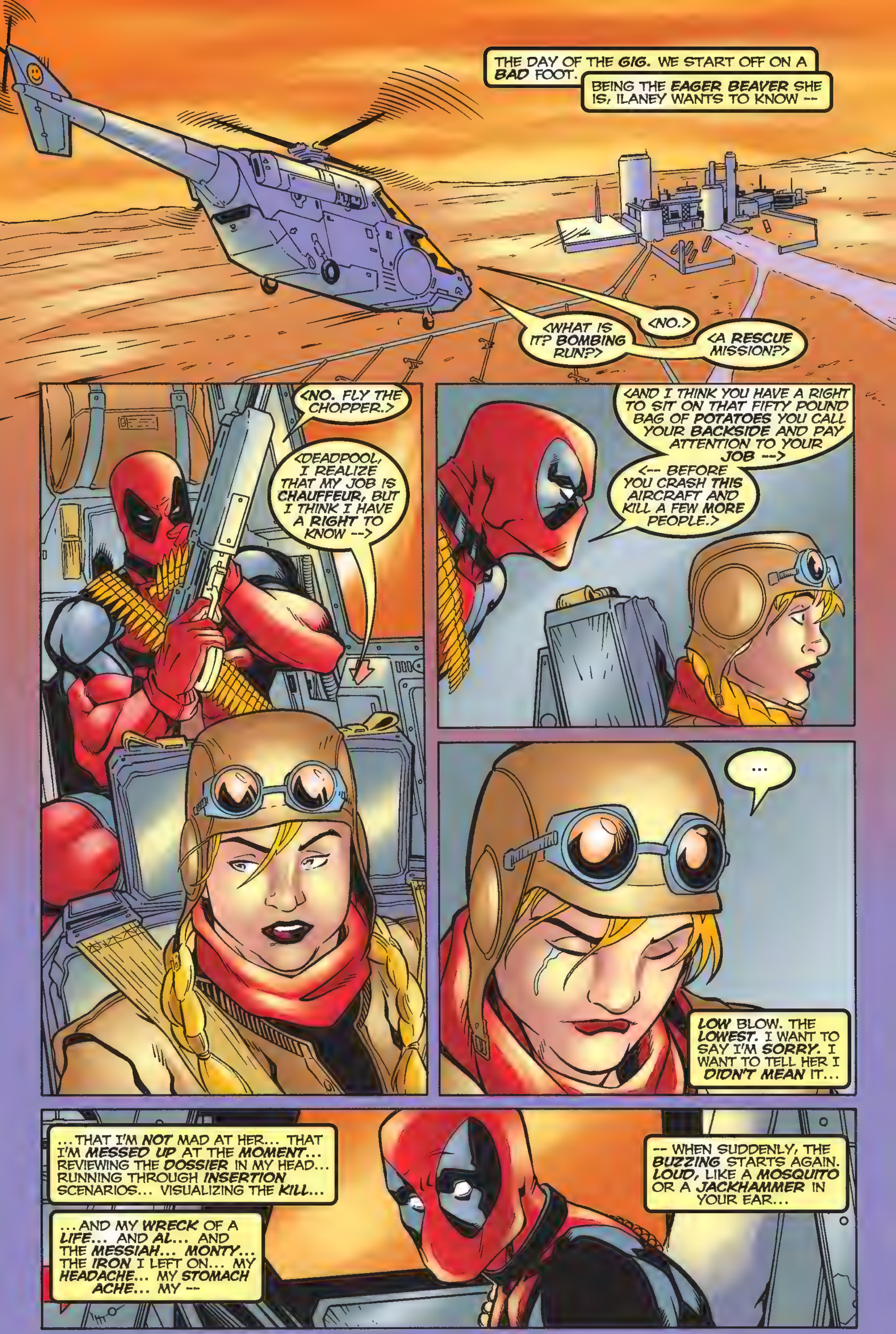

YOU'D BETTER BE... THIS JOB SIMPLY MUST BE COMPLETED OR I WON'T MAKE THE TAXES FOR HER MAJESTY THIS YEAR.
IT'S ALL THERE... MAPS, DOSSIER, ADVANCE -- QUITE GOOD MONEY FOR A SINGLE TARGET --
-- AND YOU SHAN'T HAVE TO PULL THE TEETH FROM THIS ONE. A NICE, EASY MURDER, OLD BEAN...
...BANG BANG.

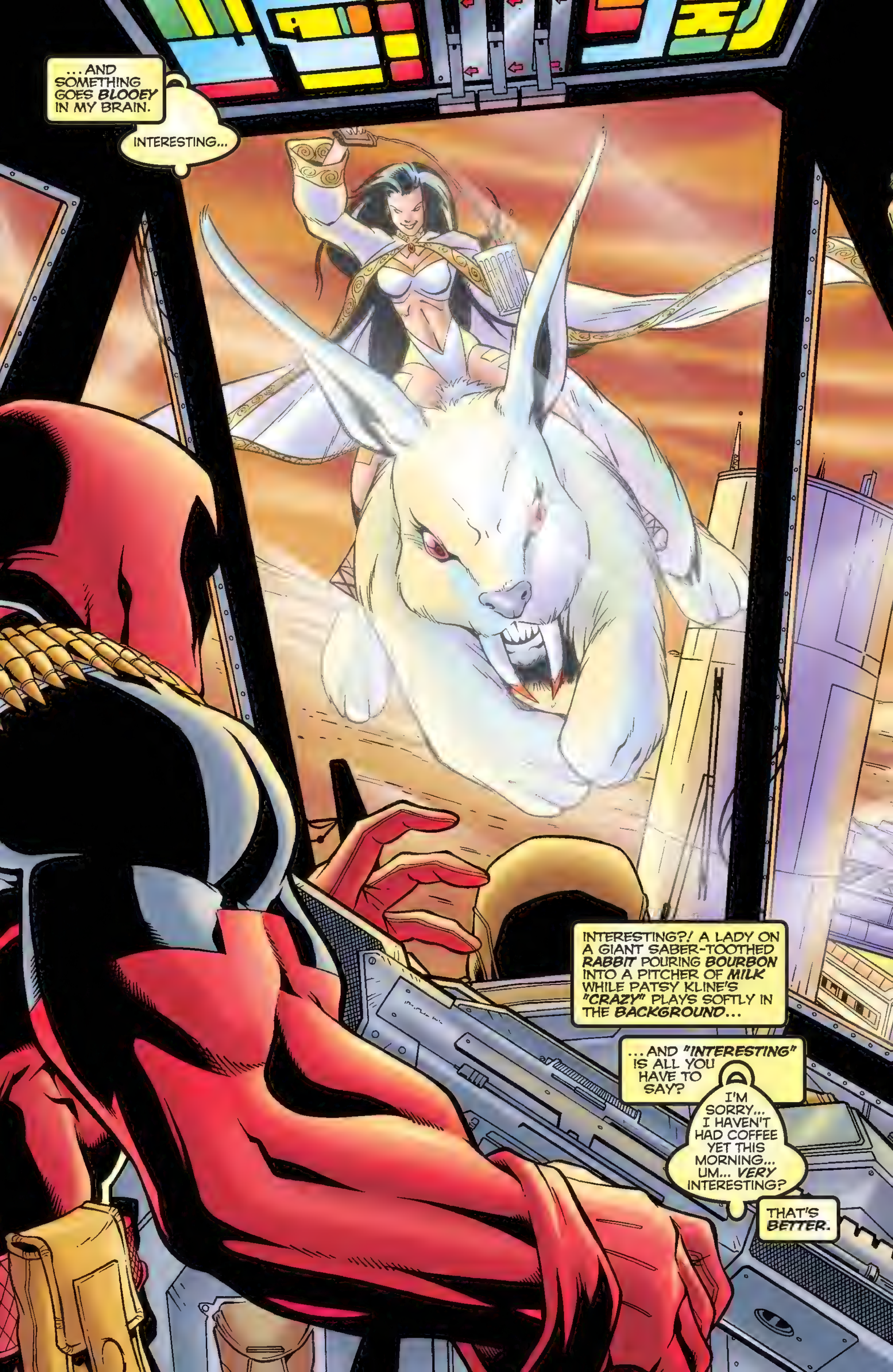

A MURDER.
Rusty Lock
I HAVEN'T SIGNED UP TO DO A 187 IN A DOG'S AGE... A REAL OLD DOG... LIKE EARTHA KITT OLD.
REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEY SAY IN THE MOVIES, KILLING DOES NOT GET EASIER THE MORE YOU DO IT...
...THAT'S SOME SCREENWRITER WHO'D PASS OUT IF HE GOT A PAPER CUT TRYING TO IMPRESS HIS GIRLFRIEND.
BISMALLAH WANTS SOME MORE EGYPTIAN CANDY. WHERE'S ALL THE CANDY YOU HAD BEFORE, PAPPI?
KILLING SOMEONE, 'SPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO PLAN IT, ORDER DOMINO'S AND DO SOME BATHROOM READING BEFORE THE TRIGGER PULL --
-- IT'S A LOT LIKE HAVING YOUR TONSILS OUT... WITH NO ANESTHETIC... USING A RUSTY FISH HOOK.
MANY HANDSOME MEN COME FOR BISMALLAH.
BUT ONLY ONE MAN HAS THE CANDY I WANT... WHERE IS THE CANDY?
SO WHY DO IT, RIGHT? WHY EVEN TAKE THE STUPID JOB...? WHY PUT MYSELF THROUGH IT AGAIN...?
ARE YOU POUTING? YOU DON'T WANT TO SHARE YOUR CANDY?
POOR BABY.
BISMALLAH KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF BABIES.
MAKE ALL YOUR PAIN GO AWAY... MAKE EVERYTHING... NICE.

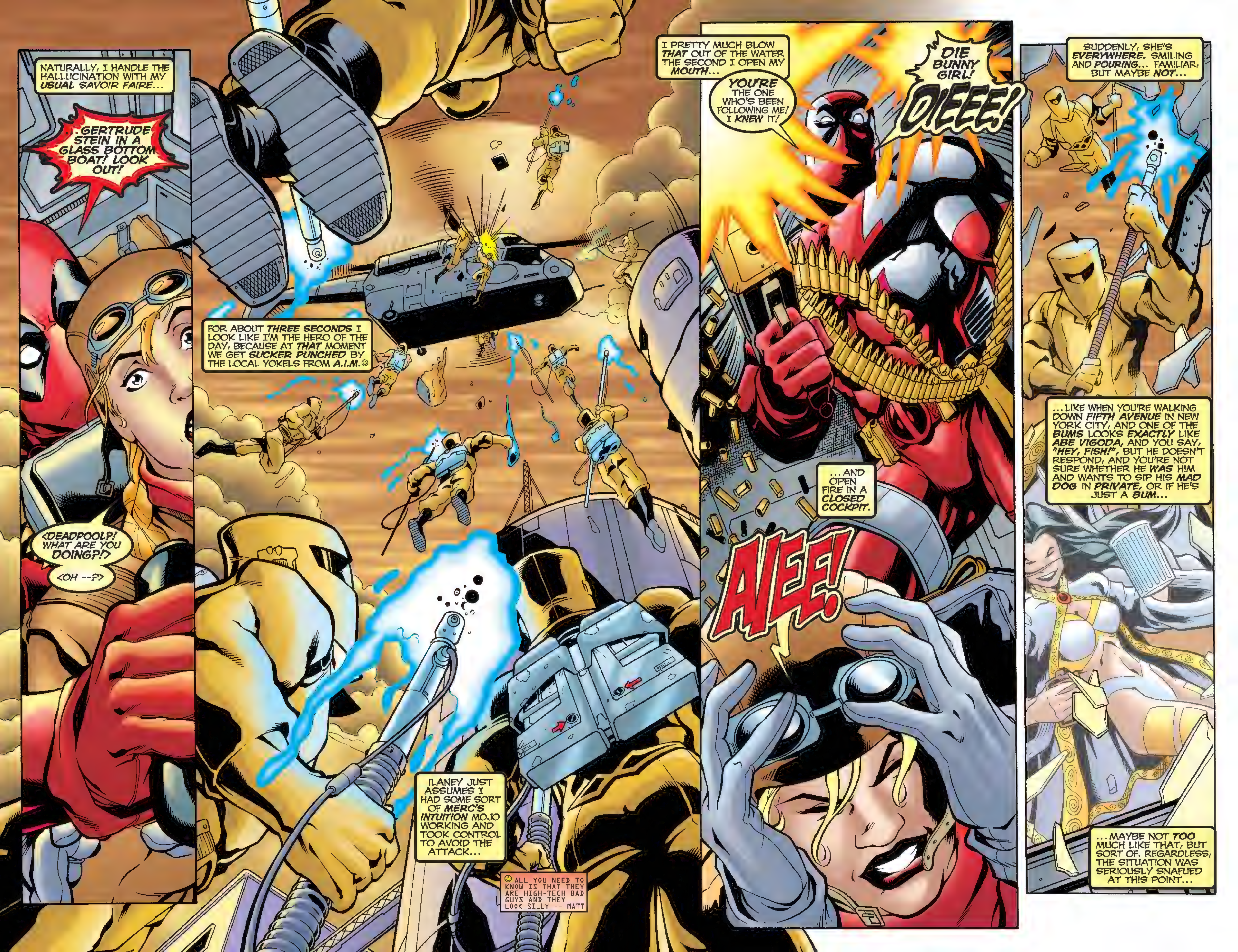

LAST TIME I HEARD **THAT,** LADY... THERE WAS **NOTHING** NICE ABOUT IT...
...THE **INCIDENT.**
ULTIMATE PEACE AND JOY IN MY HANDS... AND I PLUNGED THE WORLD BACK DOWN INTO ITS OWN **WASTE...** BY **WHACKING** ITS **MESSIAH.**
BUT HEY... AT LEAST WE GOT **FREE WILL** OUT OF IT, RIGHT? ☺
☺ A SOMEWHAT CONDENSED RETELLING OF ISSUES 23-25, TO BE TRADE PAPERBACKED IN TEN YEARS -- Marketing Matt.
WHOOPIE... I CAN CHOOSE BETWEEN **"MONDAY NIGHT NITRO"** AND **"DR. QUINN" RERUNS** WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.
I TELL THE GIRL THAT I'M **NOT** LOOKING FOR COMPANY...
ARE YOU READY TO **DIE** TONIGHT?! **HUH?!** ARE YOU?!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER **FEELINGS...** SHE'LL BE **FINE.**
SHE'S **USED** TO THIS SORT OF THING... **OCCUPATIONAL** HAZARD.
WHY WOULD ANYONE **WANT** TO TAKE A MURDER GIG, YOU ASK?
BECAUSE ONCE THOSE TONSILS COME **OUT...** ONCE YOU PULL THE **TRIGGER** AND **DO** IT, DO THE **MARK,** DO THE **DEED** --
-- EVERYTHING ELSE **FALLS AWAY** FOR A WHILE.
EVERYTHING GETS **QUIET...** BECAUSE THE WORLD IS **AFRAID** OF YOU.
I **NEED** A LITTLE QUIET.

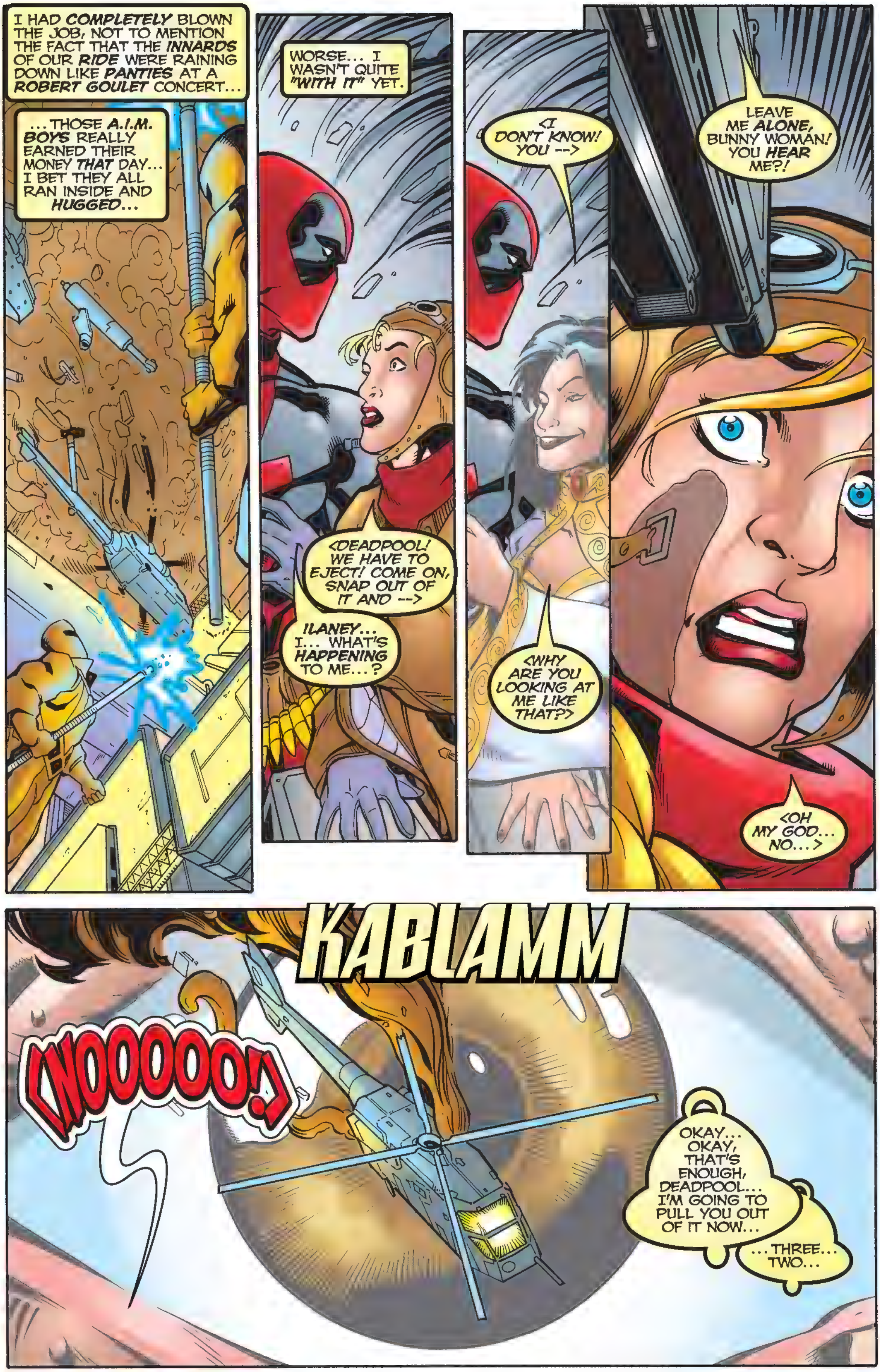

IT'S QUIET WHERE *ILANEY* LIVES... THE EDGE OF THE BLACK FOREST IN *GERMANY.*
EX-GERMAN ARMY PILOT, SHE HANGS OUT THERE WITH HER *PLANES* AND PLANE *PARTS* --
-- TAKING IN STRAYS AND OUTCASTS FROM THE ANIMAL WORLD AND NURSING THEM BACK TO HEALTH.
HER *HALO'S* ON *BACK ORDER,* THOUGH...
...THINGS GOT SLOWED UP WHEN SHE TRIED TO PARK A POND-JUMPER IN THE SWISS ALPS *WITHOUT* USING LANDING GEAR OR A *TARMAC,* IF YOU GET MY *DRIFT.*
SOMETHING LIKE *TWENTY* PEOPLE DIED... YOUR FIRST TIME, YOU KEEP *COUNT.*
WE MET WHEN I BURIED HER HOUSE IN AN AVALANCHE A FEW MONTHS BACK...
...BEST THING I COULD HAVE DONE, REALLY... SHE'S MUCH HAPPIER *NOW.* NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES ARE OFTEN *LIBERATING.*
OKAY, MAYBE *NOT*... BUT IT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER WHEN I REALIZE I *WRECKED* HER QUIET LITTLE LIFE.
NOW, WE HAVE A *BUSINESS* RELATIONSHIP-THING GOING. I GET HER OUT OF THE HOUSE TO SEE THE *WORLD* --
PAX
-- SHE CARTS ME AROUND WHEN I NEED *TRANSPORT* AND A GETAWAY *CAR, PLANE* OR *HELICOPTER.*
EVEN THOUGH SHE DOESN'T *LIKE* TO ADMIT IT... I KNOW SHE'S INTO THE *DANGER.* BUT I KEEP HER AWAY FROM THE *ROUGH* STUFF...
...I... DON'T WANT HER TO GET *DIRTY* --
PAY
HEY! WHY ARE YOU *LOOKING* AT ME LIKE THAT?
I *KNOW* WHAT I'M DOING... *HONEST.*

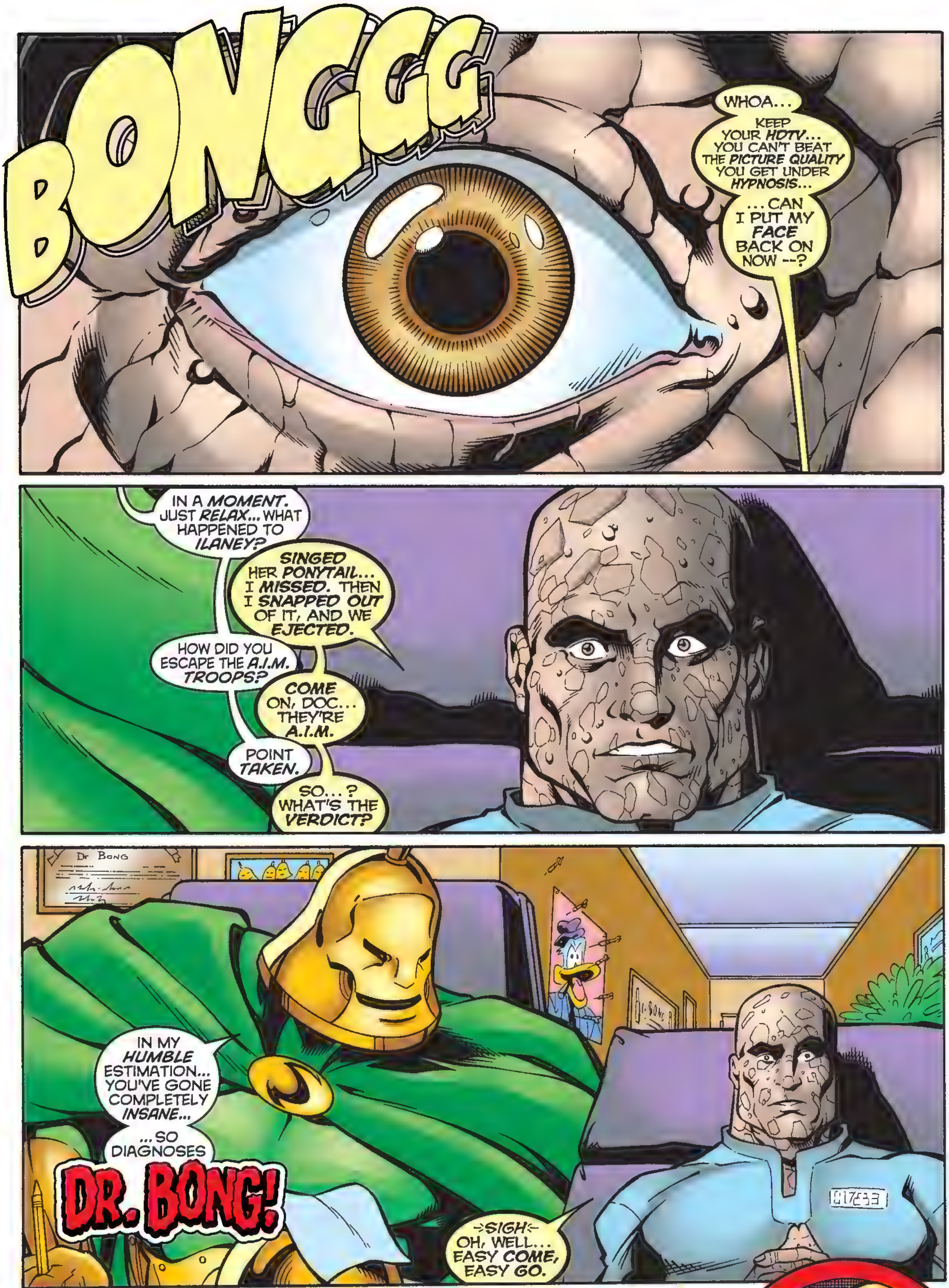

BACK HOME... THE NIGHT BEFORE THE GIG, AND I'M *THINKING* AGAIN...
...I *HATE* WHEN THAT HAPPENS.
I... I CAN'T HELP YOU *THIS* TIME, WADE...
...I *NEED*... I NEED TO DO THIS... BEFORE I LOSE MY *NERVE*...
GOODBYE.
IT'S MY *OWN* FAULT...
...*MATLOCK'S* ON... I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED THE *LISTINGS*... SHOULD HAVE TURNED IT *OFF* --
WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING... *AL* WOULDN'T LIKE IT.
MONTY INTERRUPTS MY *NOSTALGIC INTERLUDE*, WHICH IS FINE, 'CAUSE I DON'T *WANT* TO TALK ABOUT *AL* --
-- BUT I FIND IT *AMAZING* THAT A GUY WHO CAN'T EVEN *CLEAN* HIMSELF WITHOUT DISLOCATING HIS *WRIST* IS SO SKILLED AT PRESSING MY *BUTTONS*...
...I CONSIDER PUSHING THE BACK OF HIS *SKULL* OUT THROUGH HIS *FACE* FOR A SECOND...
...BUT I JUST HAD THE STONE FLOORS *BLEACHED.*
I *LIKE* YOU, MONTY... KEEP YOUR *GAPING NASAL CAVITY* OUT OF MY BUSINESS SO WE CAN STAY *FRIENDS.*
WILSON... I DIDN'T *ASK* TO BE DRAGGED FROM MY CLIMATE-CONTROLLED CORNER OF THE WORLD.
YOU *BROUGHT* ME HERE, *ASSUMABLY* FOR SOME *PURPOSE* --
-- BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT MY *COUNSEL*, AND YOU DON'T WANT MY *ADVICE* -- WHAT DO YOU *WANT* FROM ME?!
I WANT YOU... TO USE *THIS*. IT'LL PUT YOU *OUT* OF YOUR *MISERY*.
WH-WHAT? W-*WAIT*, HOLD ON --
DON'T WORRY, IT'S *LOADED*. ALL YOU DO IS TWITCH AND IT GOES OFF -- *POOM!* CAN YOU *HANDLE* THAT, STUD?
YOU WANT ME TO... TO KILL *MYSELF?*
NO, SILLY... I WANT YOU TO GUARD MY *DOLLIES*... GUARD THEM WITH YOUR *LIFE*.
YOUR *"DOLLIES?"*
NOT THE *WHOLE* DOLLY... JUST THE *HEADS*... THREE HUNDRED OF THEM -- HEY, I THOUGHT THIS WAS *"NON-JUDGMENTAL"* TIME. IT'S A FREAKIN' *HOBBY*, OKAY?


THE DAY OF THE GIG. WE START OFF ON A BAD FOOT.
BEING THE EAGER BEAVER SHE IS, ILANEY WANTS TO KNOW --
<WHAT IS IT? BOMBING RUN?>
<NO.>
<A RESCUE MISSION?>
<NO. FLY THE CHOPPER.>
<DEADPOOL, I REALIZE THAT MY JOB IS CHAUFFEUR, BUT I THINK I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW -->
<AND I THINK YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO SIT ON THAT FIFTY POUND BAG OF POTATOES YOU CALL YOUR BACKSIDE AND PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR JOB -->
<-- BEFORE YOU CRASH THIS AIRCRAFT AND KILL A FEW MORE PEOPLE.>
...
LOW BLOW. THE LOWEST. I WANT TO SAY I'M SORRY. I WANT TO TELL HER I DIDN'T MEAN IT...
...THAT I'M NOT MAD AT HER... THAT I'M MESSED UP AT THE MOMENT... REVIEWING THE DOSSIER IN MY HEAD... RUNNING THROUGH INSERTION SCENARIOS... VISUALIZING THE KILL...
...AND MY WRECK OF A LIFE... AND AL... AND THE MESSIAH... MONTY... THE IRON I LEFT ON... MY HEADACHE... MY STOMACH ACHE... MY --
-- WHEN SUDDENLY, THE BUZZING STARTS AGAIN. LOUD, LIKE A MOSQUITO OR A JACKHAMMER IN YOUR EAR...


...AND SOMETHING GOES *BLOOEY* IN MY BRAIN.
INTERESTING...
INTERESTING?! A LADY ON A GIANT SABER-TOOTHED *RABBIT* POURING *BOURBON* INTO A PITCHER OF *MILK* WHILE PATSY KLINE'S *"CRAZY"* PLAYS SOFTLY IN THE *BACKGROUND*...
...AND *"INTERESTING"* IS ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?
I'M SORRY... I HAVEN'T HAD COFFEE YET THIS MORNING... UM... *VERY* INTERESTING?
THAT'S *BETTER*.


NATURALLY, I HANDLE THE HALLUCINATION WITH MY USUAL SAVOIR FAIRE...
...GERTRUDE STEIN IN A GLASS BOTTOM BOAT! LOOK OUT!
<DEADPOOL?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!>
<OH --?>
FOR ABOUT THREE SECONDS I LOOK LIKE I'M THE HERO OF THE DAY, BECAUSE AT THAT MOMENT WE GET SUCKER PUNCHED BY THE LOCAL YOKELS FROM A.I.M.☺
ILANEY JUST ASSUMES I HAD SOME SORT OF MERC'S INTUITION MOJO WORKING AND TOOK CONTROL TO AVOID THE ATTACK...
☺ ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT THEY ARE HIGH-TECH BAD GUYS AND THEY LOOK SILLY -- MATT
I PRETTY MUCH BLOW THAT OUT OF THE WATER THE SECOND I OPEN MY MOUTH...
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME! I KNEW IT!
DIE BUNNY GIRL!
DIEEE!
...AND OPEN FIRE IN A CLOSED COCKPIT.
AIEE!
SUDDENLY, SHE'S EVERYWHERE. SMILING AND POURING... FAMILIAR, BUT MAYBE NOT...
...LIKE WHEN YOU'RE WALKING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE IN NEW YORK CITY, AND ONE OF THE BUMS LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ABE VIGODA, AND YOU SAY, "HEY, FISH!", BUT HE DOESN'T RESPOND, AND YOU'RE NOT SURE WHETHER HE WAS HIM AND WANTS TO SIP HIS MAD DOG IN PRIVATE, OR IF HE'S JUST A BUM...
...MAYBE NOT TOO MUCH LIKE THAT, BUT SORT OF. REGARDLESS, THE SITUATION WAS SERIOUSLY SNAFUED AT THIS POINT...


I HAD COMPLETELY BLOWN THE JOB, NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT THE INNARDS OF OUR RIDE WERE RAINING DOWN LIKE PANTIES AT A ROBERT GOULET CONCERT...
...THOSE A.I.M. BOYS REALLY EARNED THEIR MONEY THAT DAY... I BET THEY ALL RAN INSIDE AND HUGGED...
WORSE... I WASN'T QUITE "WITH IT" YET.
<DEADPOOL! WE HAVE TO EJECT! COME ON, SNAP OUT OF IT AND -->
ILANEY... I... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...?
<I DON'T KNOW! YOU -->
<WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?>
LEAVE ME ALONE, BUNNY WOMAN! YOU HEAR ME?!
<OH MY GOD... NO...>
KABLAMM
<NOOOOO!>
OKAY... OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH, DEADPOOL... I'M GOING TO PULL YOU OUT OF IT NOW...
...THREE... TWO...


BONGGG
WHOA... KEEP YOUR HDTV... YOU CAN'T BEAT THE PICTURE QUALITY YOU GET UNDER HYPNOSIS...
...CAN I PUT MY FACE BACK ON NOW --?
IN A MOMENT. JUST RELAX... WHAT HAPPENED TO ILANEY?
SINGED HER PONYTAIL... I MISSED. THEN I SNAPPED OUT OF IT, AND WE EJECTED.
HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THE A.I.M. TROOPS?
COME ON, DOC... THEY'RE A.I.M.
POINT TAKEN.
SO...? WHAT'S THE VERDICT?
Dr Bong
IN MY HUMBLE ESTIMATION... YOU'VE GONE COMPLETELY INSANE...
...SO DIAGNOSES
DR. BONG!
017533
-SIGH- OH, WELL... EASY COME, EASY GO.

NEXT ISSUE:

DEADPOOL CHASES AFTER HIS SANITY!

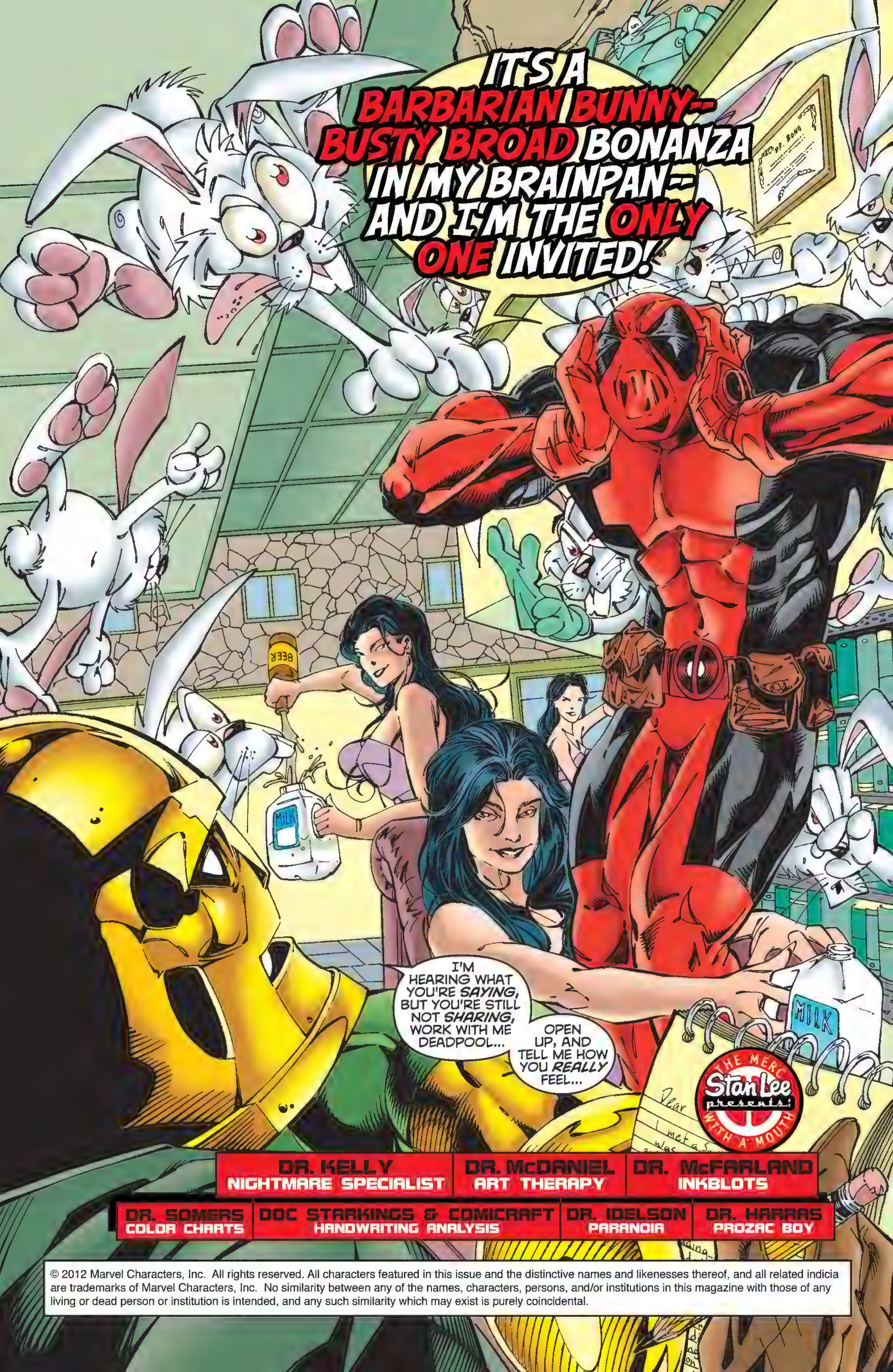
DR. BONG PRESCRIBES SOME PAINFUL MEDICINE!

AND A CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS THREE-CLAWED, CIGAR SMOKING, "BUB" SAYING MUTANT MAKES A SHAMELESS GUEST APPEARANCE TO BOOST SALES!

MARVEL COMICS
DEAD-POOL®
APR #27
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
LOOK -- IT'S WOLVERINE®...
...IN HIS MOST GRATUITOUS GUEST APPEARANCE EVER!
WWW.MARVEL.COM

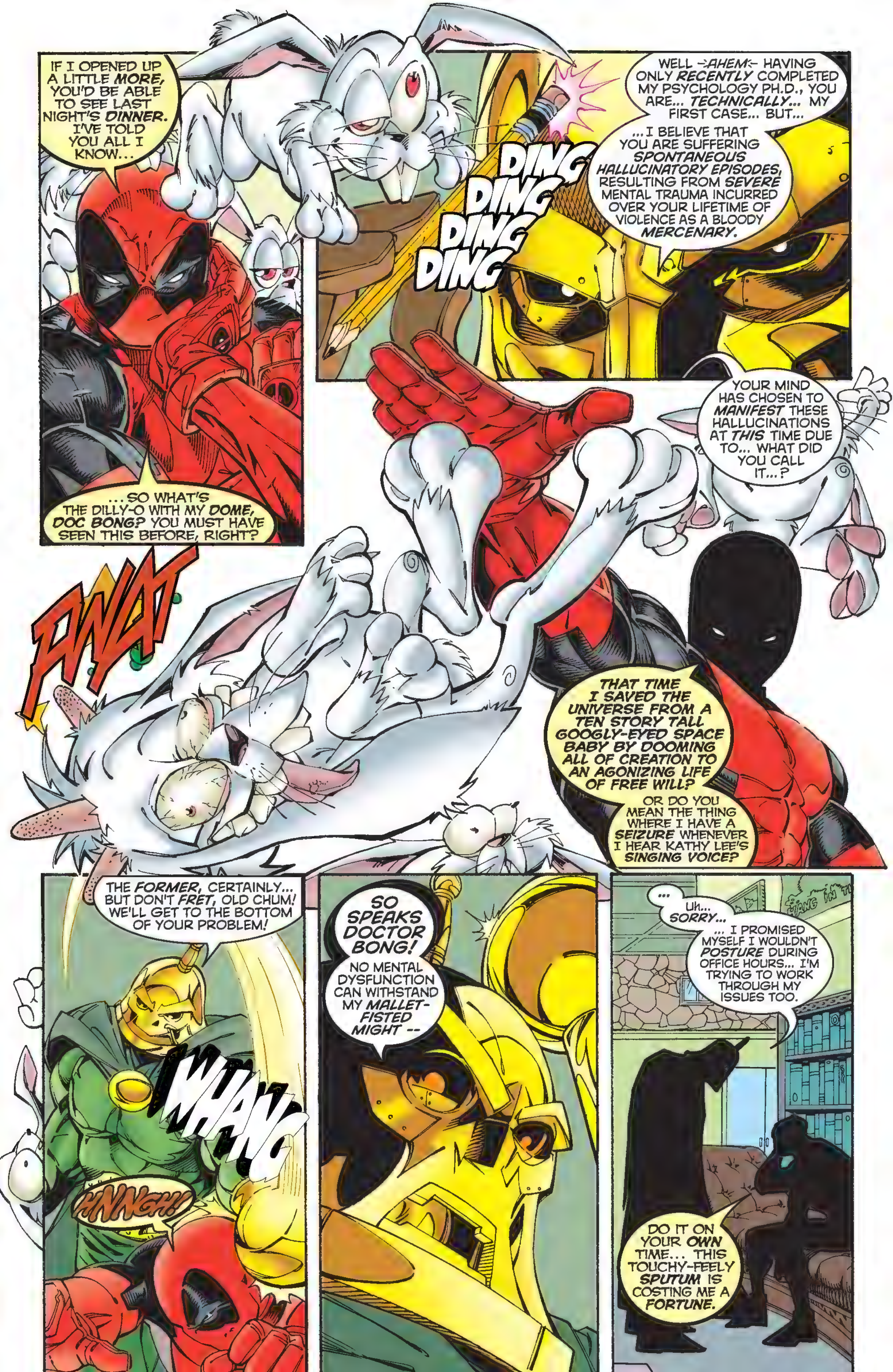
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

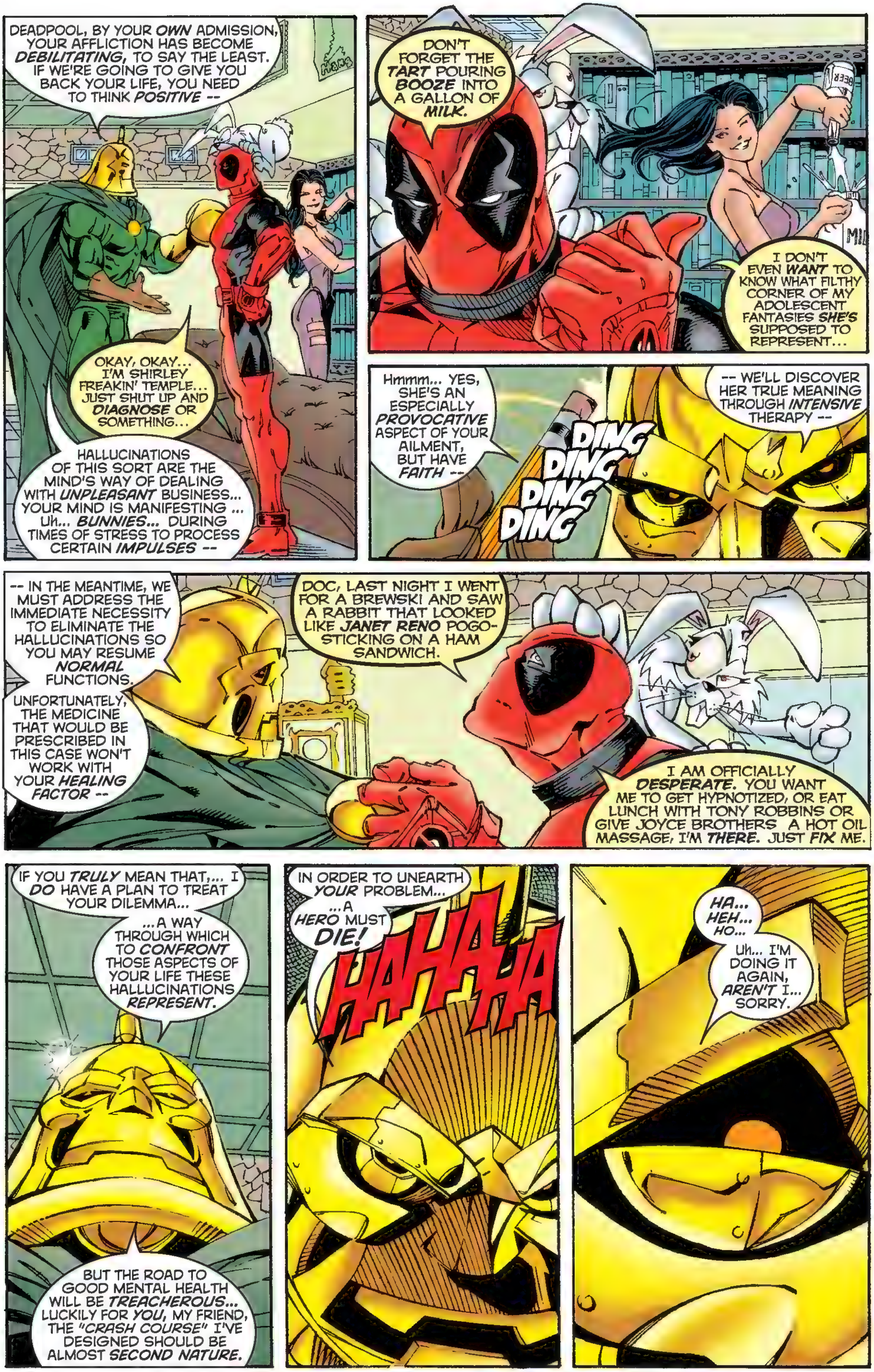
WWW.MARVEL.COM

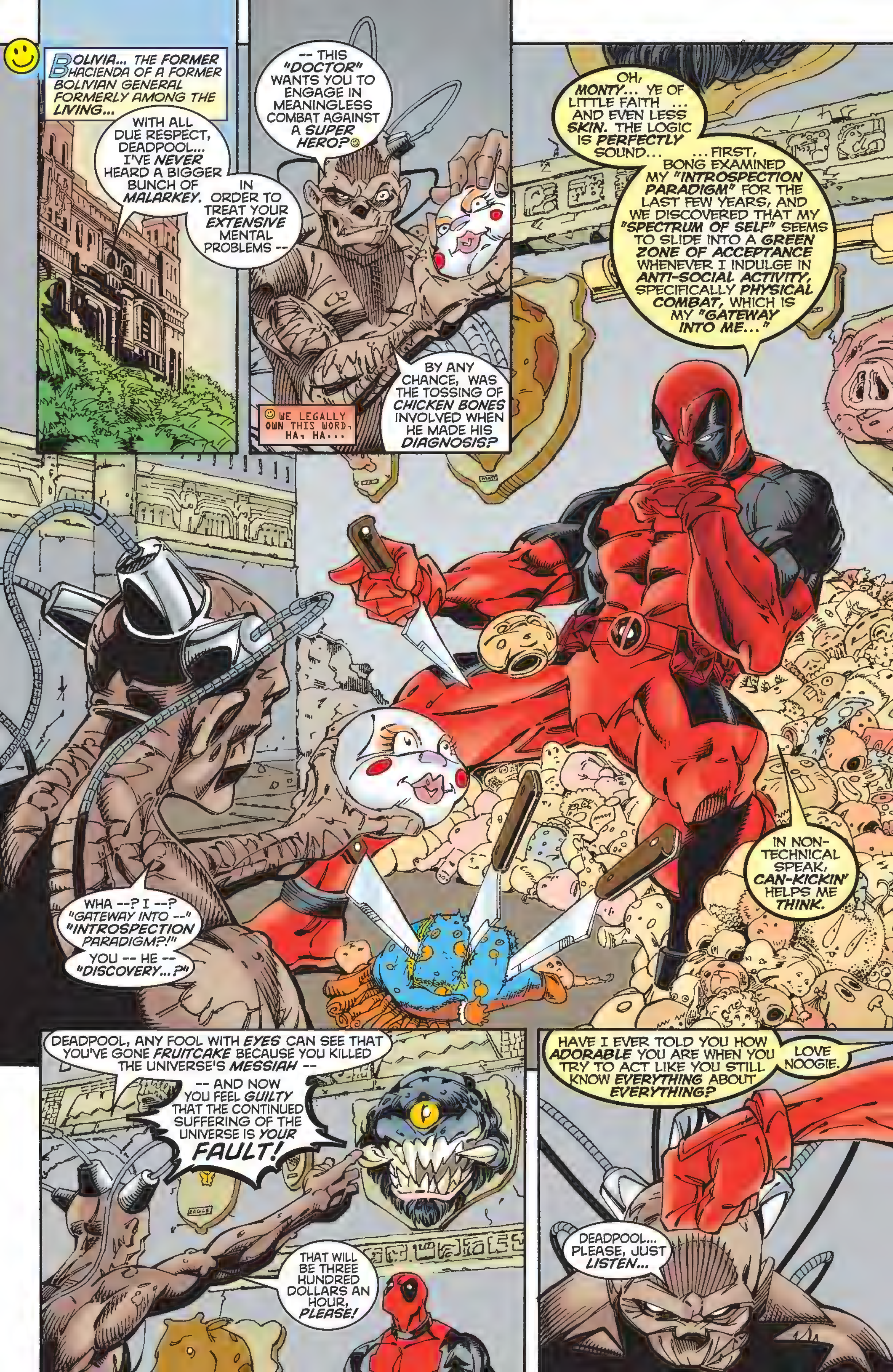

IT'S A BARBARIAN BUNNY-- BUSTY BROAD BONANZA IN MY BRAINPAN-- AND I'M THE ONLY ONE INVITED!
DR. BONG
BEER
MILK
I'M HEARING WHAT YOU'RE *SAYING*, BUT YOU'RE STILL NOT *SHARING*, WORK WITH ME DEADPOOL...
OPEN UP, AND TELL ME HOW YOU *REALLY* FEEL...
MILK
Dear
I met a S...
Was
THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
Stan Lee presents:

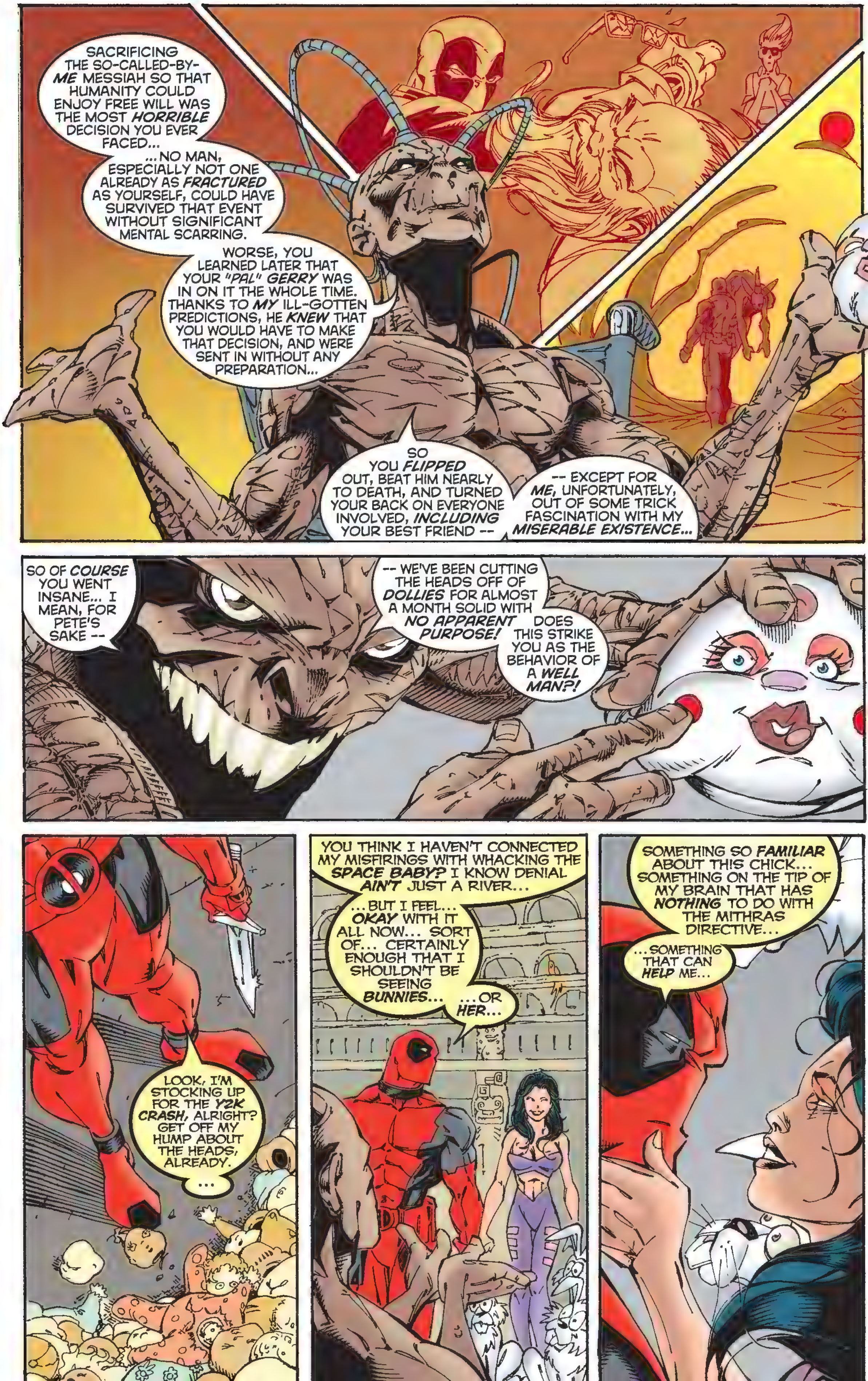
DR. KELLY NIGHTMARE SPECIALIST
DR. McDANIEL ART THERAPY
DR. McFARLAND INKBLOTS
DR. SOMERS COLOR CHARTS
DOC STARKINGS & COMICRAFT HANDWRITING ANALYSIS
DR. IDELSON PARANOIA
DR. HARRAS PROZAC BOY

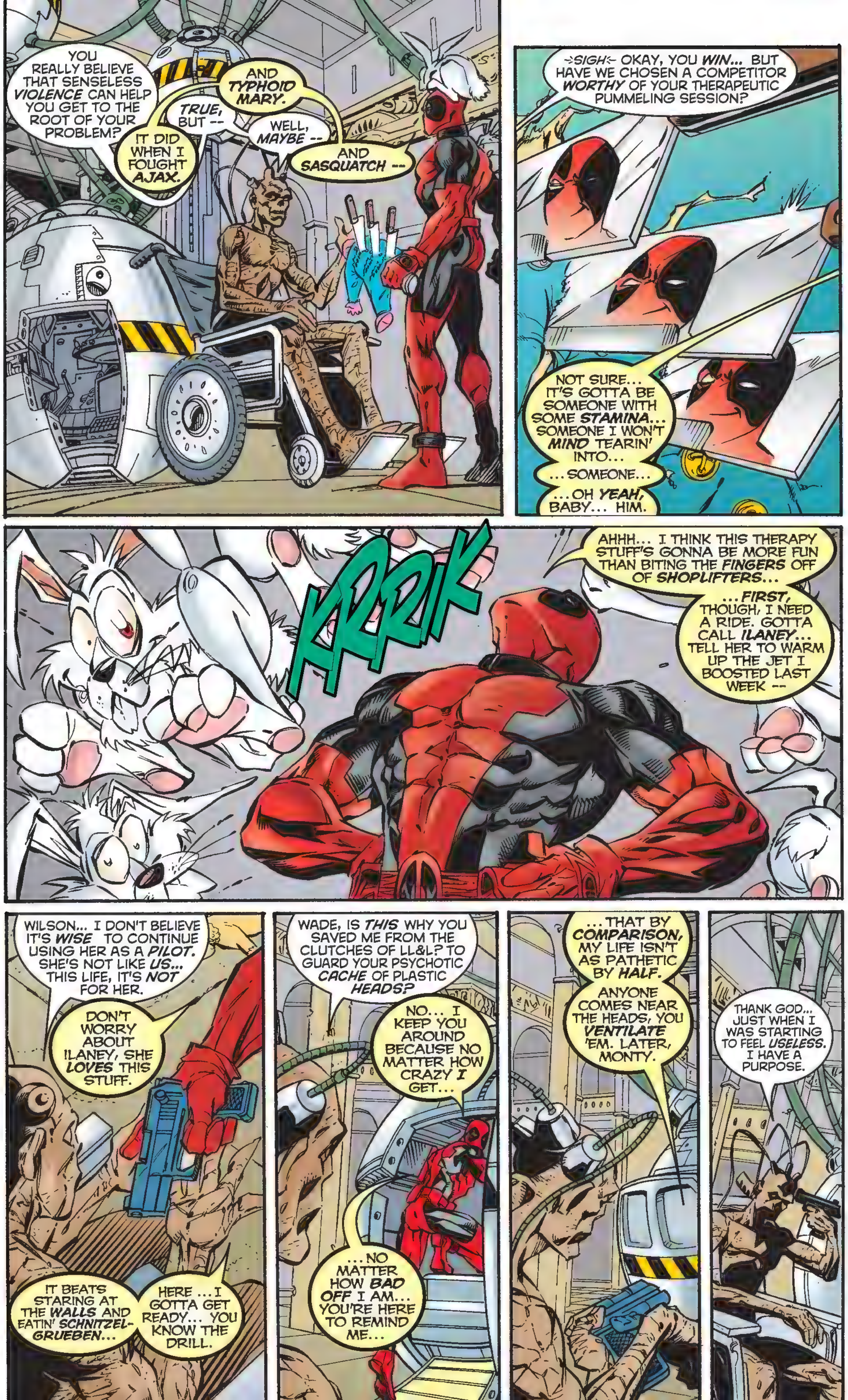
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

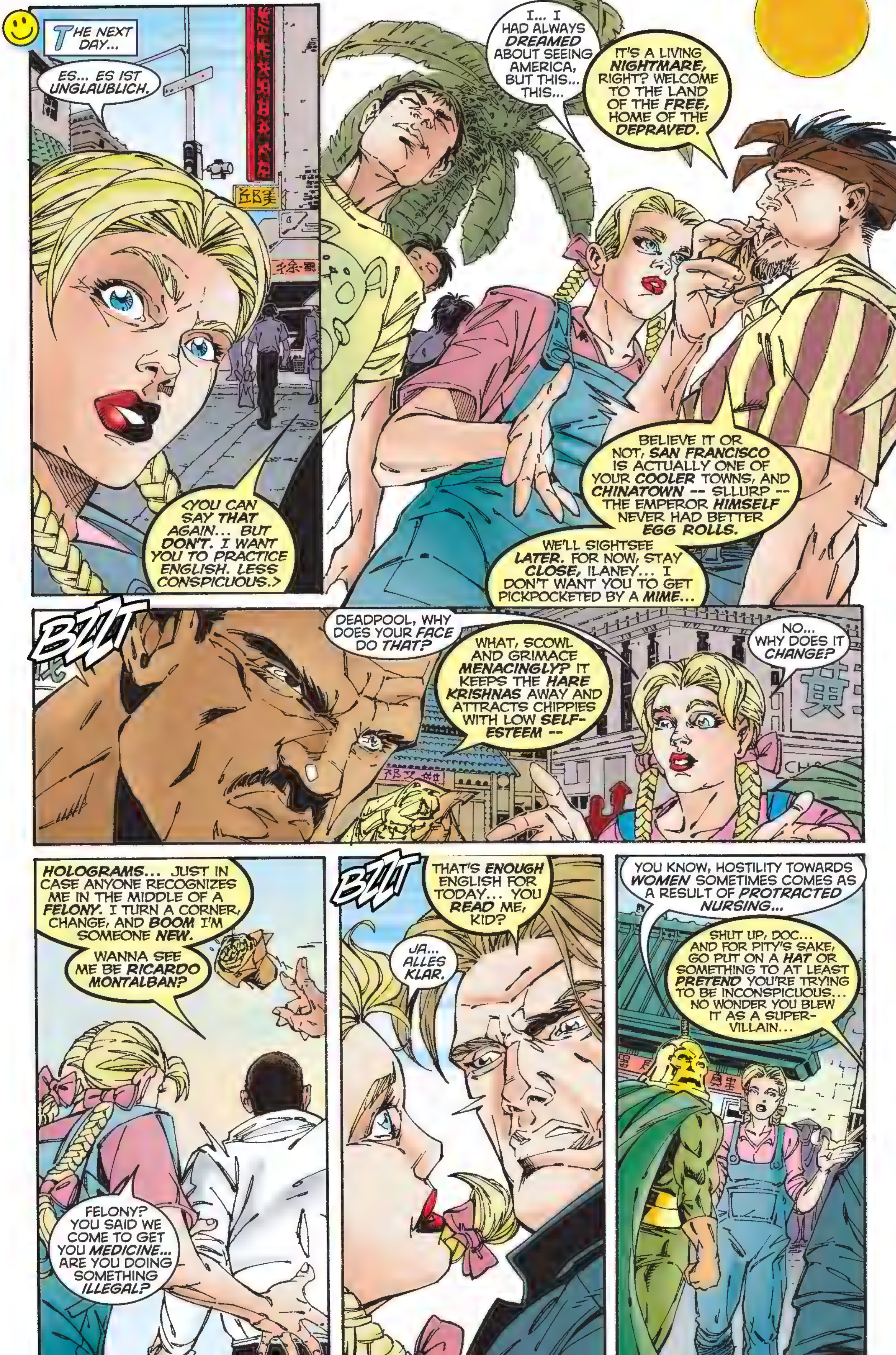

IF I OPENED UP A LITTLE *MORE*, YOU'D BE ABLE TO SEE LAST NIGHT'S *DINNER*. I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW...
...SO WHAT'S THE DILLY-O WITH MY *DOME*, *DOC BONG?* YOU MUST HAVE SEEN THIS BEFORE, RIGHT?
WELL *-AHEM-* HAVING ONLY *RECENTLY* COMPLETED MY PSYCHOLOGY PH.D., YOU ARE... *TECHNICALLY...* MY FIRST CASE... BUT...
DING DING DING DING
...I BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE SUFFERING *SPONTANEOUS HALLUCINATORY EPISODES*, RESULTING FROM *SEVERE* MENTAL TRAUMA INCURRED OVER YOUR LIFETIME OF VIOLENCE AS A BLOODY *MERCENARY.*
YOUR MIND HAS CHOSEN TO *MANIFEST* THESE HALLUCINATIONS AT *THIS* TIME DUE TO... WHAT DID YOU CALL IT...?
PWAT
THAT TIME I SAVED THE UNIVERSE FROM A TEN STORY TALL GOOGLY-EYED SPACE BABY BY DOOMING ALL OF CREATION TO AN AGONIZING LIFE OF FREE WILL?
OR DO YOU MEAN THE THING WHERE I HAVE A *SEIZURE* WHENEVER I HEAR KATHY LEE'S *SINGING VOICE?*
THE *FORMER*, CERTAINLY... BUT DON'T *FRET*, OLD CHUM! WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF YOUR PROBLEM!
WHANG
HNNGH!
SO SPEAKS DOCTOR BONG!
NO MENTAL DYSFUNCTION CAN WITHSTAND MY *MALLET-FISTED MIGHT --*
...
uh... SORRY...
... I PROMISED MYSELF I WOULDN'T *POSTURE* DURING OFFICE HOURS... I'M TRYING TO WORK THROUGH MY ISSUES TOO.
HANG IN TH
DO IT ON YOUR *OWN* TIME... THIS TOUCHY-FEELY *SPUTUM* IS COSTING ME A *FORTUNE.*

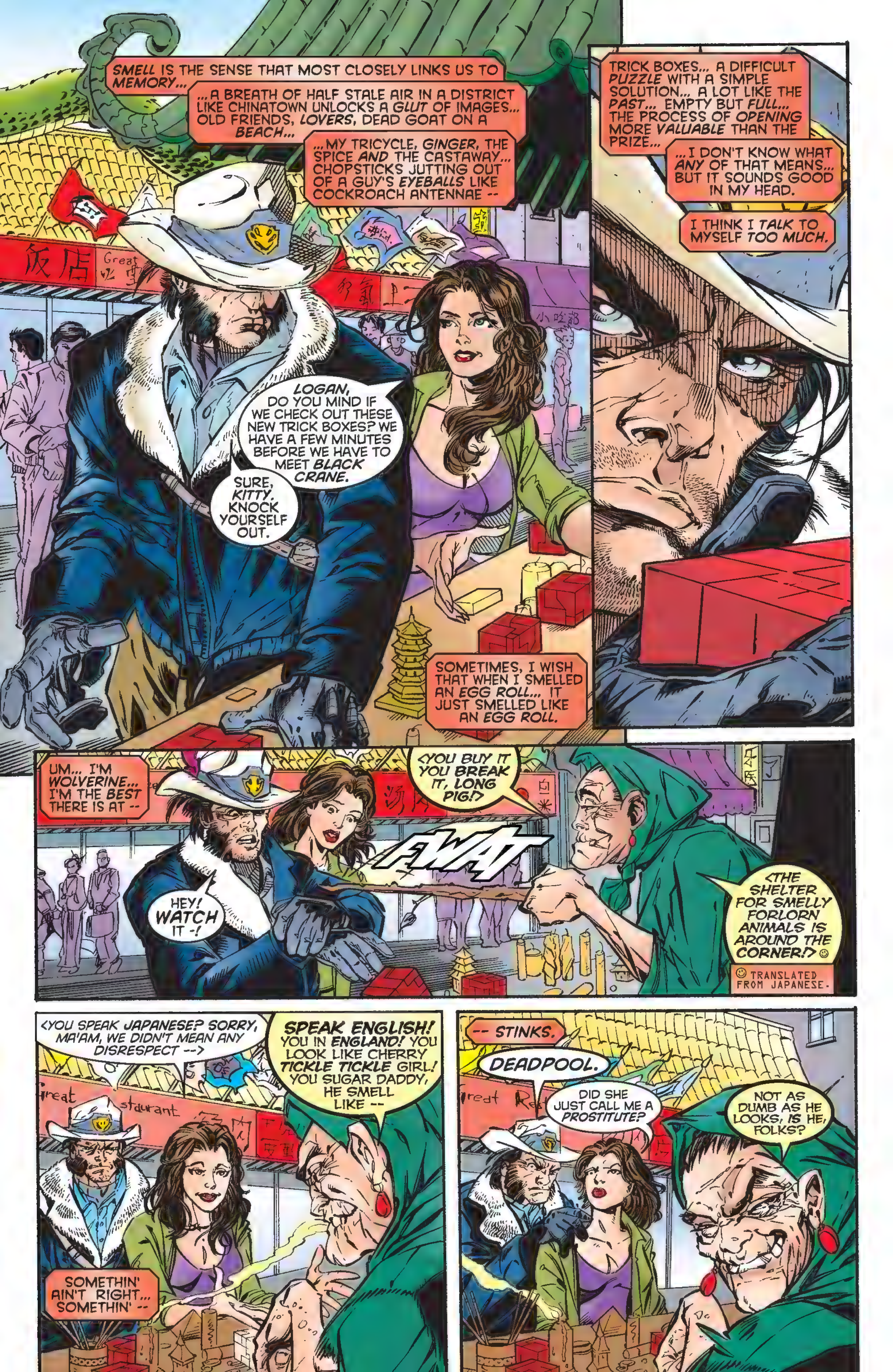

DEADPOOL, BY YOUR OWN ADMISSION, YOUR AFFLICTION HAS BECOME DEBILITATING, TO SAY THE LEAST. IF WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU BACK YOUR LIFE, YOU NEED TO THINK POSITIVE --
OKAY, OKAY... I'M SHIRLEY FREAKIN' TEMPLE... JUST SHUT UP AND DIAGNOSE OR SOMETHING...
HALLUCINATIONS OF THIS SORT ARE THE MIND'S WAY OF DEALING WITH UNPLEASANT BUSINESS... YOUR MIND IS MANIFESTING ... Uh... BUNNIES... DURING TIMES OF STRESS TO PROCESS CERTAIN IMPULSES --
DON'T FORGET THE TART POURING BOOZE INTO A GALLON OF MILK.
BEER
MIL
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT FILTHY CORNER OF MY ADOLESCENT FANTASIES SHE'S SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT...
Hmmm... YES, SHE'S AN ESPECIALLY PROVOCATIVE ASPECT OF YOUR AILMENT, BUT HAVE FAITH --
DING DING DING DING
-- WE'LL DISCOVER HER TRUE MEANING THROUGH INTENSIVE THERAPY --
-- IN THE MEANTIME, WE MUST ADDRESS THE IMMEDIATE NECESSITY TO ELIMINATE THE HALLUCINATIONS SO YOU MAY RESUME NORMAL FUNCTIONS.
UNFORTUNATELY, THE MEDICINE THAT WOULD BE PRESCRIBED IN THIS CASE WON'T WORK WITH YOUR HEALING FACTOR --
DOC, LAST NIGHT I WENT FOR A BREWSKI AND SAW A RABBIT THAT LOOKED LIKE JANET RENO POGO-STICKING ON A HAM SANDWICH.
I AM OFFICIALLY DESPERATE. YOU WANT ME TO GET HYPNOTIZED, OR EAT LUNCH WITH TONY ROBBINS OR GIVE JOYCE BROTHERS A HOT OIL MASSAGE, I'M THERE. JUST FIX ME.
IF YOU TRULY MEAN THAT,... I DO HAVE A PLAN TO TREAT YOUR DILEMMA...
...A WAY THROUGH WHICH TO CONFRONT THOSE ASPECTS OF YOUR LIFE THESE HALLUCINATIONS REPRESENT.
BUT THE ROAD TO GOOD MENTAL HEALTH WILL BE TREACHEROUS... LUCKILY FOR YOU, MY FRIEND, THE "CRASH COURSE" I'VE DESIGNED SHOULD BE ALMOST SECOND NATURE.
IN ORDER TO UNEARTH YOUR PROBLEM... ...A HERO MUST DIE!
HAHAHA
HA... HEH... HO...
Uh... I'M DOING IT AGAIN, AREN'T I... SORRY.

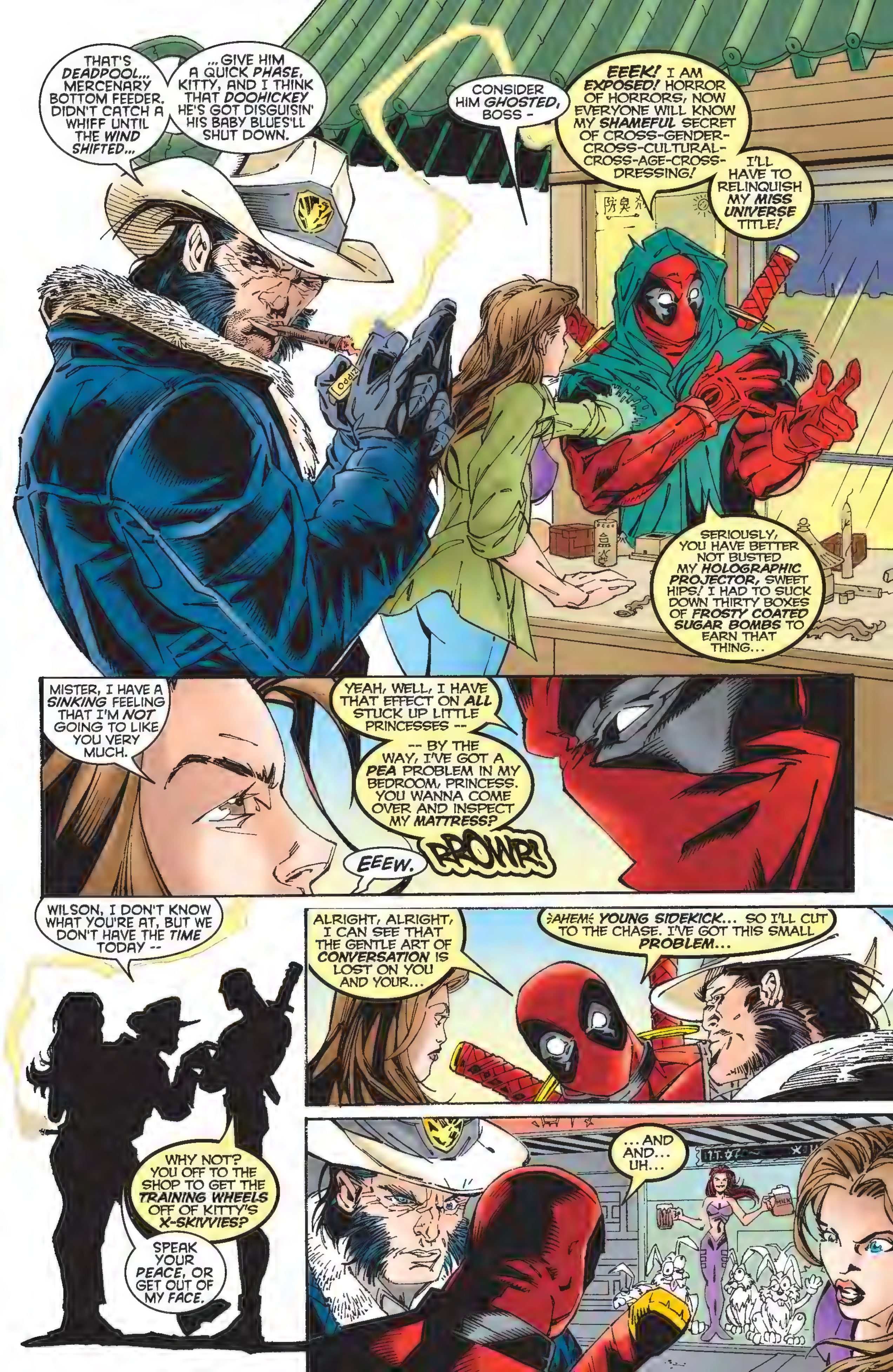

BOLIVIA... THE FORMER HACIENDA OF A FORMER BOLIVIAN GENERAL FORMERLY AMONG THE LIVING...
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, DEADPOOL... I'VE NEVER HEARD A BIGGER BUNCH OF MALARKEY.
IN ORDER TO TREAT YOUR EXTENSIVE MENTAL PROBLEMS --
-- THIS "DOCTOR" WANTS YOU TO ENGAGE IN MEANINGLESS COMBAT AGAINST A SUPER HERO?☺
☺ WE LEGALLY OWN THIS WORD, HA, HA...
BY ANY CHANCE, WAS THE TOSSING OF CHICKEN BONES INVOLVED WHEN HE MADE HIS DIAGNOSIS?
OH, MONTY... YE OF LITTLE FAITH ... AND EVEN LESS SKIN. THE LOGIC IS PERFECTLY SOUND...
... FIRST, BONG EXAMINED MY "INTROSPECTION PARADIGM" FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS, AND WE DISCOVERED THAT MY "SPECTRUM OF SELF" SEEMS TO SLIDE INTO A GREEN ZONE OF ACCEPTANCE WHENEVER I INDULGE IN ANTI-SOCIAL ACTIVITY, SPECIFICALLY PHYSICAL COMBAT, WHICH IS MY "GATEWAY INTO ME..."
IN NON-TECHNICAL SPEAK, CAN-KICKIN' HELPS ME THINK.
WHA --? I --? "GATEWAY INTO --" "INTROSPECTION PARADIGM?!" YOU -- HE -- "DISCOVERY...?"
DEADPOOL, ANY FOOL WITH EYES CAN SEE THAT YOU'VE GONE FRUITCAKE BECAUSE YOU KILLED THE UNIVERSE'S MESSIAH --
-- AND NOW YOU FEEL GUILTY THAT THE CONTINUED SUFFERING OF THE UNIVERSE IS YOUR FAULT!
EAGLE
THAT WILL BE THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS AN HOUR, PLEASE!
HAVE I EVER TOLD YOU HOW ADORABLE YOU ARE WHEN YOU TRY TO ACT LIKE YOU STILL KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYTHING?
LOVE NOOGIE.
DEADPOOL... PLEASE, JUST LISTEN...

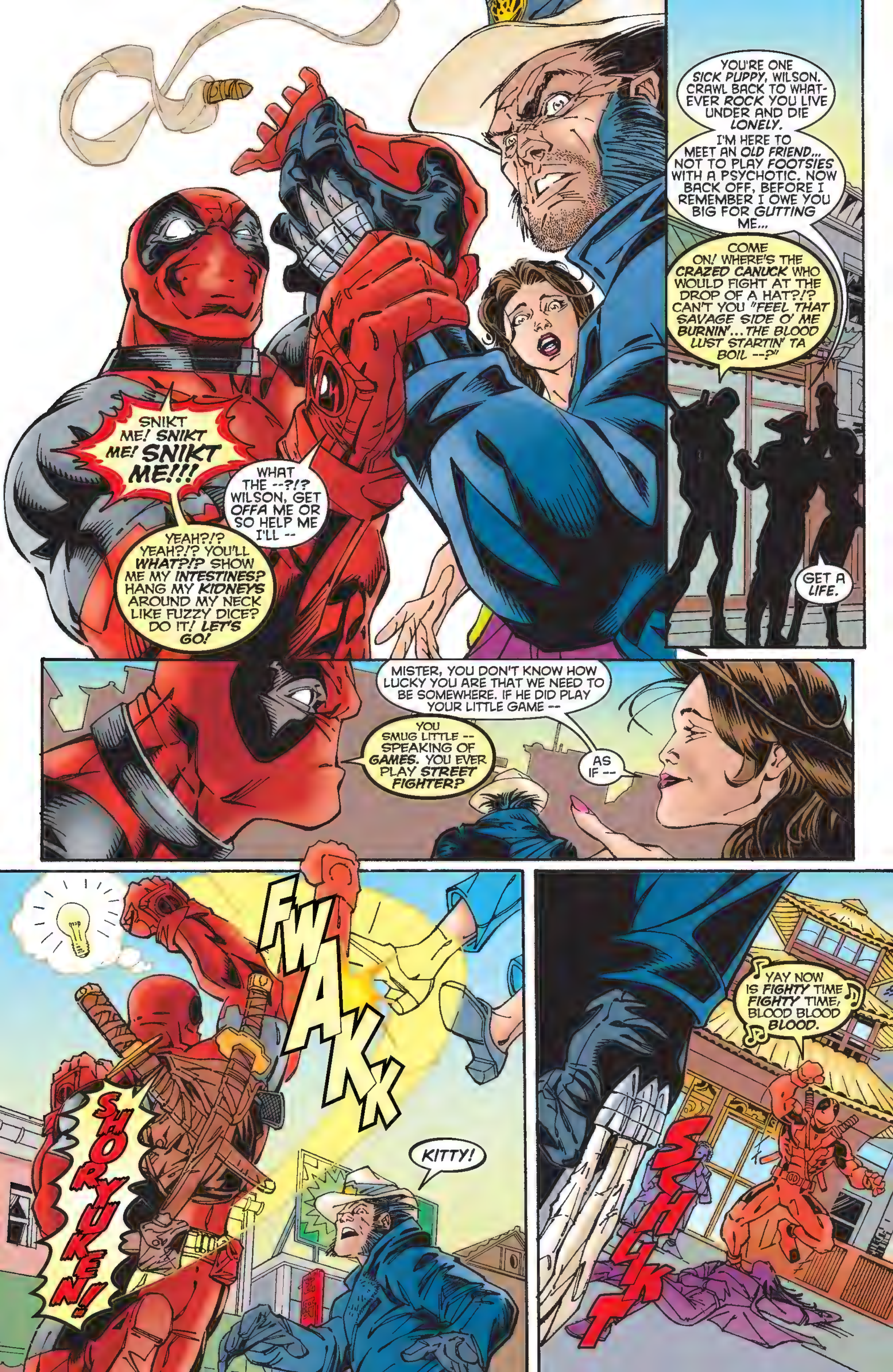

SACRIFICING THE SO-CALLED-BY-ME MESSIAH SO THAT HUMANITY COULD ENJOY FREE WILL WAS THE MOST HORRIBLE DECISION YOU EVER FACED...
...NO MAN, ESPECIALLY NOT ONE ALREADY AS FRACTURED AS YOURSELF, COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT EVENT WITHOUT SIGNIFICANT MENTAL SCARRING.
WORSE, YOU LEARNED LATER THAT YOUR "PAL" GERRY WAS IN ON IT THE WHOLE TIME. THANKS TO MY ILL-GOTTEN PREDICTIONS, HE KNEW THAT YOU WOULD HAVE TO MAKE THAT DECISION, AND WERE SENT IN WITHOUT ANY PREPARATION...
SO YOU FLIPPED OUT, BEAT HIM NEARLY TO DEATH, AND TURNED YOUR BACK ON EVERYONE INVOLVED, INCLUDING YOUR BEST FRIEND --
-- EXCEPT FOR ME, UNFORTUNATELY, OUT OF SOME TRICK FASCINATION WITH MY MISERABLE EXISTENCE...
SO OF COURSE YOU WENT INSANE... I MEAN, FOR PETE'S SAKE --
-- WE'VE BEEN CUTTING THE HEADS OFF OF DOLLIES FOR ALMOST A MONTH SOLID WITH NO APPARENT PURPOSE! DOES THIS STRIKE YOU AS THE BEHAVIOR OF A WELL MAN?!
LOOK, I'M STOCKING UP FOR THE Y2K CRASH, ALRIGHT? GET OFF MY HUMP ABOUT THE HEADS, ALREADY.
...
YOU THINK I HAVEN'T CONNECTED MY MISFIRINGS WITH WHACKING THE SPACE BABY? I KNOW DENIAL AIN'T JUST A RIVER...
...BUT I FEEL... OKAY WITH IT ALL NOW... SORT OF... CERTAINLY ENOUGH THAT I SHOULDN'T BE SEEING BUNNIES...
...OR HER...
SOMETHING SO FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS CHICK... SOMETHING ON THE TIP OF MY BRAIN THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE...
...SOMETHING THAT CAN HELP ME...

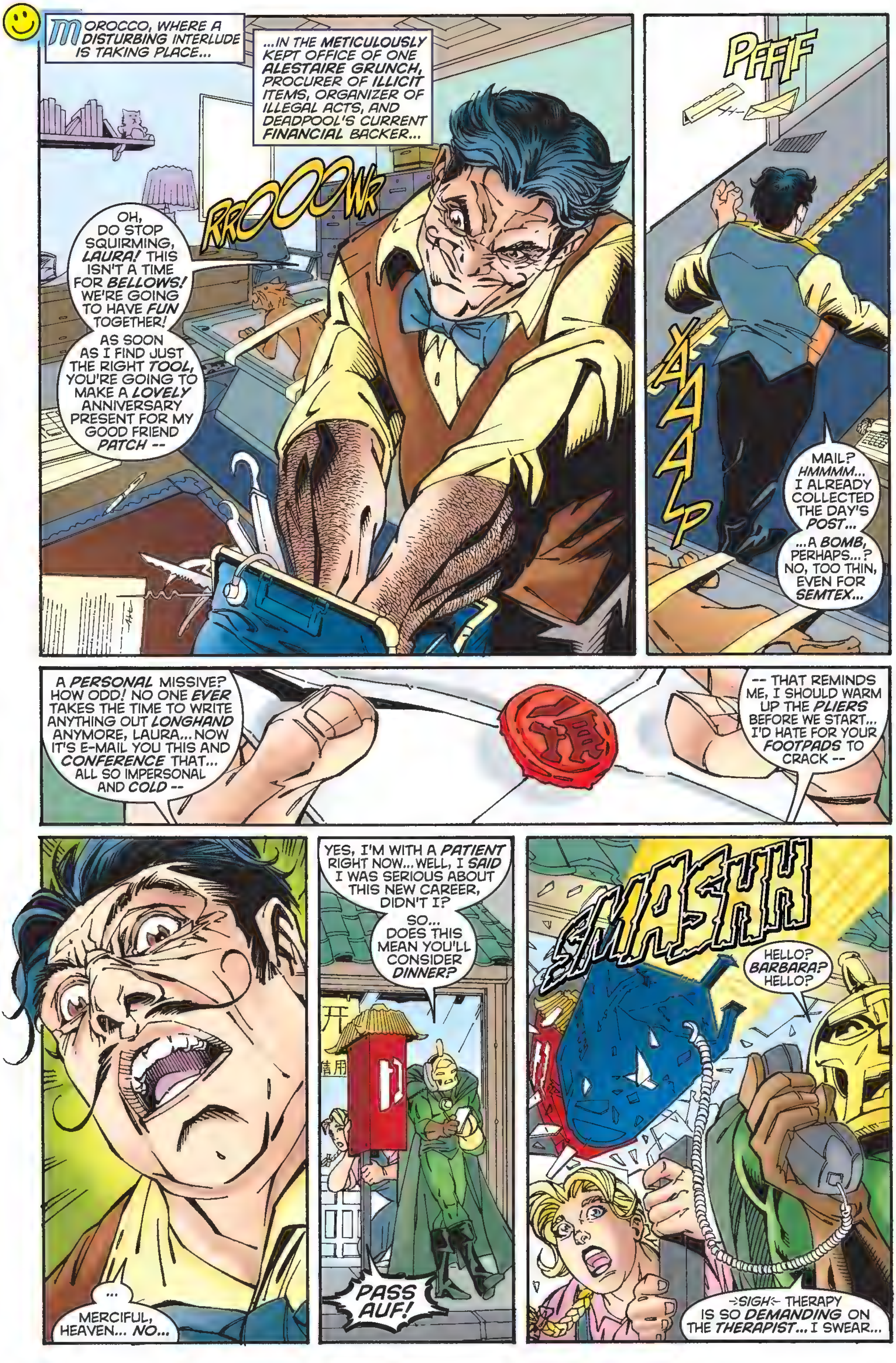

YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT SENSELESS VIOLENCE CAN HELP YOU GET TO THE ROOT OF YOUR PROBLEM?
IT DID WHEN I FOUGHT AJAX.
TRUE, BUT --
AND TYPHOID MARY.
WELL, MAYBE --
AND SASQUATCH --
SIGH OKAY, YOU WIN... BUT HAVE WE CHOSEN A COMPETITOR WORTHY OF YOUR THERAPEUTIC PUMMELING SESSION?
NOT SURE... IT'S GOTTA BE SOMEONE WITH SOME STAMINA... SOMEONE I WON'T MIND TEARIN' INTO...
...SOMEONE...
...OH YEAH, BABY... HIM.
KRRIK
AHHH... I THINK THIS THERAPY STUFF'S GONNA BE MORE FUN THAN BITING THE FINGERS OFF OF SHOPLIFTERS...
...FIRST, THOUGH, I NEED A RIDE. GOTTA CALL ILANEY... TELL HER TO WARM UP THE JET I BOOSTED LAST WEEK --
WILSON... I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S WISE TO CONTINUE USING HER AS A PILOT. SHE'S NOT LIKE US... THIS LIFE, IT'S NOT FOR HER.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ILANEY, SHE LOVES THIS STUFF.
IT BEATS STARING AT THE WALLS AND EATIN' SCHNITZELGRUEBEN...
HERE... I GOTTA GET READY... YOU KNOW THE DRILL.
WADE, IS THIS WHY YOU SAVED ME FROM THE CLUTCHES OF LL&L? TO GUARD YOUR PSYCHOTIC CACHE OF PLASTIC HEADS?
NO... I KEEP YOU AROUND BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW CRAZY I GET...
...NO MATTER HOW BAD OFF I AM... YOU'RE HERE TO REMIND ME...
...THAT BY COMPARISON, MY LIFE ISN'T AS PATHETIC BY HALF.
ANYONE COMES NEAR THE HEADS, YOU VENTILATE 'EM. LATER, MONTY.
THANK GOD... JUST WHEN I WAS STARTING TO FEEL USELESS. I HAVE A PURPOSE.

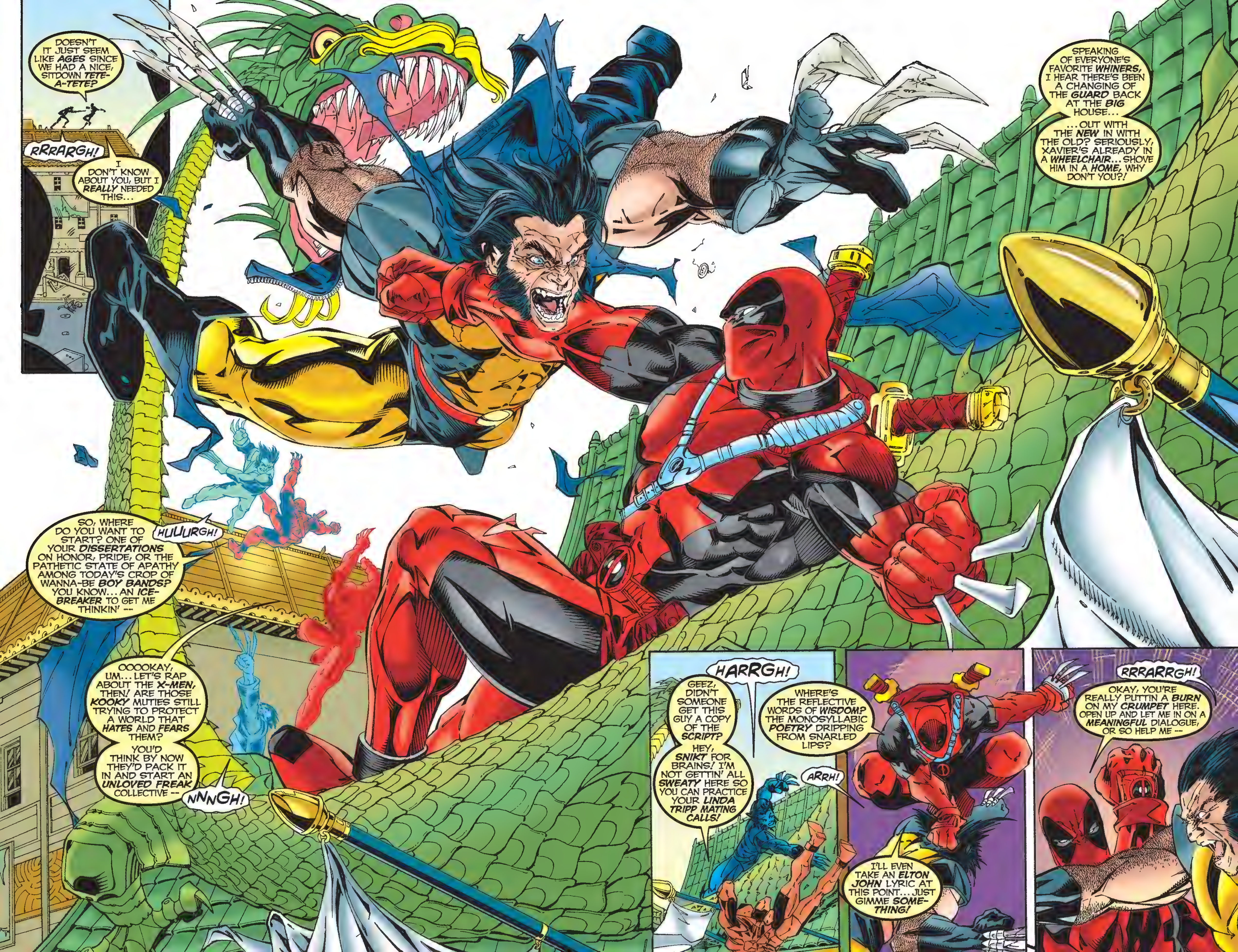

THE NEXT DAY...
ES... ES IST UNGLAUBLICH.
<YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN... BUT DON'T. I WANT YOU TO PRACTICE ENGLISH. LESS CONSPICUOUS.>
I... I HAD ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT SEEING AMERICA, BUT THIS... THIS...
IT'S A LIVING NIGHTMARE, RIGHT? WELCOME TO THE LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE DEPRAVED.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, SAN FRANCISCO IS ACTUALLY ONE OF YOUR COOLER TOWNS, AND CHINATOWN -- SLLURP -- THE EMPEROR HIMSELF NEVER HAD BETTER EGG ROLLS.
WE'LL SIGHTSEE LATER. FOR NOW, STAY CLOSE, ILANEY... I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET PICKPOCKETED BY A MIME...
BZZT
DEADPOOL, WHY DOES YOUR FACE DO THAT?
WHAT, SCOWL AND GRIMACE MENACINGLY? IT KEEPS THE HARE KRISHNAS AWAY AND ATTRACTS CHIPPIES WITH LOW SELF-ESTEEM --
NO... WHY DOES IT CHANGE?
HOLOGRAMS... JUST IN CASE ANYONE RECOGNIZES ME IN THE MIDDLE OF A FELONY. I TURN A CORNER, CHANGE, AND BOOM I'M SOMEONE NEW.
WANNA SEE ME BE RICARDO MONTALBAN?
FELONY? YOU SAID WE COME TO GET YOU MEDICINE... ARE YOU DOING SOMETHING ILLEGAL?
BZZT
THAT'S ENOUGH ENGLISH FOR TODAY... YOU READ ME, KID?
JA... ALLES KLAR.
YOU KNOW, HOSTILITY TOWARDS WOMEN SOMETIMES COMES AS A RESULT OF PROTRACTED NURSING...
SHUT UP, DOC... AND FOR PITY'S SAKE, GO PUT ON A HAT OR SOMETHING TO AT LEAST PRETEND YOU'RE TRYING TO BE INCONSPICUOUS... NO WONDER YOU BLEW IT AS A SUPER-VILLAIN...

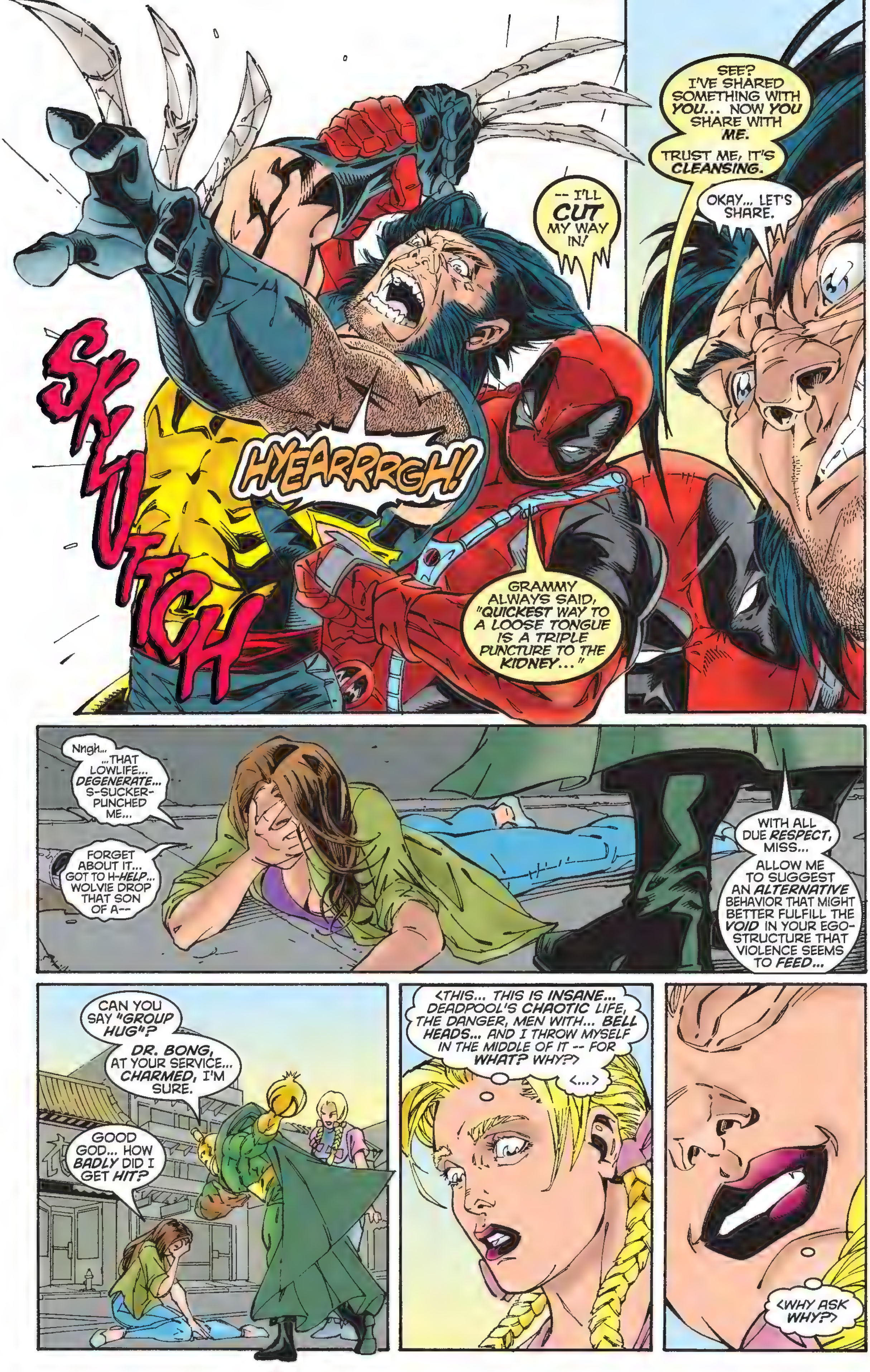

SMELL IS THE SENSE THAT MOST CLOSELY LINKS US TO MEMORY...
...A BREATH OF HALF STALE AIR IN A DISTRICT LIKE CHINATOWN UNLOCKS A GLUT OF IMAGES... OLD FRIENDS, LOVERS, DEAD GOAT ON A BEACH...
...MY TRICYCLE, GINGER, THE SPICE AND THE CASTAWAY... CHOPSTICKS JUTTING OUT OF A GUY'S EYEBALLS LIKE COCKROACH ANTENNAE --
LOGAN, DO YOU MIND IF WE CHECK OUT THESE NEW TRICK BOXES? WE HAVE A FEW MINUTES BEFORE WE HAVE TO MEET BLACK CRANE.
SURE, KITTY. KNOCK YOURSELF OUT.
SOMETIMES, I WISH THAT WHEN I SMELLED AN EGG ROLL... IT JUST SMELLED LIKE AN EGG ROLL.
TRICK BOXES... A DIFFICULT PUZZLE WITH A SIMPLE SOLUTION... A LOT LIKE THE PAST... EMPTY BUT FULL... THE PROCESS OF OPENING MORE VALUABLE THAN THE PRIZE...
...I DON'T KNOW WHAT ANY OF THAT MEANS... BUT IT SOUNDS GOOD IN MY HEAD.
I THINK I TALK TO MYSELF TOO MUCH.
UM... I'M WOLVERINE... I'M THE BEST THERE IS AT --
<YOU BUY IT YOU BREAK IT, LONG PIG!>
FWAT
HEY! WATCH IT -!
<THE SHELTER FOR SMELLY FORLORN ANIMALS IS AROUND THE CORNER!>☺
☺ TRANSLATED FROM JAPANESE.
<YOU SPEAK JAPANESE? SORRY, MA'AM, WE DIDN'T MEAN ANY DISRESPECT -->
SPEAK ENGLISH! YOU IN ENGLAND! YOU LOOK LIKE CHERRY TICKLE TICKLE GIRL! YOU SUGAR DADDY, HE SMELL LIKE --
SOMETHIN' AIN'T RIGHT... SOMETHIN' --
-- STINKS.
DEADPOOL.
DID SHE JUST CALL ME A PROSTITUTE?
NOT AS DUMB AS HE LOOKS; IS HE, FOLKS?

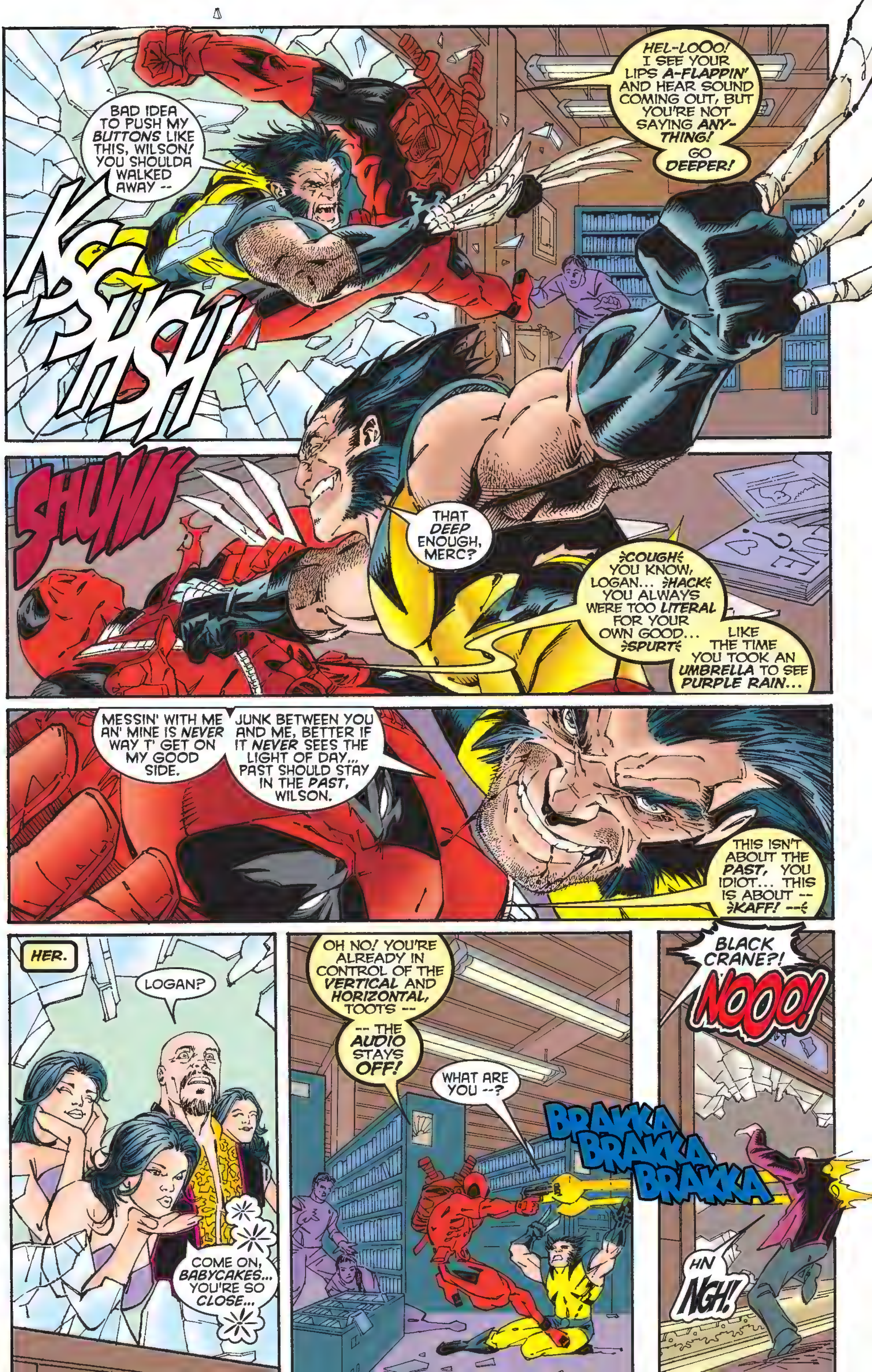

THAT'S DEADPOOL... MERCENARY BOTTOM FEEDER. DIDN'T CATCH A WHIFF UNTIL THE WIND SHIFTED...
...GIVE HIM A QUICK PHASE, KITTY, AND I THINK THAT DOOHICKEY HE'S GOT DISGUISIN' HIS BABY BLUES'LL SHUT DOWN.
CONSIDER HIM GHOSTED, BOSS -
EEEK! I AM EXPOSED! HORROR OF HORRORS, NOW EVERYONE WILL KNOW MY SHAMEFUL SECRET OF CROSS-GENDER-CROSS-CULTURAL-CROSS-AGE-CROSS-DRESSING!
I'LL HAVE TO RELINQUISH MY MISS UNIVERSE TITLE!
SERIOUSLY, YOU HAVE BETTER NOT BUSTED MY HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR, SWEET HIPS! I HAD TO SUCK DOWN THIRTY BOXES OF FROSTY COATED SUGAR BOMBS TO EARN THAT THING...
MISTER, I HAVE A SINKING FEELING THAT I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE YOU VERY MUCH.
YEAH, WELL, I HAVE THAT EFFECT ON ALL STUCK UP LITTLE PRINCESSES --
-- BY THE WAY, I'VE GOT A PEA PROBLEM IN MY BEDROOM, PRINCESS. YOU WANNA COME OVER AND INSPECT MY MATTRESS?
EEEW.
RROWR!
WILSON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AT, BUT WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME TODAY --
WHY NOT? YOU OFF TO THE SHOP TO GET THE TRAINING WHEELS OFF OF KITTY'S X-SKIVVIES?
SPEAK YOUR PEACE, OR GET OUT OF MY FACE.
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, I CAN SEE THAT THE GENTLE ART OF CONVERSATION IS LOST ON YOU AND YOUR...
≶AHEM≷ YOUNG SIDEKICK... SO I'LL CUT TO THE CHASE. I'VE GOT THIS SMALL PROBLEM...
...AND AND... UH...

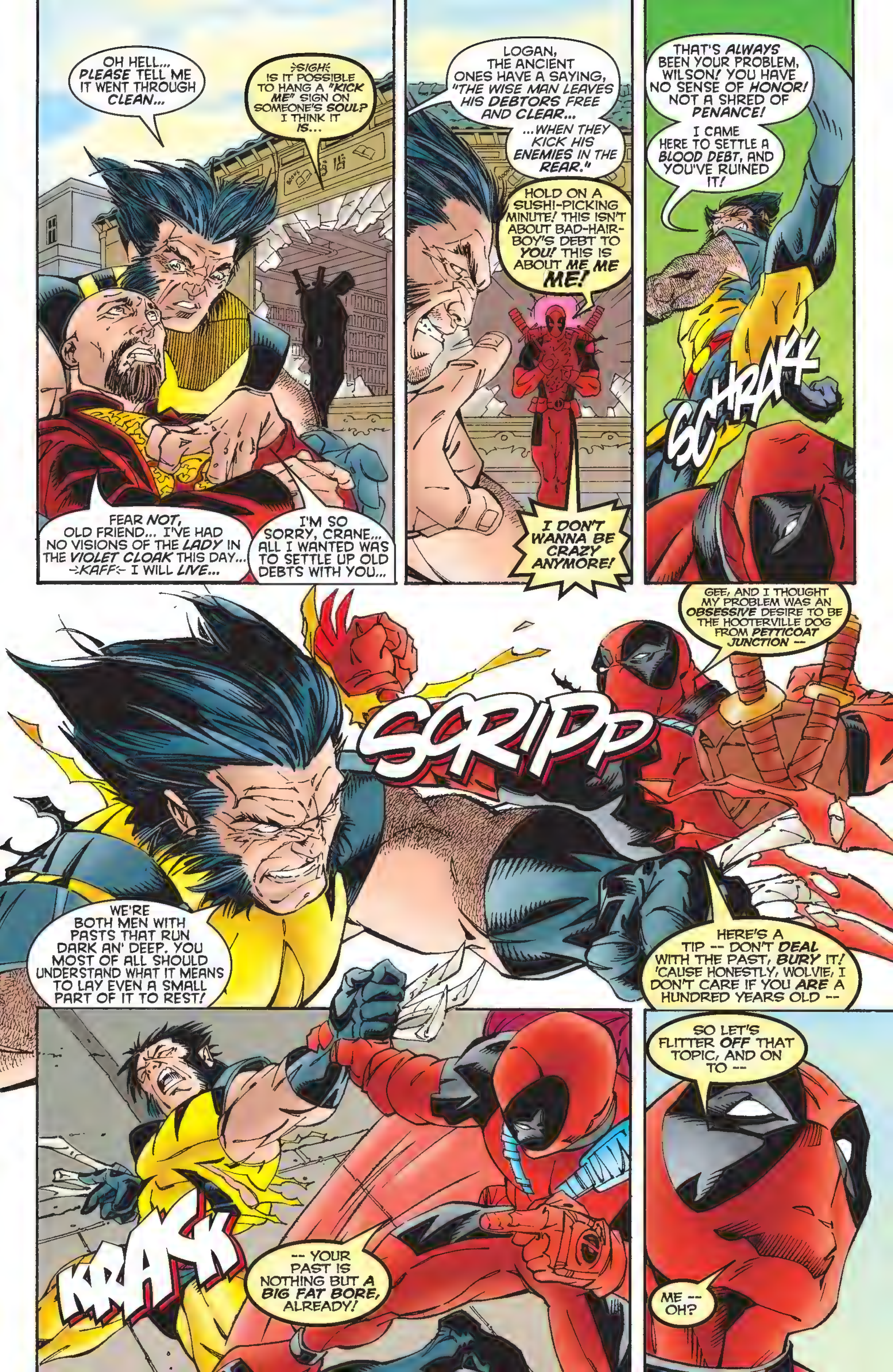

SNIKT ME! SNIKT ME! SNIKT ME!!!
WHAT THE --?!? WILSON, GET OFFA ME OR SO HELP ME I'LL --
YEAH?!? YEAH?!? YOU'LL WHAT?!? SHOW ME MY INTESTINES? HANG MY KIDNEYS AROUND MY NECK LIKE FUZZY DICE? DO IT! LET'S GO!
YOU'RE ONE SICK PUPPY, WILSON. CRAWL BACK TO WHATEVER ROCK YOU LIVE UNDER AND DIE LONELY.
I'M HERE TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND... NOT TO PLAY FOOTSIES WITH A PSYCHOTIC. NOW BACK OFF, BEFORE I REMEMBER I OWE YOU BIG FOR GUTTING ME...
COME ON! WHERE'S THE CRAZED CANUCK WHO WOULD FIGHT AT THE DROP OF A HAT?!? CAN'T YOU "FEEL THAT SAVAGE SIDE O' ME BURNIN'... THE BLOOD LUST STARTIN' TA BOIL --?"
GET A LIFE.
MISTER, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE THAT WE NEED TO BE SOMEWHERE. IF HE DID PLAY YOUR LITTLE GAME --
AS IF --
YOU SMUG LITTLE -- SPEAKING OF GAMES. YOU EVER PLAY STREET FIGHTER?
SHORYUKEN!
FWAKK
KITTY!
♪ YAY NOW IS FIGHTY TIME FIGHTY TIME, BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD. ♪
SHIKT

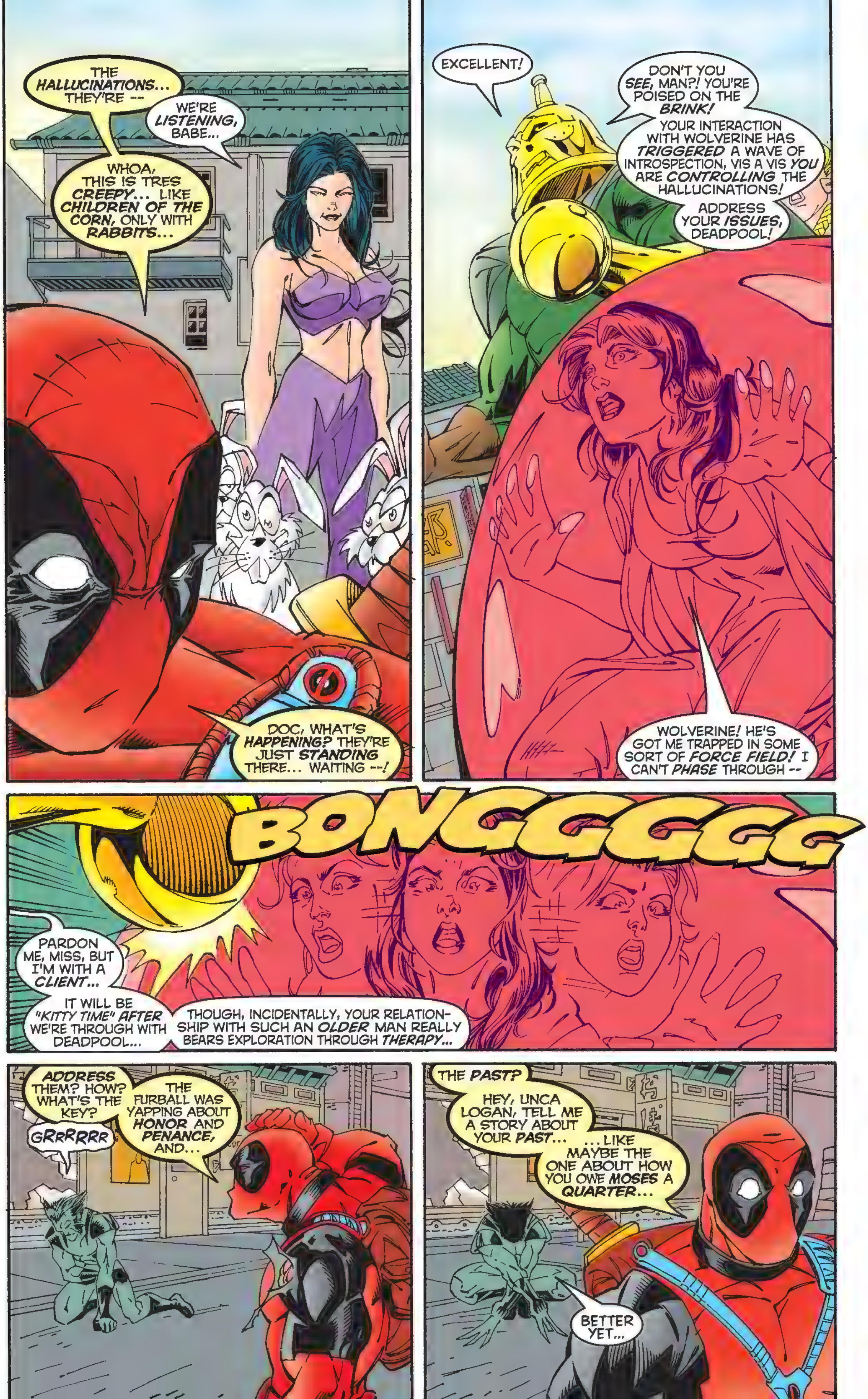

MOROCCO, WHERE A DISTURBING INTERLUDE IS TAKING PLACE...
...IN THE METICULOUSLY KEPT OFFICE OF ONE ALESTAIRE GRUNCH, PROCURER OF ILLICIT ITEMS, ORGANIZER OF ILLEGAL ACTS, AND DEADPOOL'S CURRENT FINANCIAL BACKER...
RROOOONR
OH, DO STOP SQUIRMING, LAURA! THIS ISN'T A TIME FOR BELLOWS! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE FUN TOGETHER!
AS SOON AS I FIND JUST THE RIGHT TOOL, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A LOVELY ANNIVERSARY PRESENT FOR MY GOOD FRIEND PATCH --
PFFF
YAAAALP
MAIL? HMMMM... I ALREADY COLLECTED THE DAY'S POST...
...A BOMB, PERHAPS...? NO, TOO THIN, EVEN FOR SEMTEX...
A PERSONAL MISSIVE? HOW ODD! NO ONE EVER TAKES THE TIME TO WRITE ANYTHING OUT LONGHAND ANYMORE, LAURA... NOW IT'S E-MAIL YOU THIS AND CONFERENCE THAT... ALL SO IMPERSONAL AND COLD --
-- THAT REMINDS ME, I SHOULD WARM UP THE PLIERS BEFORE WE START... I'D HATE FOR YOUR FOOTPADS TO CRACK --
... MERCIFUL, HEAVEN... NO...
YES, I'M WITH A PATIENT RIGHT NOW... WELL, I SAID I WAS SERIOUS ABOUT THIS NEW CAREER, DIDN'T I?
SO... DOES THIS MEAN YOU'LL CONSIDER DINNER?
PASS AUF!
SMASHH
HELLO? BARBARA? HELLO?
→SIGH← THERAPY IS SO DEMANDING ON THE THERAPIST... I SWEAR...

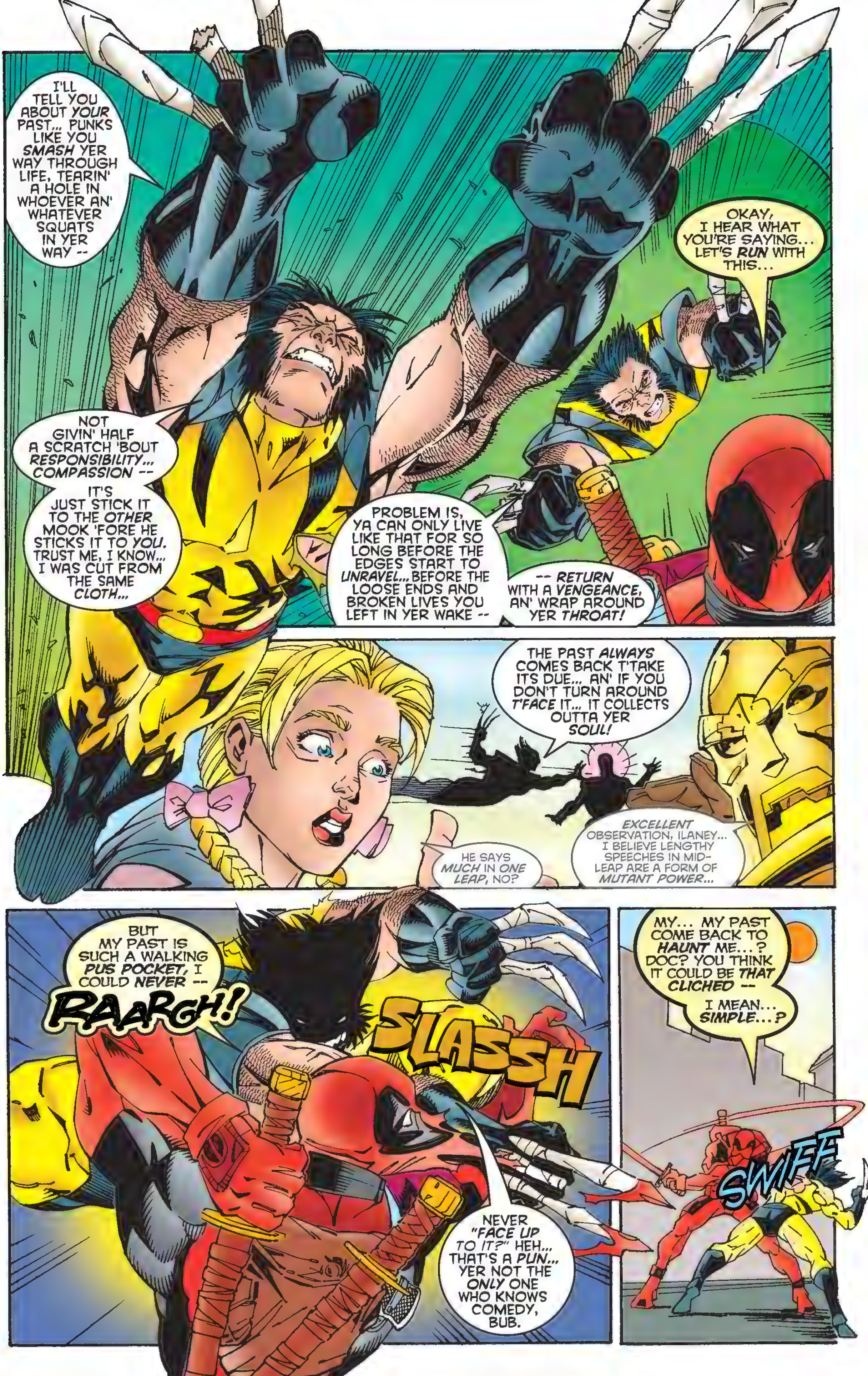

DOESN'T IT JUST SEEM LIKE AGES SINCE WE HAD A NICE, SITDOWN TETE-A-TETE?
RRRARGH!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I REALLY NEEDED THIS...
SPEAKING OF EVERYONE'S FAVORITE WHINERS, I HEAR THERE'S BEEN A CHANGING OF THE GUARD BACK AT THE BIG HOUSE...
...OUT WITH THE NEW IN WITH THE OLD? SERIOUSLY, XAVIER'S ALREADY IN A WHEELCHAIR... SHOVE HIM IN A HOME, WHY DON'T YOU?!
SO, WHERE DO YOU WANT TO START? ONE OF YOUR DISSERTATIONS ON HONOR, PRIDE, OR THE PATHETIC STATE OF APATHY AMONG TODAY'S CROP OF WANNA-BE BOY BANDS? YOU KNOW... AN ICE-BREAKER TO GET ME THINKIN' --
HUUURGH!
OOOOKAY, UM... LET'S RAP ABOUT THE X-MEN, THEN! ARE THOSE KOOKY MUTIES STILL TRYING TO PROTECT A WORLD THAT HATES AND FEARS THEM?
YOU'D THINK BY NOW THEY'D PACK IT IN AND START AN UNLOVED FREAK COLLECTIVE --
NNNGH!
HARRGH!
GEEZ, DIDN'T SOMEONE GET THIS GUY A COPY OF THE SCRIPT?
HEY, SNIKT FOR BRAINS! I'M NOT GETTIN' ALL SWEATY HERE SO YOU CAN PRACTICE YOUR LINDA TRIPP MATING CALLS!
WHERE'S THE REFLECTIVE WORDS OF WISDOM? THE MONOSYLLABIC POETRY DRIPPING FROM SNARLED LIPS?
ARRH!
I'LL EVEN TAKE AN ELTON JOHN LYRIC AT THIS POINT... JUST GIMME SOMETHING!
RRRARRGH!
OKAY, YOU'RE REALLY PUTTIN A BURN ON MY CRUMPET HERE. OPEN UP AND LET ME IN ON A MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE, OR SO HELP ME --

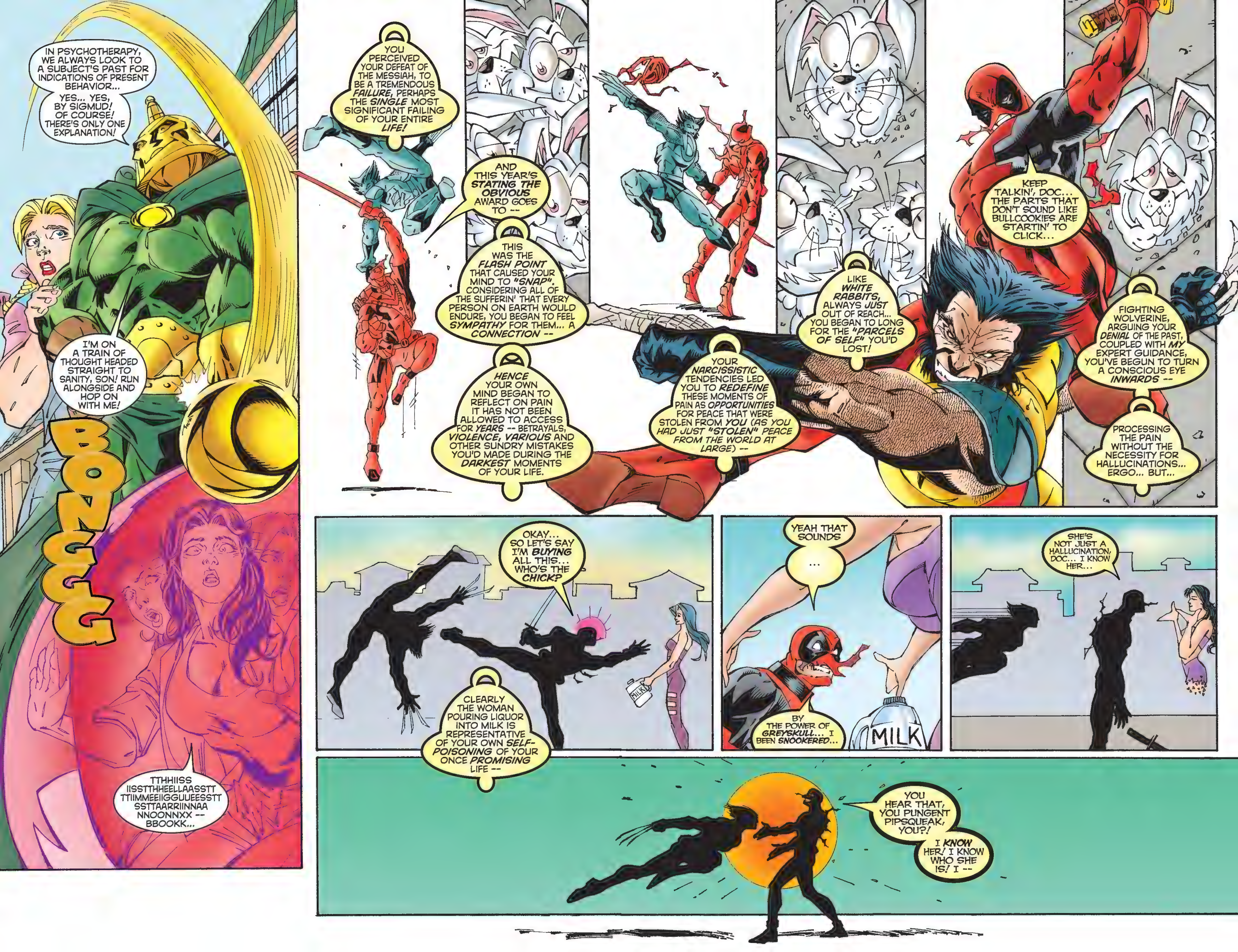

-- I'LL *CUT* MY WAY IN!
SKLUTCH
HYEARRRGH!
GRAMMY ALWAYS SAID, *"QUICKEST* WAY TO *A LOOSE TONGUE* IS A *TRIPLE PUNCTURE* TO THE *KIDNEY..."*
SEE? I'VE SHARED SOMETHING WITH *YOU...* NOW *YOU* SHARE WITH *ME.*
TRUST ME, IT'S *CLEANSING.*
OKAY... LET'S SHARE.
Nngh... ...THAT LOWLIFE... *DEGENERATE...* S-SUCKER-PUNCHED ME...
FORGET ABOUT IT... GOT TO H-*HELP...* WOLVIE DROP THAT SON OF A--
WITH ALL DUE *RESPECT,* MISS... ALLOW ME TO SUGGEST AN *ALTERNATIVE* BEHAVIOR THAT MIGHT BETTER FULFILL THE *VOID* IN YOUR EGO-STRUCTURE THAT VIOLENCE SEEMS TO *FEED...*
CAN YOU SAY *"GROUP HUG"?*
DR. BONG, AT YOUR SERVICE... *CHARMED,* I'M SURE.
GOOD GOD... HOW *BADLY* DID I GET *HIT?*
<THIS... THIS IS *INSANE...* DEADPOOL'S *CHAOTIC* LIFE, THE DANGER, MEN WITH... *BELL HEADS...* AND I THROW MYSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF IT -- FOR *WHAT? WHY?*>
<...>
<WHY ASK WHY?>

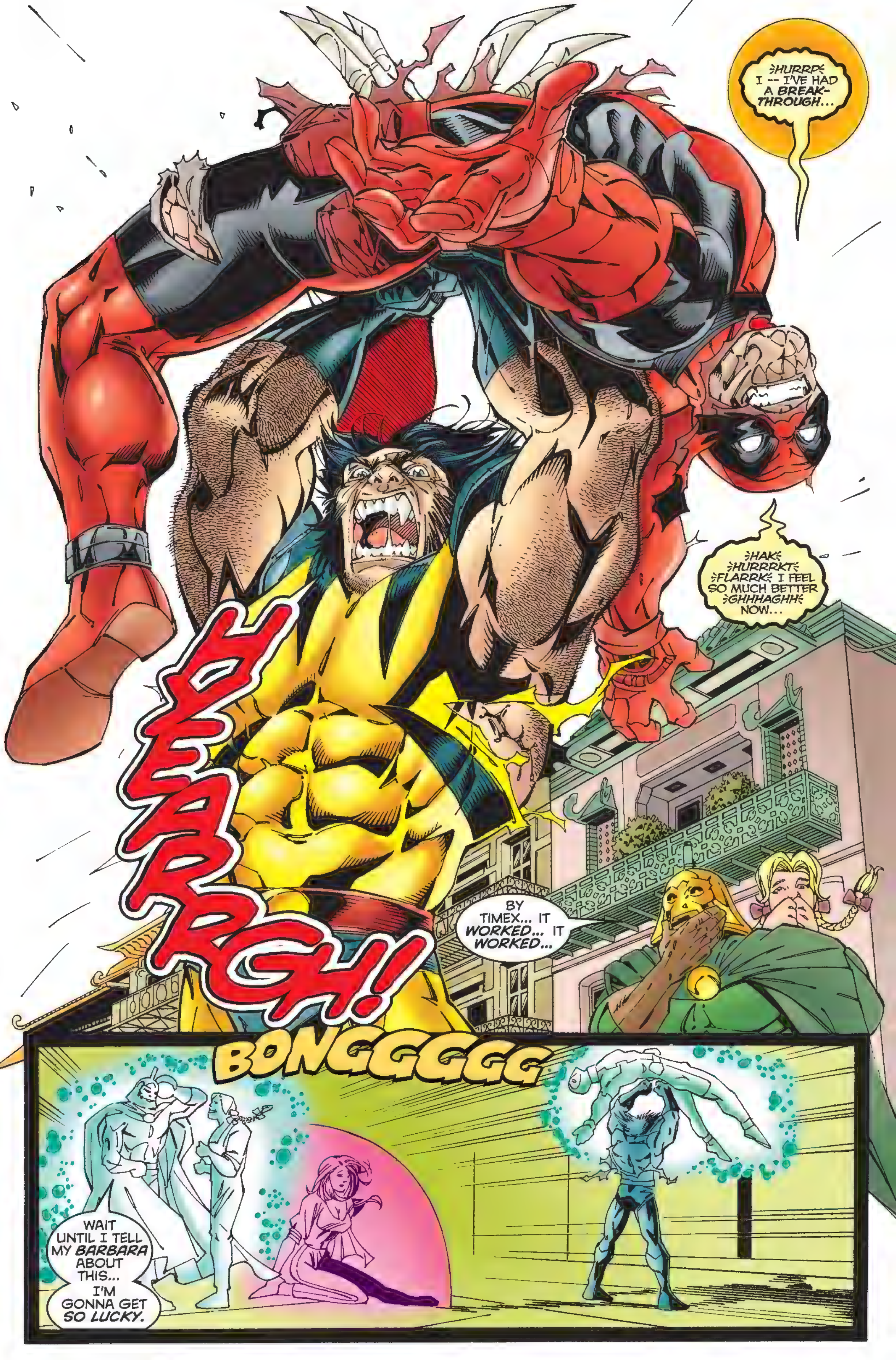

BAD IDEA TO PUSH MY *BUTTONS* LIKE THIS, WILSON! YOU SHOULDA WALKED AWAY --
HEL-LOOO! I SEE YOUR LIPS *A-FLAPPIN'* AND HEAR SOUND COMING OUT, BUT YOU'RE NOT SAYING *ANYTHING!*
GO *DEEPER!*
KSSHSH
SHUNK
THAT *DEEP* ENOUGH, MERC?
COUGH YOU KNOW, LOGAN... *HACK* YOU ALWAYS WERE TOO *LITERAL* FOR YOUR OWN GOOD... *SPURT*
LIKE THE TIME YOU TOOK AN *UMBRELLA* TO SEE *PURPLE RAIN*...
MESSIN' WITH ME AN' MINE IS *NEVER* WAY T' GET ON MY GOOD SIDE.
JUNK BETWEEN YOU AND ME, BETTER IF IT *NEVER* SEES THE LIGHT OF DAY... PAST SHOULD STAY IN THE *PAST,* WILSON.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT THE *PAST,* YOU IDIOT... THIS IS ABOUT -- *KAFF!* --
HER.
LOGAN?
COME ON, *BABYCAKES*... YOU'RE SO *CLOSE*...
OH NO! YOU'RE ALREADY IN CONTROL OF THE *VERTICAL* AND *HORIZONTAL,* TOOTS --
-- THE *AUDIO* STAYS *OFF!*
WHAT ARE YOU --?
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
BLACK CRANE?!
NOOO!
HN NGH!

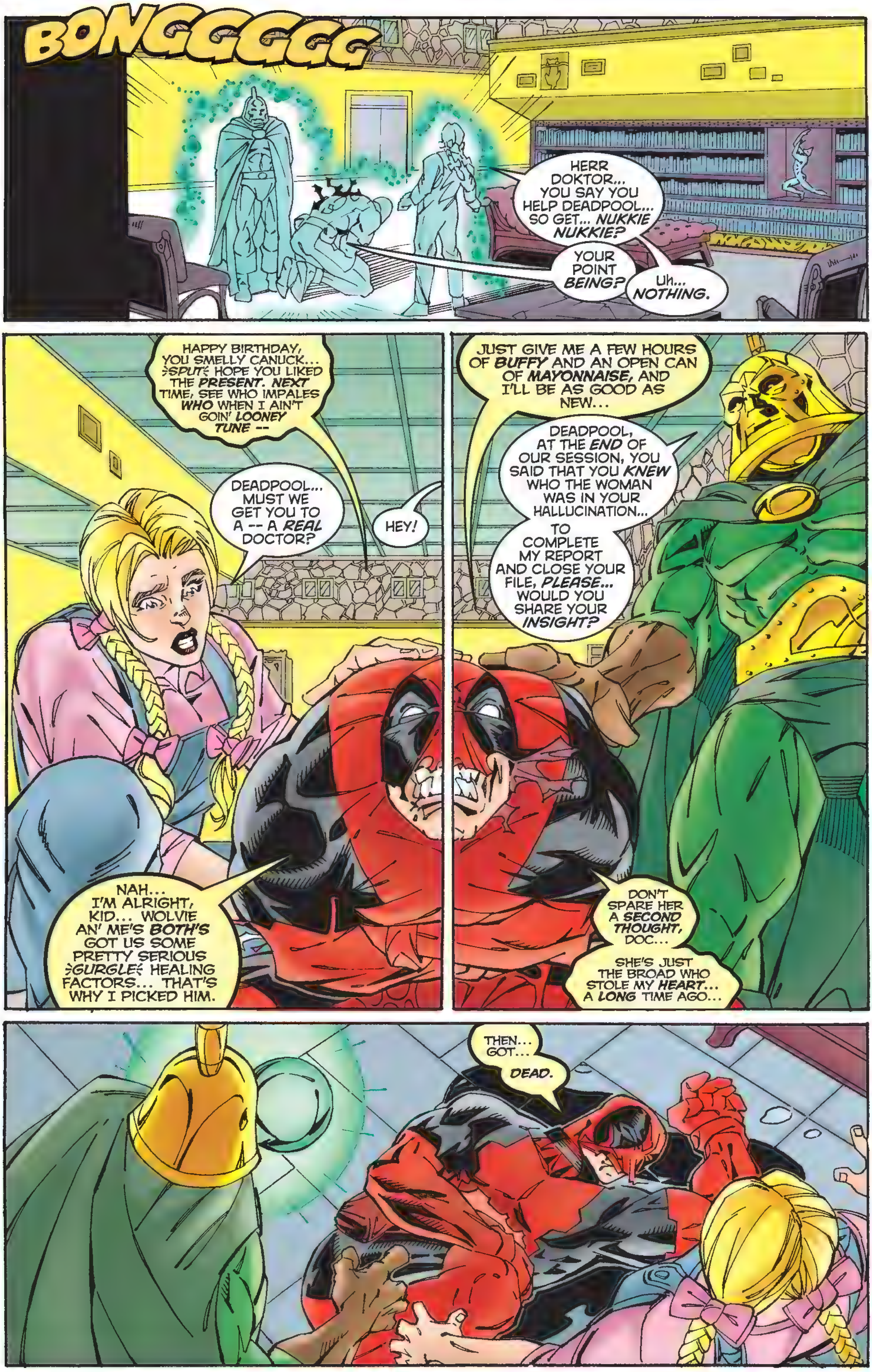

OH HELL... PLEASE TELL ME IT WENT THROUGH CLEAN...
~SIGH~ IS IT POSSIBLE TO HANG A "KICK ME" SIGN ON SOMEONE'S SOUL? I THINK IT IS...
FEAR NOT, OLD FRIEND... I'VE HAD NO VISIONS OF THE LADY IN THE VIOLET CLOAK THIS DAY... ~KAFF~ I WILL LIVE...
I'M SO SORRY, CRANE... ALL I WANTED WAS TO SETTLE UP OLD DEBTS WITH YOU...
LOGAN, THE ANCIENT ONES HAVE A SAYING, "THE WISE MAN LEAVES HIS DEBTORS FREE AND CLEAR...
...WHEN THEY KICK HIS ENEMIES IN THE REAR."
HOLD ON A SUSHI-PICKING MINUTE! THIS ISN'T ABOUT BAD-HAIR-BOY'S DEBT TO YOU! THIS IS ABOUT ME ME ME!
I DON'T WANNA BE CRAZY ANYMORE!
THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN YOUR PROBLEM, WILSON! YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF HONOR! NOT A SHRED OF PENANCE!
I CAME HERE TO SETTLE A BLOOD DEBT, AND YOU'VE RUINED IT!
SCHRAK
GEE, AND I THOUGHT MY PROBLEM WAS AN OBSESSIVE DESIRE TO BE THE HOOTERVILLE DOG FROM PETTICOAT JUNCTION --
SCRIPP
WE'RE BOTH MEN WITH PASTS THAT RUN DARK AN' DEEP. YOU MOST OF ALL SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO LAY EVEN A SMALL PART OF IT TO REST!
HERE'S A TIP -- DON'T DEAL WITH THE PAST, BURY IT! 'CAUSE HONESTLY, WOLVIE, I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD --
KRAK
-- YOUR PAST IS NOTHING BUT A BIG FAT BORE, ALREADY!
SO LET'S FLITTER OFF THAT TOPIC, AND ON TO --
ME -- OH?

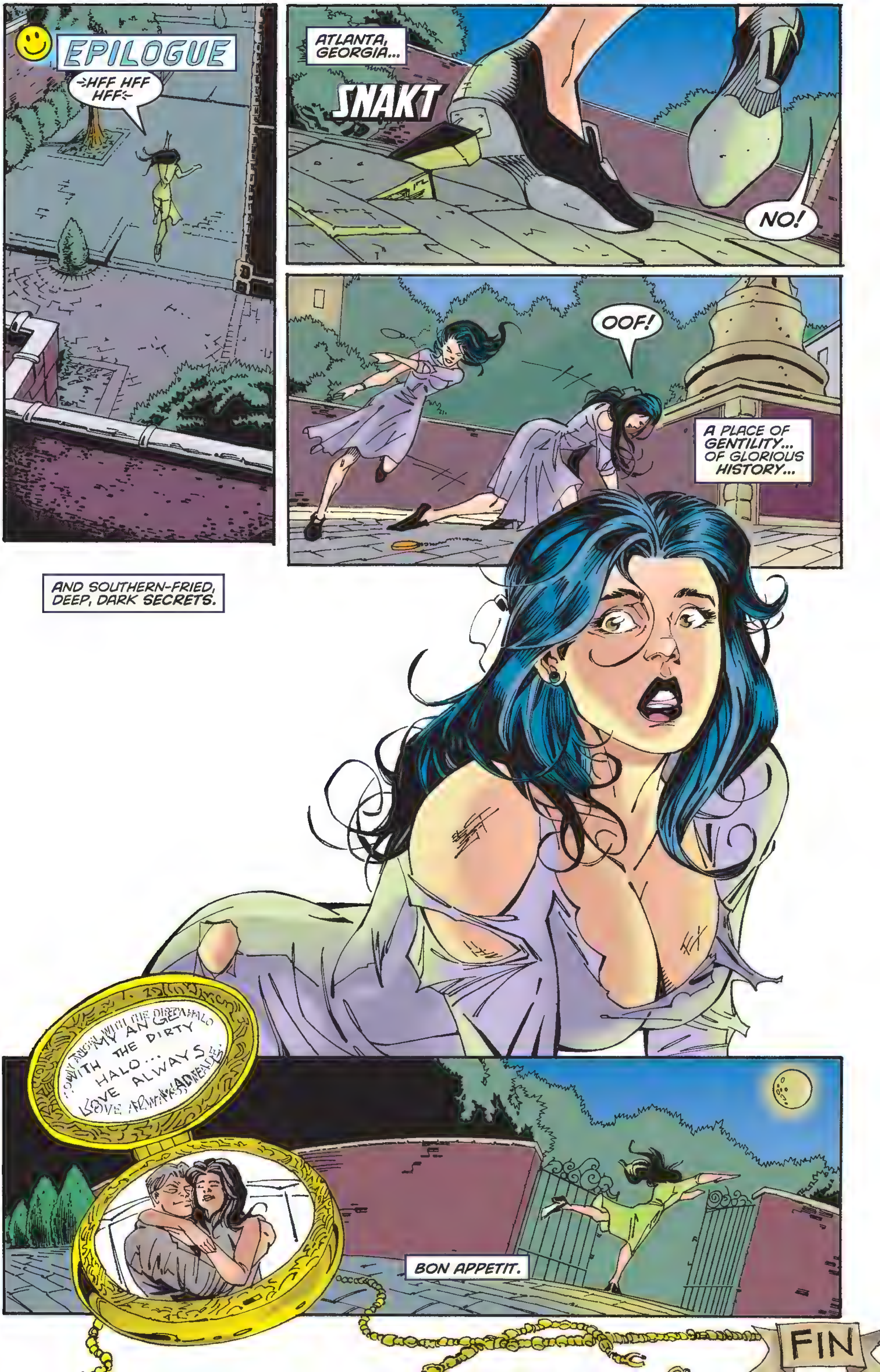

THE *HALLUCINATIONS...* THEY'RE --
WE'RE *LISTENING,* BABE...
WHOA, THIS IS TRES *CREEPY...* LIKE *CHILDREN OF THE CORN,* ONLY WITH *RABBITS...*
DOC, WHAT'S *HAPPENING?* THEY'RE JUST *STANDING* THERE... WAITING --!
EXCELLENT!
DON'T YOU *SEE,* MAN?! YOU'RE POISED ON THE *BRINK!*
YOUR INTERACTION WITH WOLVERINE HAS *TRIGGERED* A WAVE OF INTROSPECTION, VIS A VIS *YOU* ARE *CONTROLLING* THE HALLUCINATIONS!
ADDRESS YOUR *ISSUES,* DEADPOOL!
WOLVERINE! HE'S GOT ME TRAPPED IN SOME SORT OF *FORCE FIELD!* I CAN'T *PHASE* THROUGH --
BONGGGGG
PARDON ME, MISS, BUT I'M WITH A *CLIENT...*
IT WILL BE *"KITTY TIME" AFTER* WE'RE THROUGH WITH DEADPOOL...
THOUGH, INCIDENTALLY, YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH SUCH AN *OLDER* MAN REALLY BEARS EXPLORATION THROUGH *THERAPY...*
ADDRESS THEM? HOW? WHAT'S THE KEY?
GRRRRRR
THE FURBALL WAS YAPPING ABOUT *HONOR* AND *PENANCE,* AND...
THE *PAST?*
HEY, UNCA LOGAN, TELL ME A STORY ABOUT YOUR *PAST...*
...LIKE MAYBE THE ONE ABOUT HOW YOU OWE *MOSES* A *QUARTER...*
BETTER YET...

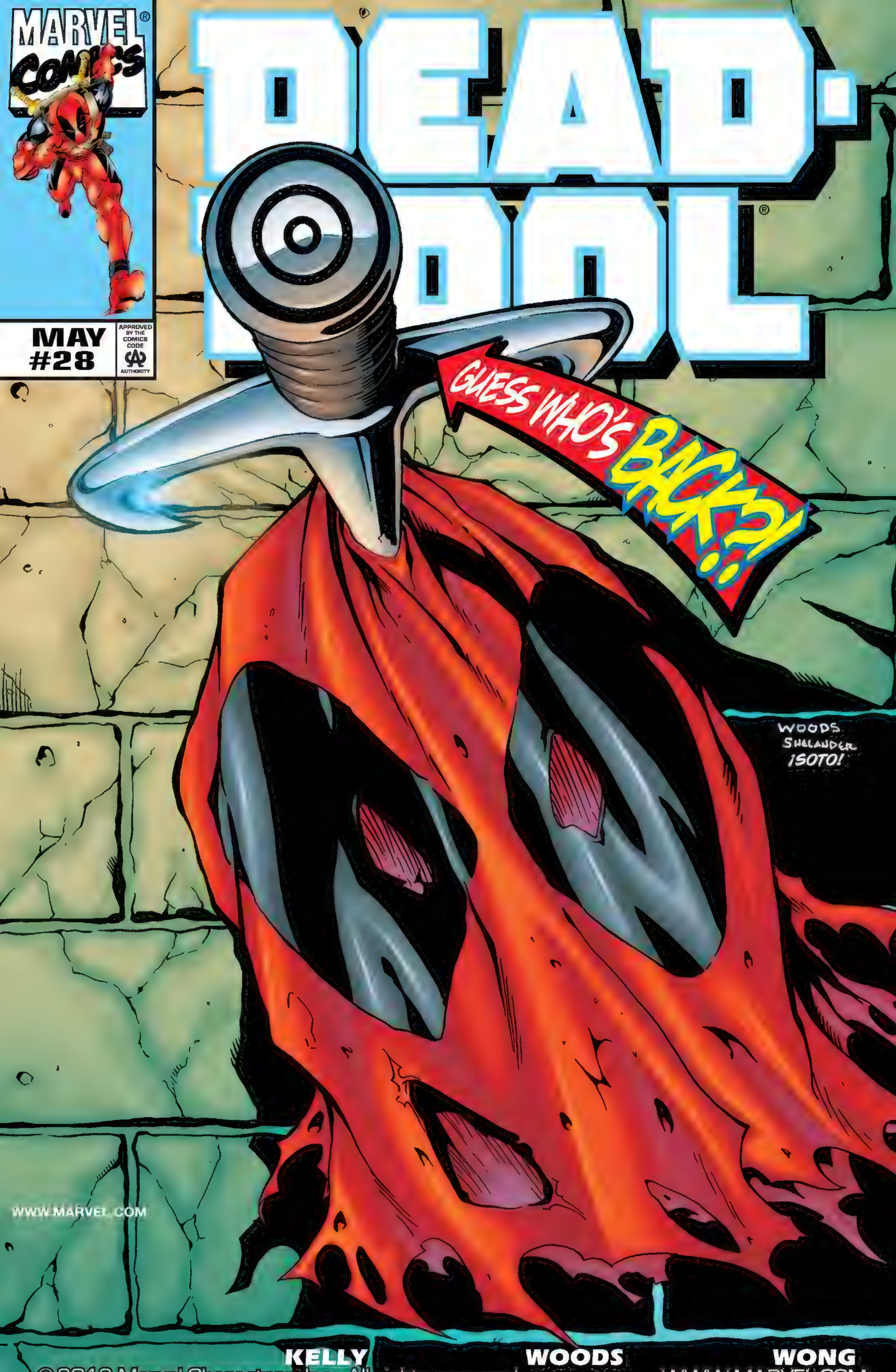

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT *YOUR* PAST... PUNKS LIKE YOU *SMASH* YER WAY THROUGH LIFE, TEARIN' A HOLE IN WHOEVER AN' WHATEVER SQUATS IN YER WAY --
OKAY, I HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING... LET'S *RUN* WITH THIS...
NOT GIVIN' HALF A SCRATCH 'BOUT *RESPONSIBILITY... COMPASSION* --
IT'S JUST STICK IT TO THE *OTHER* MOOK 'FORE HE STICKS IT TO *YOU.* TRUST ME, I KNOW... I WAS CUT FROM THE SAME *CLOTH...*
PROBLEM IS, YA CAN ONLY LIVE LIKE THAT FOR SO LONG BEFORE THE EDGES START TO *UNRAVEL...* BEFORE THE LOOSE ENDS AND BROKEN LIVES YOU LEFT IN YER WAKE --
-- *RETURN* WITH A *VENGEANCE,* AN' WRAP AROUND YER *THROAT!*
THE PAST *ALWAYS* COMES BACK T'TAKE ITS DUE... AN' IF YOU DON'T TURN AROUND *T'FACE* IT... IT COLLECTS OUTTA YER *SOUL!*
HE SAYS *MUCH* IN *ONE LEAP,* NO?
EXCELLENT OBSERVATION, ILANEY... I BELIEVE LENGTHY SPEECHES IN MID-LEAP ARE A FORM OF *MUTANT POWER...*
BUT MY PAST IS SUCH A WALKING *PUS POCKET,* I COULD *NEVER* --
RAARGH!
SLASSH
NEVER *"FACE UP TO IT?"* HEH... THAT'S A *PUN...* YER NOT THE *ONLY* ONE WHO KNOWS COMEDY, BUB.
MY... MY PAST COME BACK TO *HAUNT* ME...? DOC? YOU THINK IT COULD BE *THAT CLICHED* --
I MEAN... *SIMPLE...?*
SWIFF


IN PSYCHOTHERAPY, WE ALWAYS LOOK TO A SUBJECT'S PAST FOR INDICATIONS OF PRESENT BEHAVIOR...
YES... YES, BY SIGMUD! OF COURSE! THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION!
I'M ON A TRAIN OF THOUGHT HEADED STRAIGHT TO SANITY, SON! RUN ALONGSIDE AND HOP ON WITH ME!
BONGGG
TTHHIISS IISSTTHHEELLAASSTT TTIIMMEEIIGGUUEESSTT SSTTAARRIINNAA NNOONNXX -- BBOOKK...
YOU PERCEIVED YOUR DEFEAT OF THE MESSIAH, TO BE A TREMENDOUS *FAILURE*, PERHAPS THE *SINGLE* MOST SIGNIFICANT FAILING OF YOUR ENTIRE *LIFE!*
AND THIS YEAR'S *STATING THE OBVIOUS* AWARD GOES TO --
THIS WAS THE *FLASH POINT* THAT CAUSED YOUR MIND TO *"SNAP"*. CONSIDERING ALL OF THE SUFFERIN' THAT EVERY PERSON ON EARTH WOULD ENDURE, YOU BEGAN TO FEEL *SYMPATHY* FOR THEM... A *CONNECTION* --
HENCE YOUR OWN MIND BEGAN TO REFLECT ON PAIN IT HAS NOT BEEN ALLOWED TO ACCESS FOR *YEARS* -- BETRAYALS, *VIOLENCE, VARIOUS* AND OTHER SUNDRY MISTAKES YOU'D MADE DURING THE *DARKEST* MOMENTS OF YOUR LIFE.
YOUR *NARCISSISTIC* TENDENCIES LED YOU TO *REDEFINE* THESE MOMENTS OF PAIN AS *OPPORTUNITIES* FOR PEACE THAT WERE STOLEN FROM *YOU* (AS YOU HAD JUST *"STOLEN"* PEACE FROM THE WORLD AT LARGE) --
LIKE *WHITE RABBITS*, ALWAYS *JUST* OUT OF REACH... YOU BEGAN TO LONG FOR THE *"PARCELS OF SELF"* YOU'D LOST!
KEEP TALKIN', DOC... THE PARTS THAT DON'T SOUND LIKE BULLCOOKIES ARE STARTIN' TO CLICK...
FIGHTING WOLVERINE, ARGUING YOUR *DENIAL* OF THE PAST, COUPLED WITH *MY* EXPERT GUIDANCE, YOU'VE BEGUN TO TURN A CONSCIOUS EYE *INWARDS* --
PROCESSING THE PAIN WITHOUT THE NECESSITY FOR HALLUCINATIONS... ERGO... BUT...
OKAY... SO LET'S SAY I'M *BUYING* ALL THIS... WHO'S THE *CHICK?*
MILK
CLEARLY THE WOMAN POURING LIQUOR INTO MILK IS REPRESENTATIVE OF YOUR OWN *SELF-POISONING* OF YOUR ONCE *PROMISING* LIFE --
YEAH THAT SOUNDS
...
BY THE POWER OF *GREYSKULL*... I BEEN *SNOOKERED*...
MILK
SHE'S NOT JUST A HALLUCINATION, DOC... I KNOW HER...
YOU HEAR THAT, YOU PUNGENT PIPSQUEAK, YOU?!
I *KNOW* HER! I KNOW WHO SHE IS! I --

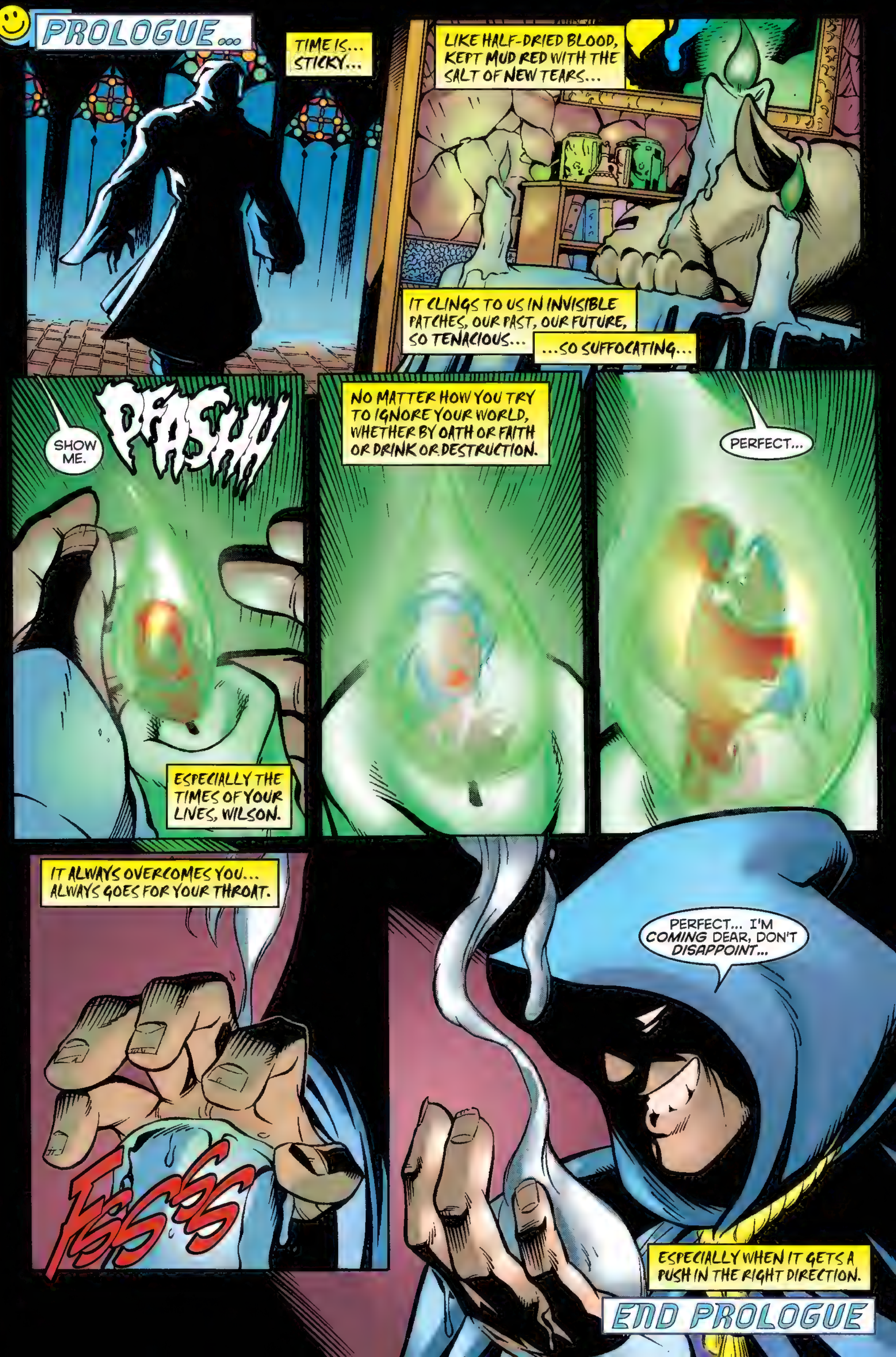

HURRP I -- I'VE HAD A *BREAK-THROUGH...*
HAK HURRRKT FLARRK I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER GHHHAGHH NOW...
HEEARRGH!
BY TIMEX... IT *WORKED...* IT *WORKED...*
BONGGGGG
WAIT UNTIL I TELL MY *BARBARA* ABOUT THIS... I'M GONNA GET *SO LUCKY.*

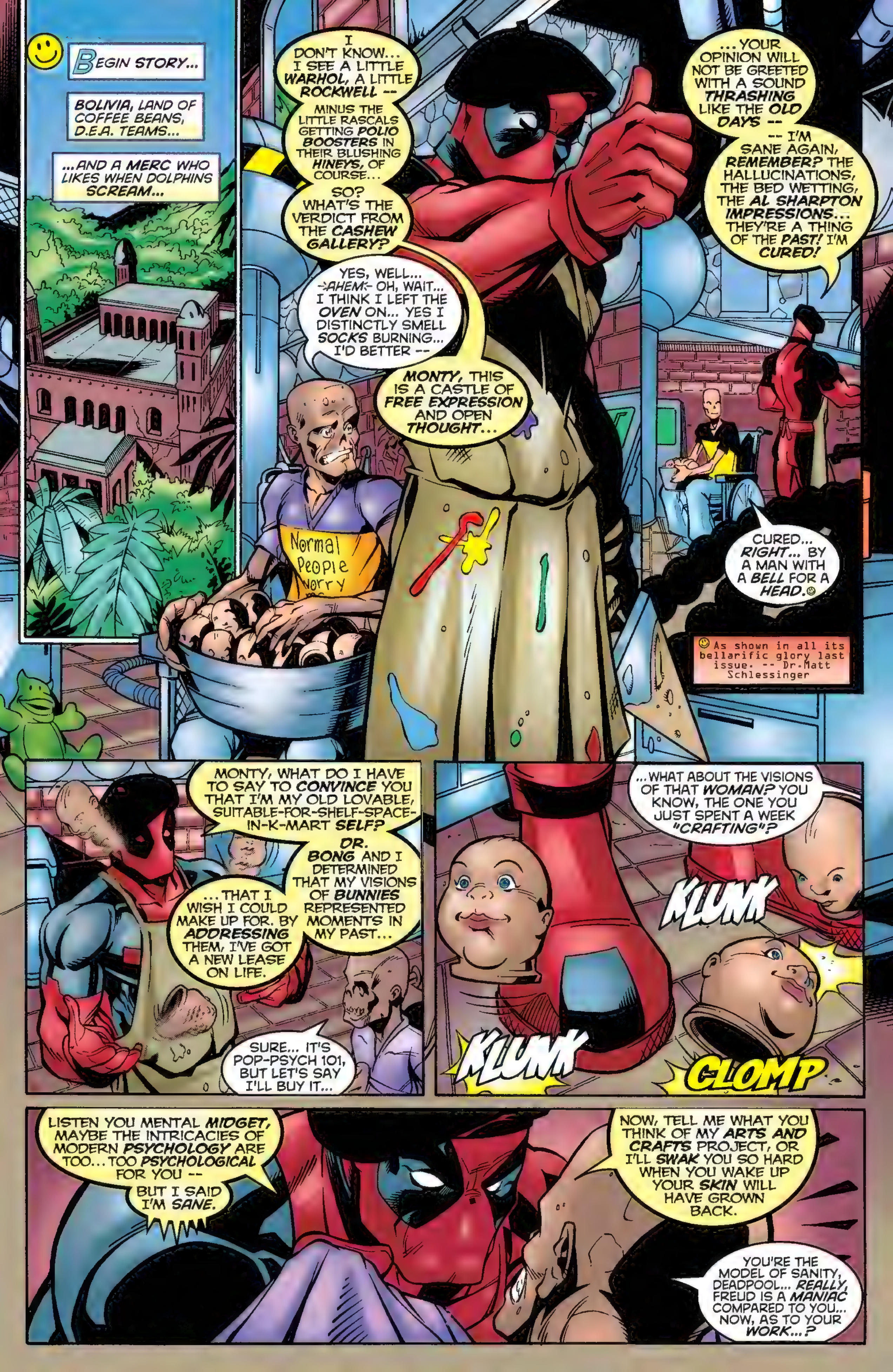

BONGGGGG
HERR DOKTOR... YOU SAY YOU HELP DEADPOOL... SO GET... *NUKKIE NUKKIE?*
YOUR POINT *BEING?*
Uh... *NOTHING.*
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, YOU SMELLY CANUCK... ⊰*SPUT*⊱ HOPE YOU LIKED THE *PRESENT. NEXT* TIME, SEE WHO IMPALES *WHO* WHEN I AIN'T GOIN' *LOONEY TUNE* --
DEADPOOL... MUST WE GET YOU TO A -- A *REAL* DOCTOR?
HEY!
NAH... I'M ALRIGHT, KID... WOLVIE AN' ME'S *BOTH'S* GOT US SOME PRETTY SERIOUS ⊰*GURGLE*⊱ HEALING FACTORS... THAT'S WHY I PICKED HIM.
JUST GIVE ME A FEW HOURS OF *BUFFY* AND AN OPEN CAN OF *MAYONNAISE,* AND I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW...
DEADPOOL, AT THE *END* OF OUR SESSION, YOU SAID THAT YOU *KNEW* WHO THE WOMAN WAS IN YOUR HALLUCINATION...
TO COMPLETE MY REPORT AND CLOSE YOUR FILE, *PLEASE...* WOULD YOU SHARE YOUR *INSIGHT?*
DON'T SPARE HER A *SECOND THOUGHT,* DOC...
SHE'S JUST THE BROAD WHO STOLE MY *HEART...* A *LONG* TIME AGO...
THEN... GOT... *DEAD.*


EPILOGUE
=HFF HFF HFF=
ATLANTA, GEORGIA...
SNAKT
NO!
OOF!
A PLACE OF GENTILITY... OF GLORIOUS HISTORY...
AND SOUTHERN-FRIED, DEEP, DARK SECRETS.
MY ANGEL WITH THE DIRTY HALO... LOVE ALWAYS
BON APPETIT.
FIN


MARVEL COMICS
DEAD-POOL
MAY #28
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
GUESS WHO'S BACK?!
WOODS
SHELANDER
¡SOTO!
WWW.MARVEL.COM
KELLY
WOODS
WONG

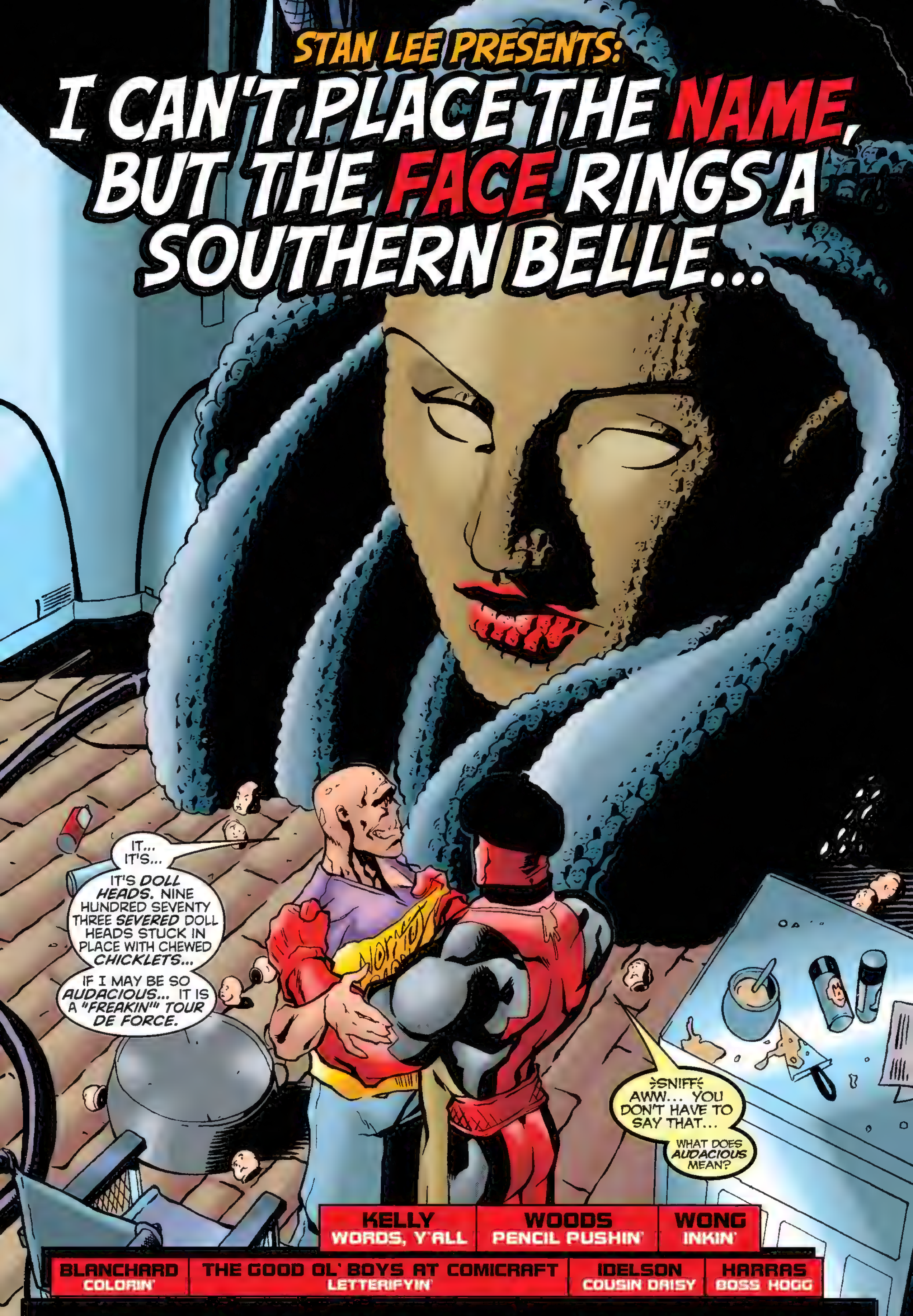
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved WWW.MARVEL.COM


PROLOGUE...
TIME IS... STICKY...
LIKE HALF-DRIED BLOOD, KEPT MUD RED WITH THE SALT OF NEW TEARS...
IT CLINGS TO US IN INVISIBLE PATCHES, OUR PAST, OUR FUTURE, SO TENACIOUS...
...SO SUFFOCATING...
SHOW ME.
PFASH
ESPECIALLY THE TIMES OF YOUR LIVES, WILSON.
NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY TO IGNORE YOUR WORLD, WHETHER BY OATH OR FAITH OR DRINK OR DESTRUCTION.
PERFECT...
IT ALWAYS OVERCOMES YOU... ALWAYS GOES FOR YOUR THROAT.
FSSSS
PERFECT... I'M COMING DEAR, DON'T DISAPPOINT...
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT GETS A PUSH IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
END PROLOGUE


☺ BEGIN STORY...
BOLIVIA, LAND OF COFFEE BEANS, D.E.A. TEAMS...
...AND A MERC WHO LIKES WHEN DOLPHINS SCREAM...
I DON'T KNOW... I SEE A LITTLE WARHOL, A LITTLE ROCKWELL --
MINUS THE LITTLE RASCALS GETTING POLIO BOOSTERS IN THEIR BLUSHING HINEYS, OF COURSE...
SO? WHAT'S THE VERDICT FROM THE CASHEW GALLERY?
YES, WELL... -AHEM- OH, WAIT... I THINK I LEFT THE OVEN ON... YES I DISTINCTLY SMELL SOCKS BURNING... I'D BETTER --
MONTY, THIS IS A CASTLE OF FREE EXPRESSION AND OPEN THOUGHT...
...YOUR OPINION WILL NOT BE GREETED WITH A SOUND THRASHING LIKE THE OLD DAYS --
-- I'M SANE AGAIN, REMEMBER? THE HALLUCINATIONS, THE BED WETTING, THE AL SHARPTON IMPRESSIONS... THEY'RE A THING OF THE PAST! I'M CURED!
Normal People Worry me
CURED... RIGHT... BY A MAN WITH A BELL FOR A HEAD.☺
☺ As shown in all its bellarific glory last issue. -- Dr. Matt Schlessinger
MONTY, WHAT DO I HAVE TO SAY TO CONVINCE YOU THAT I'M MY OLD LOVABLE, SUITABLE-FOR-SHELF-SPACE-IN-K-MART SELF?
DR. BONG AND I DETERMINED THAT MY VISIONS OF BUNNIES REPRESENTED MOMENTS IN MY PAST...
...THAT I WISH I COULD MAKE UP FOR. BY ADDRESSING THEM, I'VE GOT A NEW LEASE ON LIFE.
SURE... IT'S POP-PSYCH 101, BUT LET'S SAY I'LL BUY IT...
...WHAT ABOUT THE VISIONS OF THAT WOMAN? YOU KNOW, THE ONE YOU JUST SPENT A WEEK "CRAFTING"?
KLUNK
KLUNK
GLOMP
LISTEN YOU MENTAL MIDGET, MAYBE THE INTRICACIES OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY ARE TOO... TOO PSYCHOLOGICAL FOR YOU --
BUT I SAID I'M SANE.
NOW, TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY ARTS AND CRAFTS PROJECT, OR I'LL SWAK YOU SO HARD WHEN YOU WAKE UP YOUR SKIN WILL HAVE GROWN BACK.
YOU'RE THE MODEL OF SANITY, DEADPOOL... REALLY, FREUD IS A MANIAC COMPARED TO YOU... NOW, AS TO YOUR WORK...?

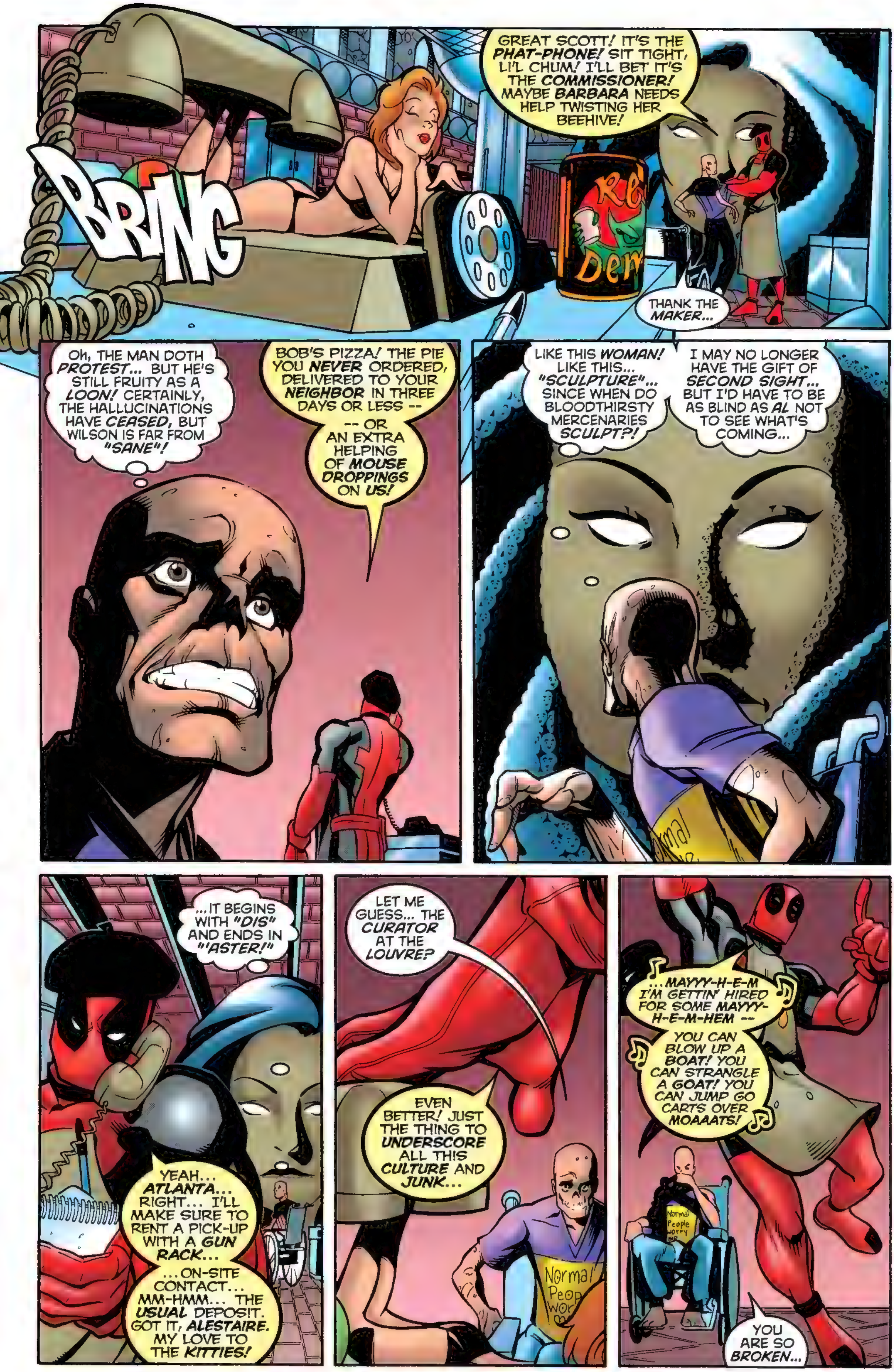
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

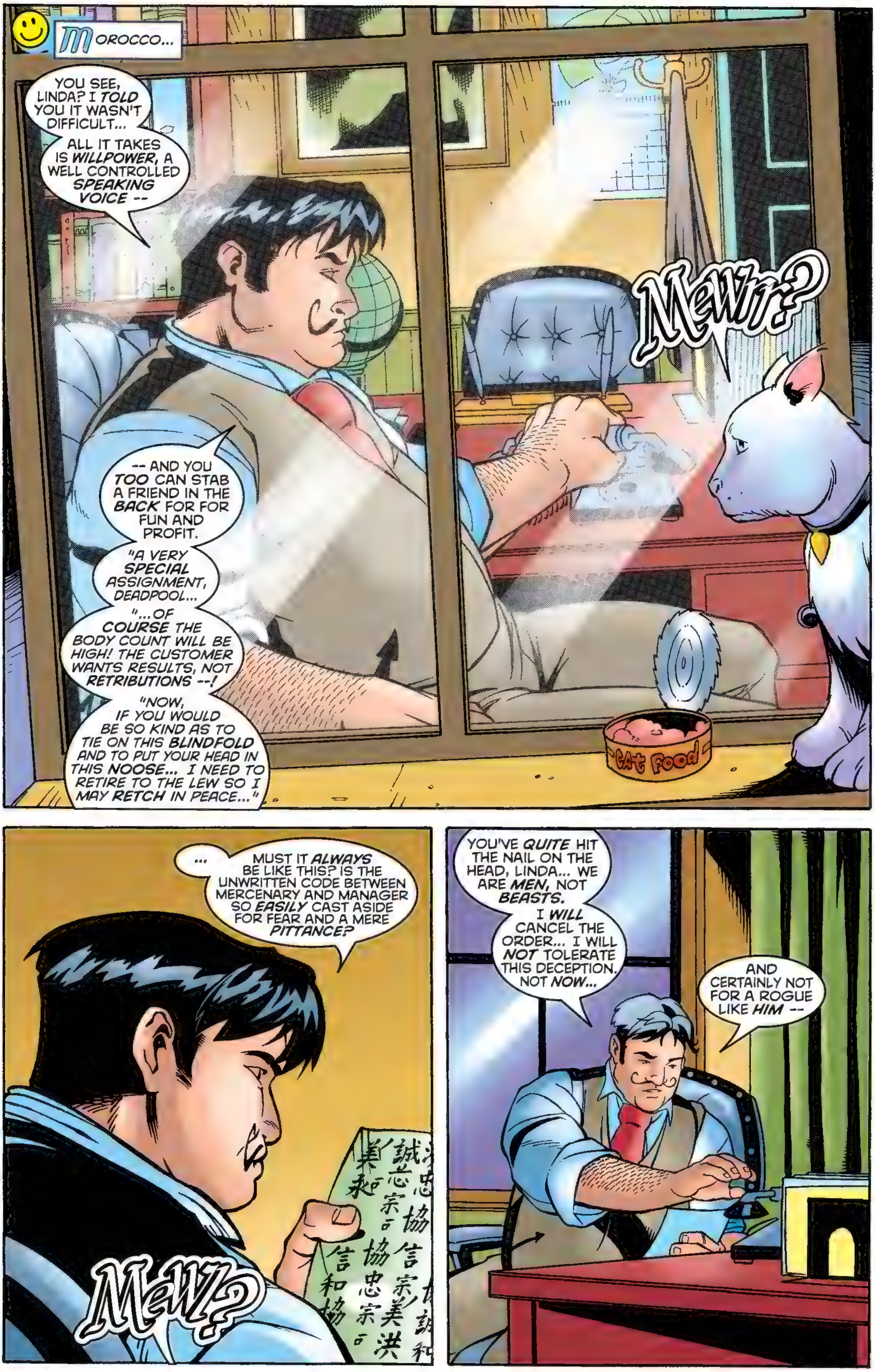
I CAN'T PLACE THE NAME, BUT THE FACE RINGS A SOUTHERN BELLE...

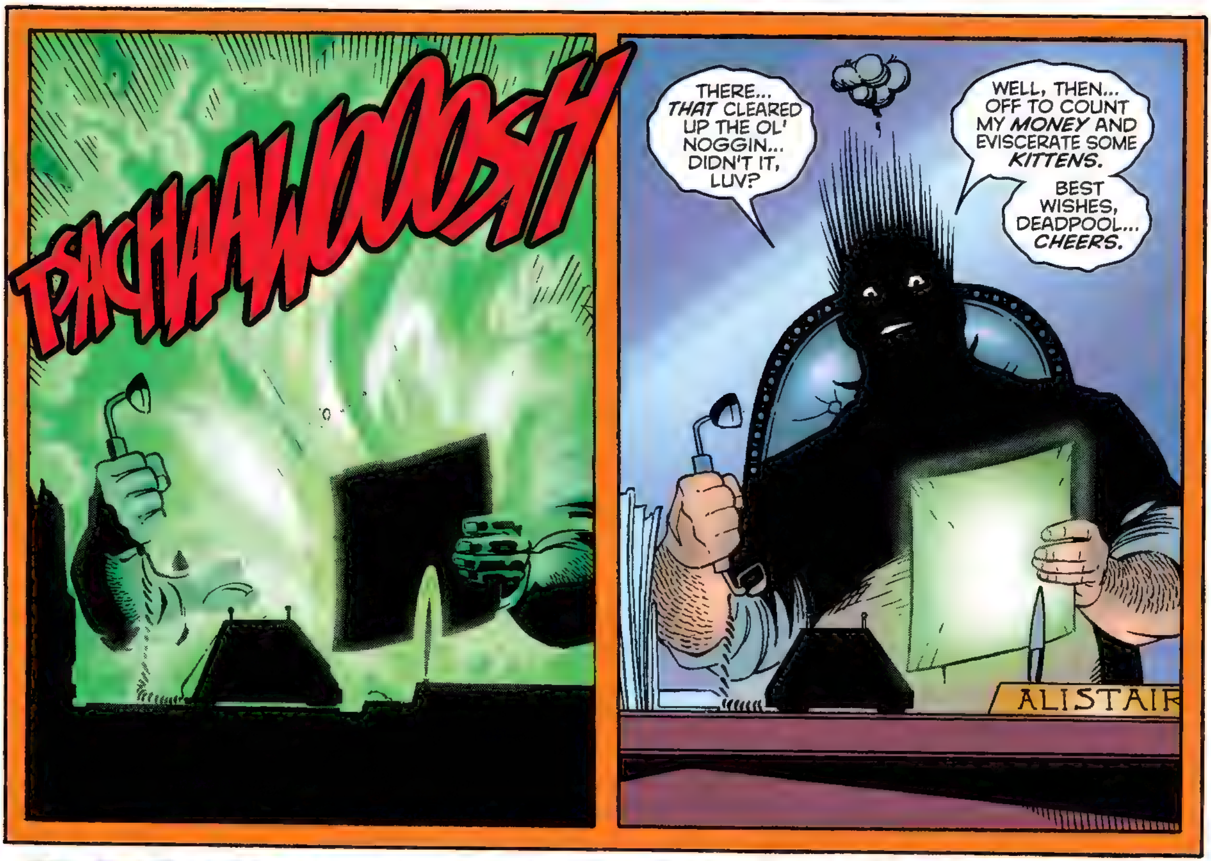

IT... IT'S...
IT'S *DOLL HEADS.* NINE HUNDRED SEVENTY THREE *SEVERED* DOLL HEADS STUCK IN PLACE WITH CHEWED *CHICKLETS...*
IF I MAY BE SO *AUDACIOUS...* IT IS A "FREAKIN'" TOUR DE FORCE.
SNIFF AWW... YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY THAT...
WHAT DOES *AUDACIOUS* MEAN?

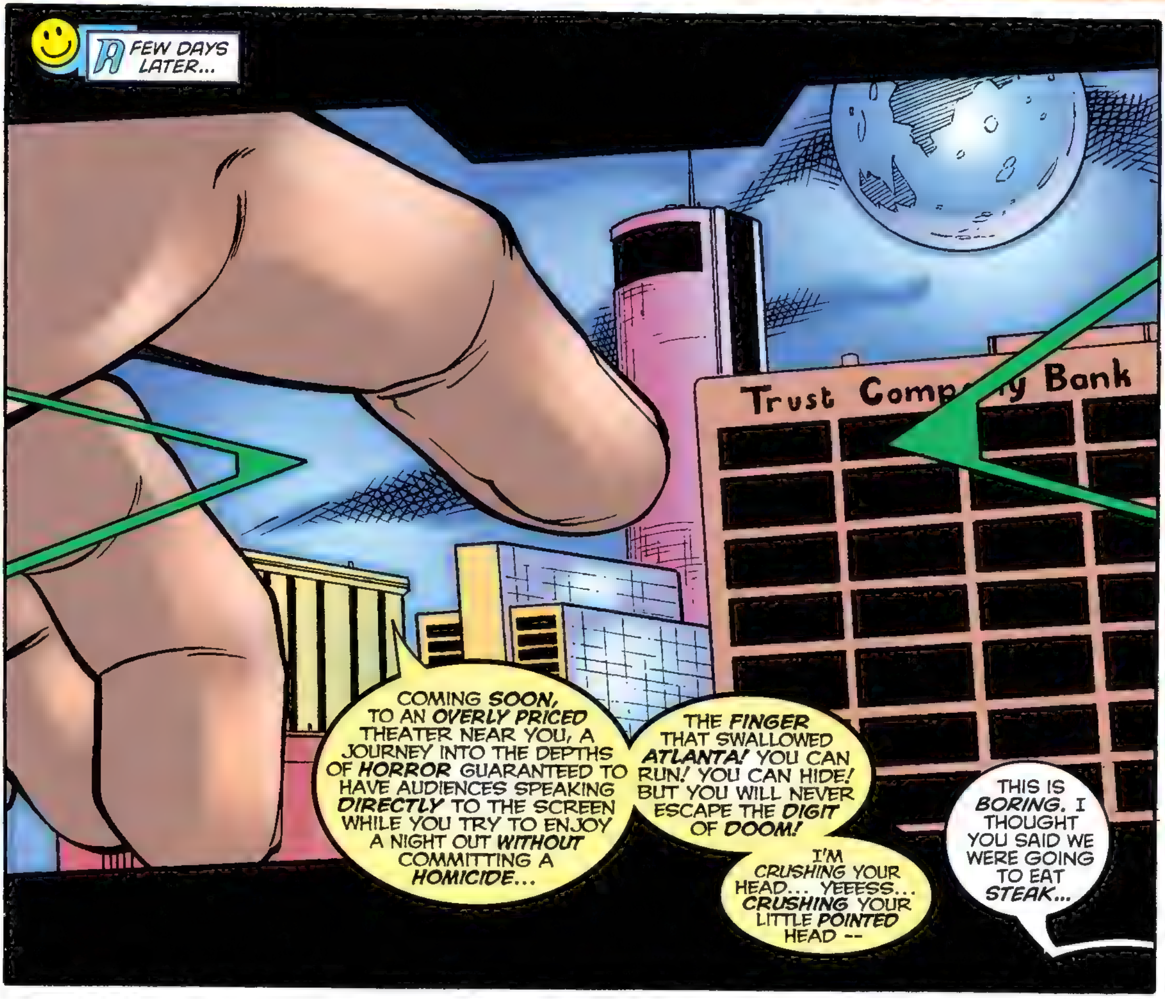
KELLY WORDS, Y'ALL
WOODS PENCIL PUSHIN'
WONG INKIN'
BLANCHARD COLORIN'
THE GOOD OL' BOYS AT COMICRAFT LETTERIFYIN'
IDELSON COUSIN DAISY
HARRAS BOSS HOGG

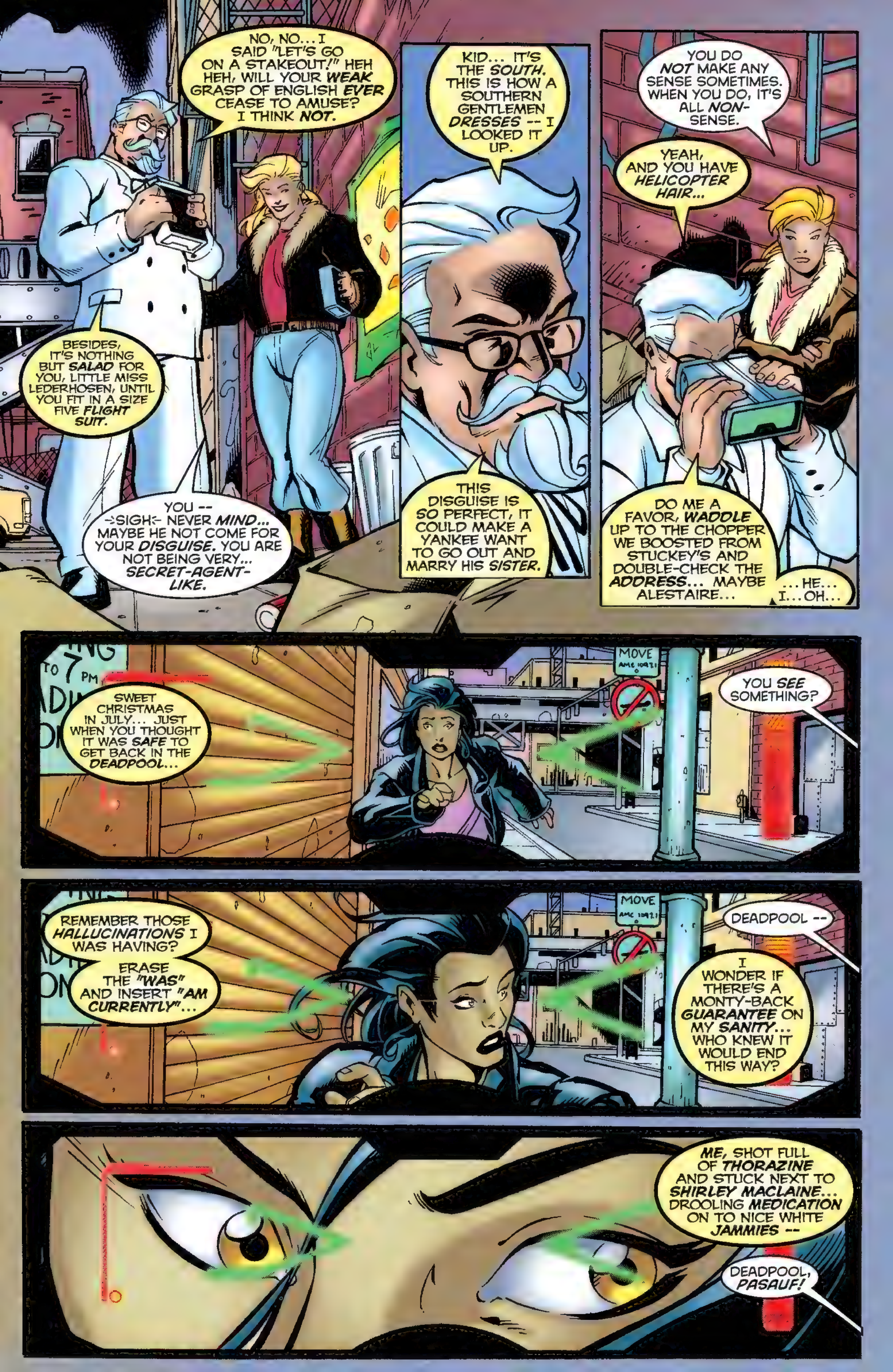
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

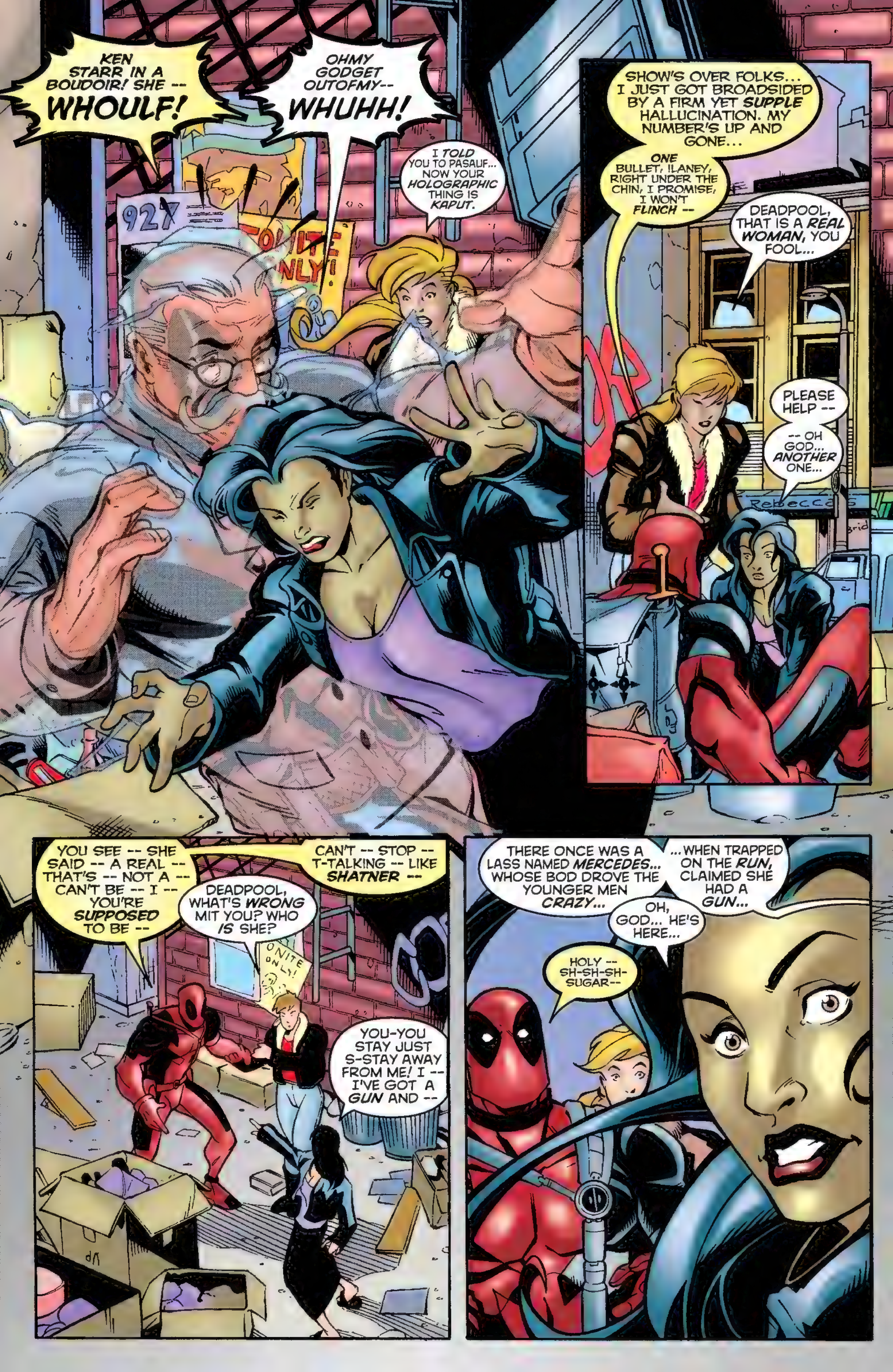

BRING
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE PHAT-PHONE! SIT TIGHT, LI'L CHUM! I'LL BET IT'S THE COMMISSIONER! MAYBE BARBARA NEEDS HELP TWISTING HER BEEHIVE!
THANK THE MAKER...
Oh, THE MAN DOTH PROTEST... BUT HE'S STILL FRUITY AS A LOON! CERTAINLY, THE HALLUCINATIONS HAVE CEASED, BUT WILSON IS FAR FROM "SANE"!
BOB'S PIZZA! THE PIE YOU NEVER ORDERED, DELIVERED TO YOUR NEIGHBOR IN THREE DAYS OR LESS --
-- OR AN EXTRA HELPING OF MOUSE DROPPINGS ON US!
LIKE THIS WOMAN! LIKE THIS... "SCULPTURE"... SINCE WHEN DO BLOODTHIRSTY MERCENARIES SCULPT?!
I MAY NO LONGER HAVE THE GIFT OF SECOND SIGHT... BUT I'D HAVE TO BE AS BLIND AS AL NOT TO SEE WHAT'S COMING...
...IT BEGINS WITH "DIS" AND ENDS IN "'ASTER!"
YEAH... ATLANTA... RIGHT... I'LL MAKE SURE TO RENT A PICK-UP WITH A GUN RACK...
...ON-SITE CONTACT... MM-HMM... THE USUAL DEPOSIT. GOT IT, ALESTAIRE. MY LOVE TO THE KITTIES!
LET ME GUESS... THE CURATOR AT THE LOUVRE?
EVEN BETTER! JUST THE THING TO UNDERSCORE ALL THIS CULTURE AND JUNK...
♪ ...MAYYY-H-E-M I'M GETTIN' HIRED FOR SOME MAYYY-H-E-M-HEM -- ♪
♪ YOU CAN BLOW UP A BOAT! YOU CAN STRANGLE A GOAT! YOU CAN JUMP GO CARTS OVER MOAAATS! ♪
Normal People worry me
YOU ARE SO BROKEN...

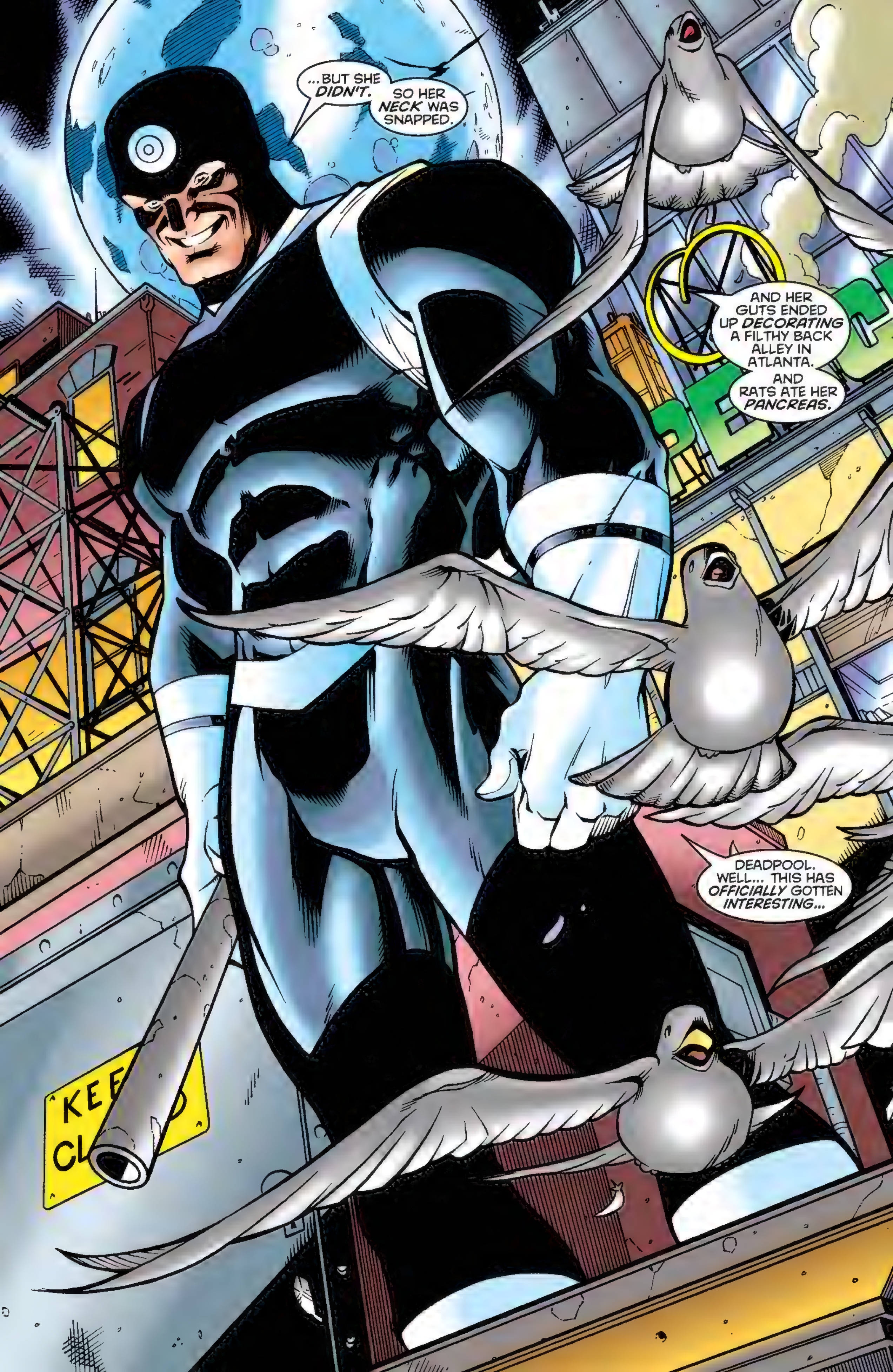

MOROCCO...
YOU SEE, LINDA? I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T DIFFICULT...
ALL IT TAKES IS WILLPOWER, A WELL CONTROLLED SPEAKING VOICE --
-- AND YOU TOO CAN STAB A FRIEND IN THE BACK FOR FOR FUN AND PROFIT.
"A VERY SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT, DEADPOOL...
"...OF COURSE THE BODY COUNT WILL BE HIGH! THE CUSTOMER WANTS RESULTS, NOT RETRIBUTIONS --!
"NOW, IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO TIE ON THIS BLINDFOLD AND TO PUT YOUR HEAD IN THIS NOOSE... I NEED TO RETIRE TO THE LEW SO I MAY RETCH IN PEACE..."
Mewrr?
CAT FOOD
... MUST IT ALWAYS BE LIKE THIS? IS THE UNWRITTEN CODE BETWEEN MERCENARY AND MANAGER SO EASILY CAST ASIDE FOR FEAR AND A MERE PITTANCE?
Mewr?
YOU'VE QUITE HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD, LINDA... WE ARE MEN, NOT BEASTS.
I WILL CANCEL THE ORDER... I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS DECEPTION. NOT NOW...
AND CERTAINLY NOT FOR A ROGUE LIKE HIM --

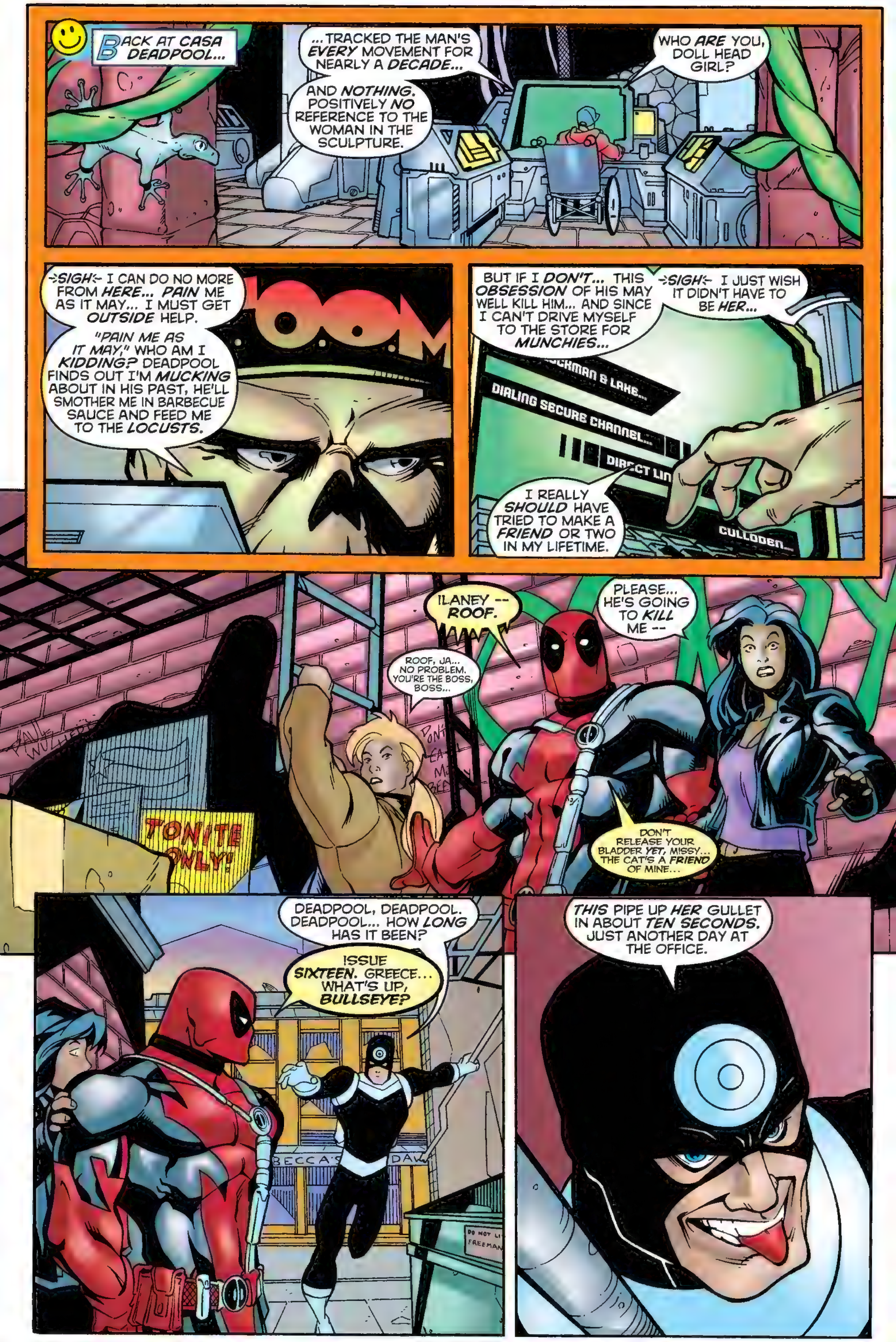

TSACHAAWOOOSH
THERE... THAT CLEARED UP THE OL' NOGGIN... DIDN'T IT, LUV?
WELL, THEN... OFF TO COUNT MY MONEY AND EVISCERATE SOME KITTENS.
BEST WISHES, DEADPOOL... CHEERS.
ALISTAIR

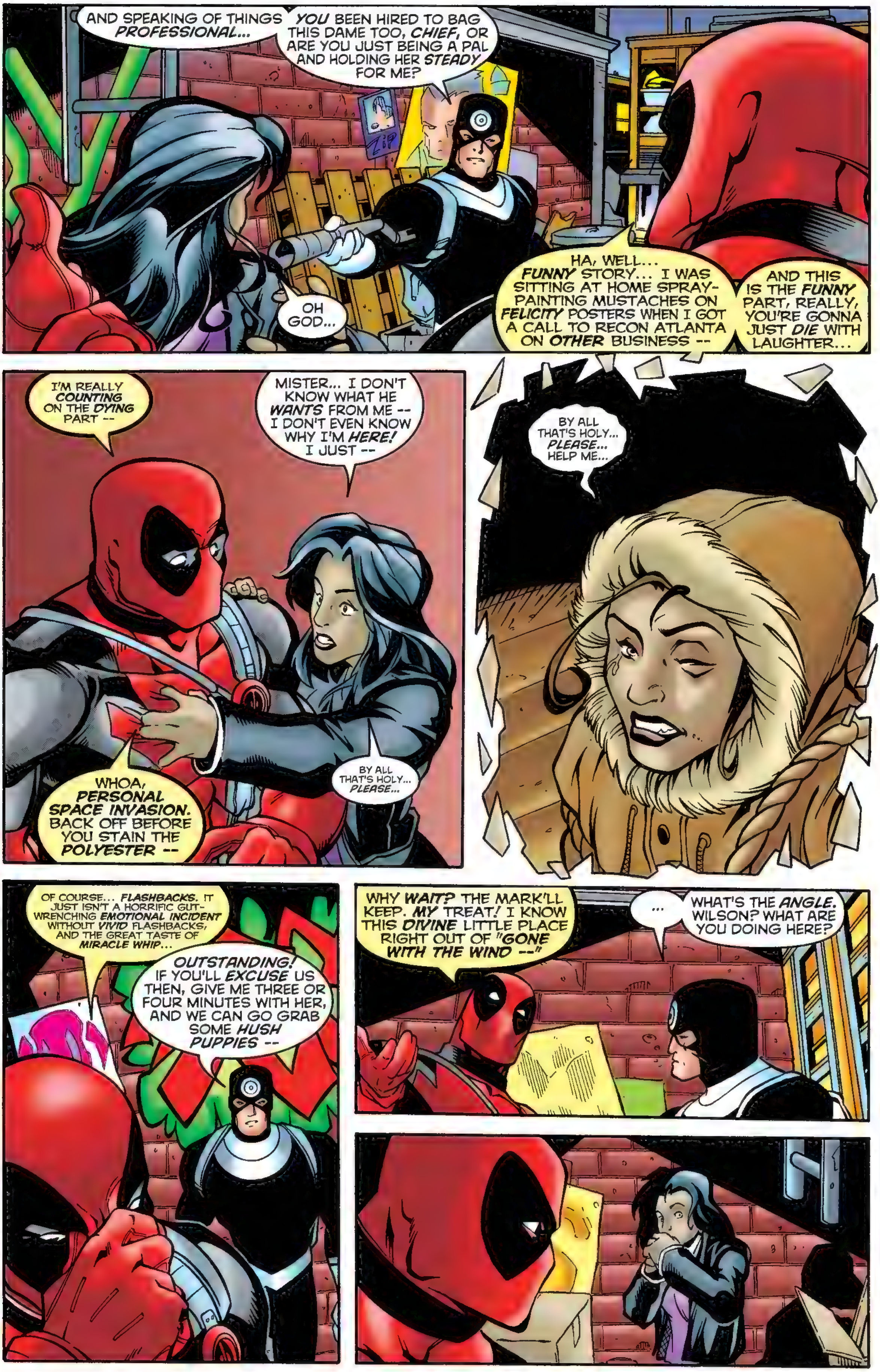

A FEW DAYS LATER...
Trust Company Bank
COMING SOON, TO AN OVERLY PRICED THEATER NEAR YOU, A JOURNEY INTO THE DEPTHS OF HORROR GUARANTEED TO HAVE AUDIENCES SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO THE SCREEN WHILE YOU TRY TO ENJOY A NIGHT OUT WITHOUT COMMITTING A HOMICIDE...
THE FINGER THAT SWALLOWED ATLANTA! YOU CAN RUN! YOU CAN HIDE! BUT YOU WILL NEVER ESCAPE THE DIGIT OF DOOM!
I'M CRUSHING YOUR HEAD... YEEESS... CRUSHING YOUR LITTLE POINTED HEAD --
THIS IS BORING. I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO EAT STEAK...

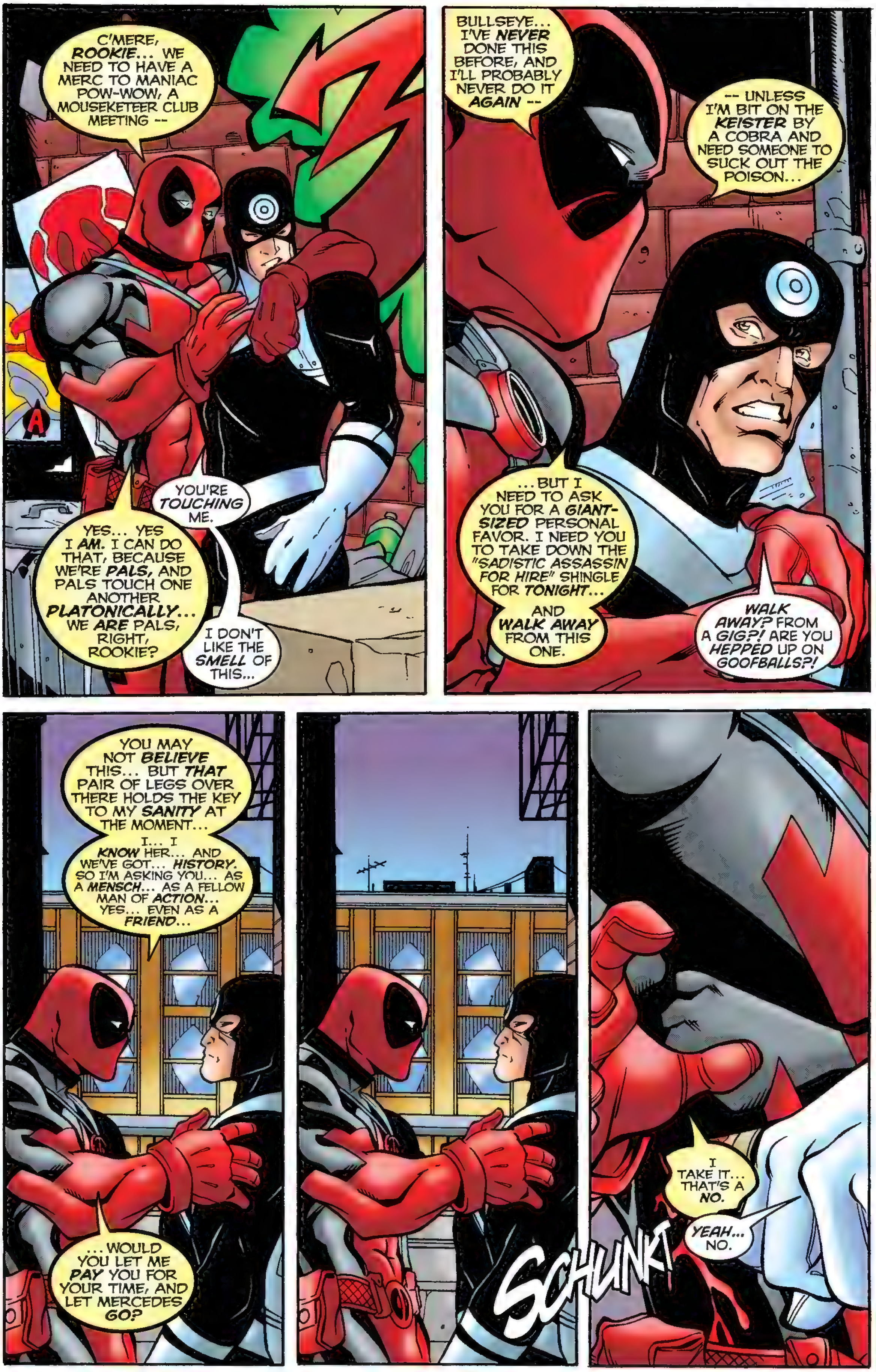

NO, NO... I SAID "LET'S GO ON A STAKEOUT!" HEH HEH, WILL YOUR *WEAK* GRASP OF ENGLISH *EVER* CEASE TO AMUSE? I THINK *NOT.*
BESIDES, IT'S NOTHING BUT *SALAD* FOR YOU, LITTLE MISS LEDERHOSEN, UNTIL YOU FIT IN A SIZE FIVE *FLIGHT SUIT.*
YOU -- ⇒SIGH⇐ NEVER *MIND*... MAYBE HE NOT COME FOR YOUR *DISGUISE.* YOU ARE NOT BEING VERY... *SECRET-AGENT-LIKE.*
KID... IT'S THE *SOUTH.* THIS IS HOW A SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN *DRESSES* -- I LOOKED IT UP.
THIS DISGUISE IS *SO* PERFECT, IT COULD MAKE A YANKEE WANT TO GO OUT AND MARRY HIS *SISTER.*
YOU DO *NOT* MAKE ANY SENSE SOMETIMES. WHEN YOU DO, IT'S ALL *NON*-SENSE.
YEAH, AND YOU HAVE *HELICOPTER HAIR*...
DO ME A FAVOR, *WADDLE* UP TO THE CHOPPER WE BOOSTED FROM STUCKEY'S AND DOUBLE-CHECK THE *ADDRESS*... MAYBE ALESTAIRE...
...HE... I...OH...
SWEET CHRISTMAS IN JULY... JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS *SAFE* TO GET BACK IN THE *DEADPOOL*...
MOVE
YOU *SEE* SOMETHING?
REMEMBER THOSE *HALLUCINATIONS* I WAS HAVING?
ERASE THE *"WAS"* AND INSERT *"AM CURRENTLY"*...
DEADPOOL --
I WONDER IF THERE'S A MONTY-BACK *GUARANTEE* ON MY *SANITY*... WHO KNEW IT WOULD END THIS WAY?
ME, SHOT FULL OF *THORAZINE* AND STUCK NEXT TO *SHIRLEY MACLAINE*... DROOLING *MEDICATION* ON TO NICE WHITE *JAMMIES* --
DEADPOOL, *PASAUF!*

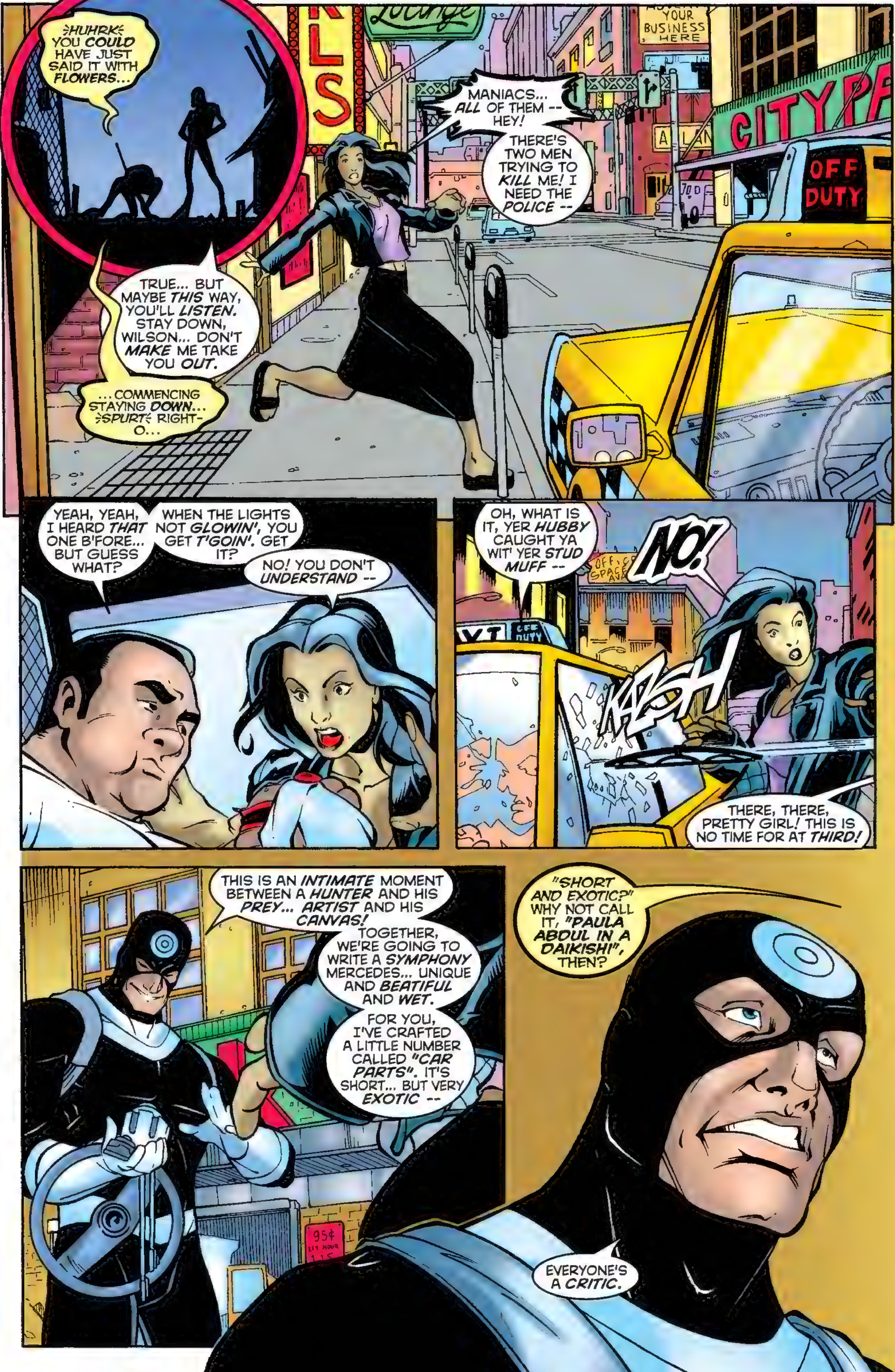

KEN STARR IN A BOUDOIR! SHE -- WHOULF!
OHMY GODGET OUTOFMY-- WHUHH!
927
TONITE ONLY!
I TOLD YOU TO PASAUF... NOW YOUR HOLOGRAPHIC THING IS KAPUT.
SHOW'S OVER FOLKS... I JUST GOT BROADSIDED BY A FIRM YET SUPPLE HALLUCINATION. MY NUMBER'S UP AND GONE...
ONE BULLET, ILANEY, RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN, I PROMISE, I WON'T FLINCH --
DEADPOOL, THAT IS A REAL WOMAN, YOU FOOL...
PLEASE HELP --
-- OH GOD... ANOTHER ONE...
Rebecca's
YOU SEE -- SHE SAID -- A REAL -- THAT'S -- NOT A -- CAN'T BE -- I -- YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE --
CAN'T -- STOP -- T-TALKING -- LIKE SHATNER --
DEADPOOL, WHAT'S WRONG MIT YOU? WHO IS SHE?
TONITE ONLY!
YOU-YOU STAY JUST S-STAY AWAY FROM ME! I -- I'VE GOT A GUN AND --
THERE ONCE WAS A LASS NAMED MERCEDES... WHOSE BOD DROVE THE YOUNGER MEN CRAZY...
...WHEN TRAPPED ON THE RUN, CLAIMED SHE HAD A GUN...
OH, GOD... HE'S HERE...
HOLY -- SH-SH-SH-SUGAR--

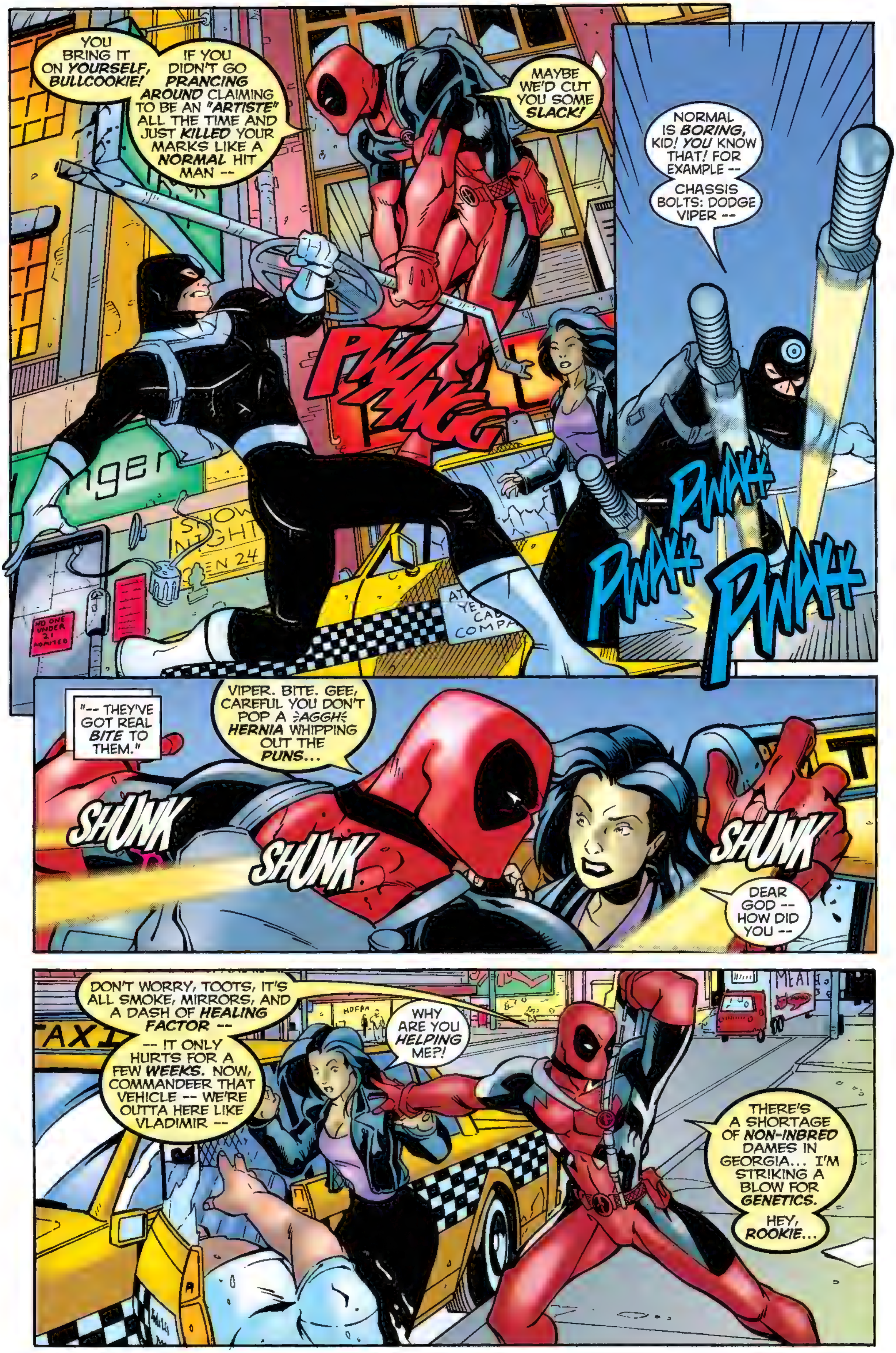

...BUT SHE *DIDN'T.* SO HER *NECK* WAS SNAPPED.
AND HER GUTS ENDED UP *DECORATING* A FILTHY BACK ALLEY IN ATLANTA. AND RATS ATE HER *PANCREAS.*
DEADPOOL. WELL... THIS HAS *OFFICIALLY* GOTTEN *INTERESTING...*
KEE
CL

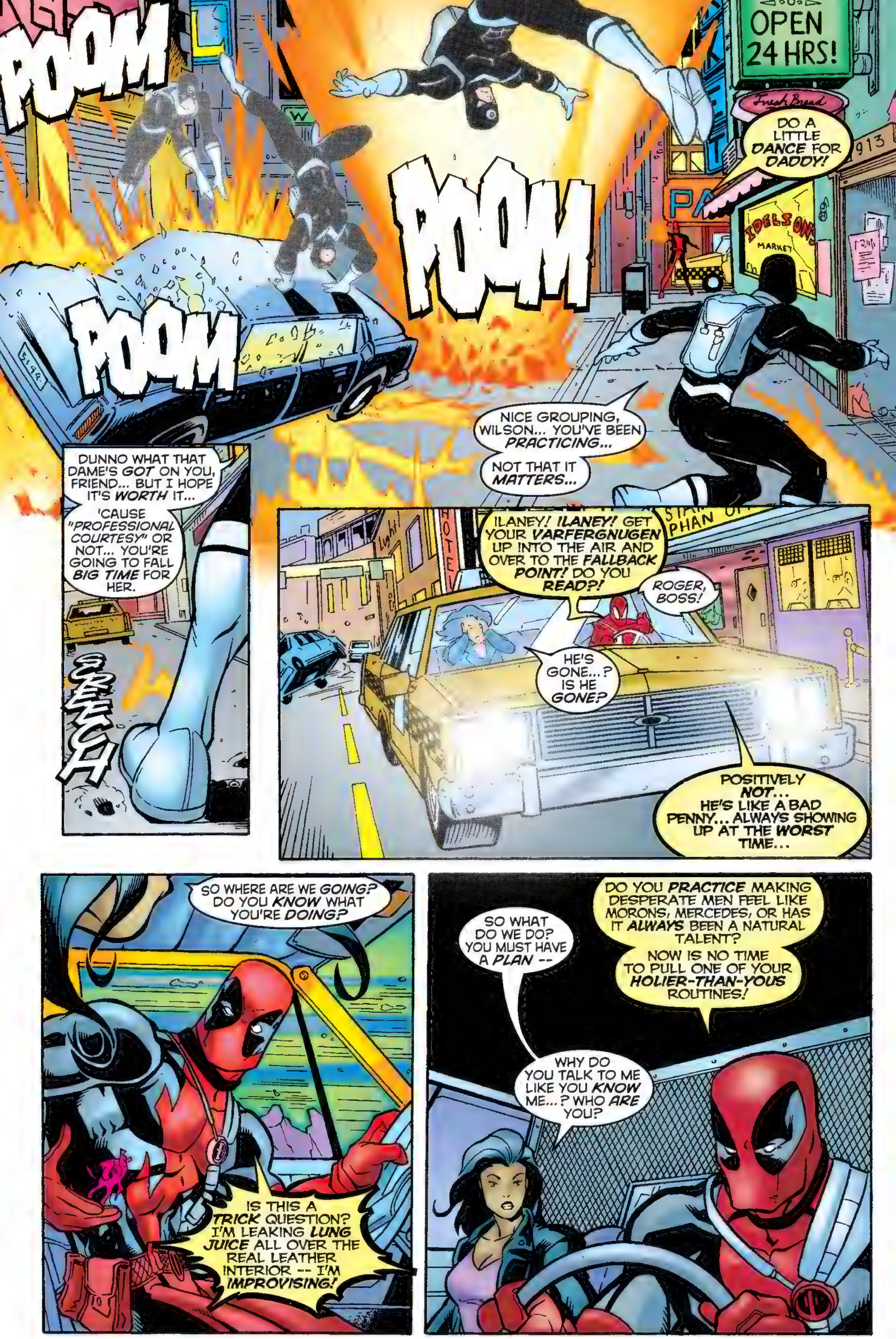

BACK AT CASA DEADPOOL...
...TRACKED THE MAN'S EVERY MOVEMENT FOR NEARLY A DECADE...
AND NOTHING. POSITIVELY NO REFERENCE TO THE WOMAN IN THE SCULPTURE.
WHO ARE YOU, DOLL HEAD GIRL?
-SIGH- I CAN DO NO MORE FROM HERE... PAIN ME AS IT MAY... I MUST GET OUTSIDE HELP.
"PAIN ME AS IT MAY," WHO AM I KIDDING? DEADPOOL FINDS OUT I'M MUCKING ABOUT IN HIS PAST, HE'LL SMOTHER ME IN BARBECUE SAUCE AND FEED ME TO THE LOCUSTS.
BUT IF I DON'T... THIS OBSESSION OF HIS MAY WELL KILL HIM... AND SINCE I CAN'T DRIVE MYSELF TO THE STORE FOR MUNCHIES...
-SIGH- I JUST WISH IT DIDN'T HAVE TO BE HER...
...CKMAN & LAKE...
DIALING SECURE CHANNEL...
DIRECT LIN
CULLODEN...
I REALLY SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO MAKE A FRIEND OR TWO IN MY LIFETIME.
ILANEY -- ROOF.
PLEASE... HE'S GOING TO KILL ME --
ROOF, JA... NO PROBLEM. YOU'RE THE BOSS, BOSS...
TONITE ONLY!
DON'T RELEASE YOUR BLADDER YET, MISSY... THE CAT'S A FRIEND OF MINE...
DEADPOOL, DEADPOOL. DEADPOOL... HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
ISSUE SIXTEEN. GREECE... WHAT'S UP, BULLSEYE?
BECCA'S DAV
DO NOT LI FREEMAN
THIS PIPE UP HER GULLET IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS. JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE.

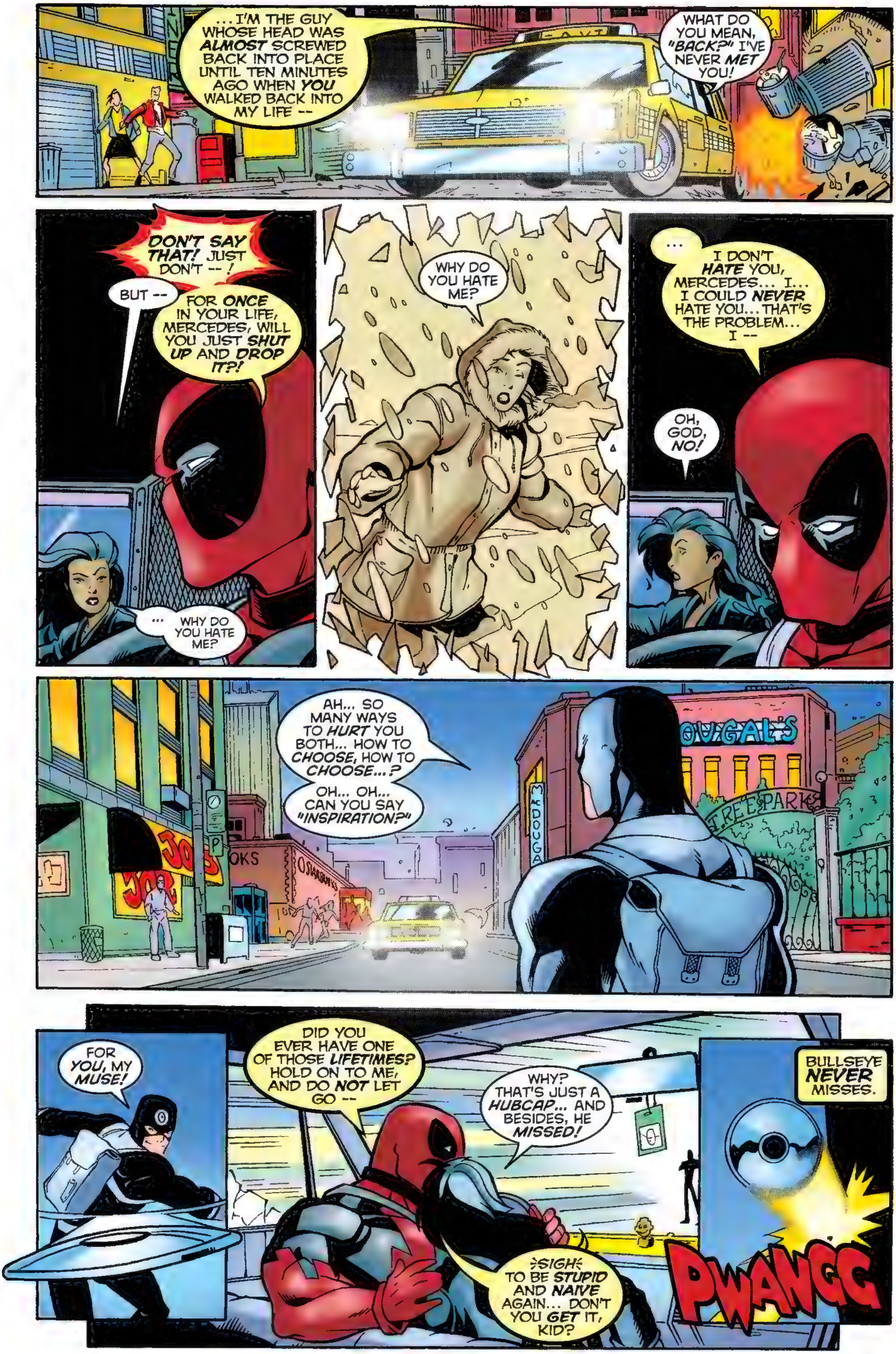

AND SPEAKING OF THINGS *PROFESSIONAL*...
YOU BEEN HIRED TO BAG THIS DAME TOO, *CHIEF*, OR ARE YOU JUST BEING A PAL AND HOLDING HER *STEADY* FOR ME?
ZIP
OH GOD...
HA, WELL... *FUNNY* STORY... I WAS SITTING AT HOME SPRAY-PAINTING MUSTACHES ON *FELICITY* POSTERS WHEN I GOT A CALL TO RECON ATLANTA ON *OTHER* BUSINESS --
AND THIS IS THE *FUNNY* PART, REALLY, YOU'RE GONNA JUST *DIE* WITH LAUGHTER...
I'M REALLY *COUNTING* ON THE *DYING* PART --
MISTER... I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE *WANTS* FROM ME -- I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M *HERE!* I JUST --
WHOA, *PERSONAL SPACE INVASION.* BACK OFF BEFORE YOU STAIN THE *POLYESTER* --
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY... *PLEASE...*
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY... *PLEASE...* HELP ME...
OF COURSE... *FLASHBACKS.* IT JUST ISN'T A HORRIFIC GUT-WRENCHING *EMOTIONAL INCIDENT* WITHOUT *VIVID* FLASHBACKS, AND THE GREAT TASTE OF *MIRACLE WHIP*...
OUTSTANDING! IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* US THEN, GIVE ME THREE OR FOUR MINUTES WITH HER, AND WE CAN GO GRAB SOME *HUSH PUPPIES* --
WHY *WAIT?* THE MARK'LL KEEP. *MY* TREAT! I KNOW THIS *DIVINE* LITTLE PLACE RIGHT OUT OF *"GONE WITH THE WIND --"*
...
WHAT'S THE *ANGLE.* WILSON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

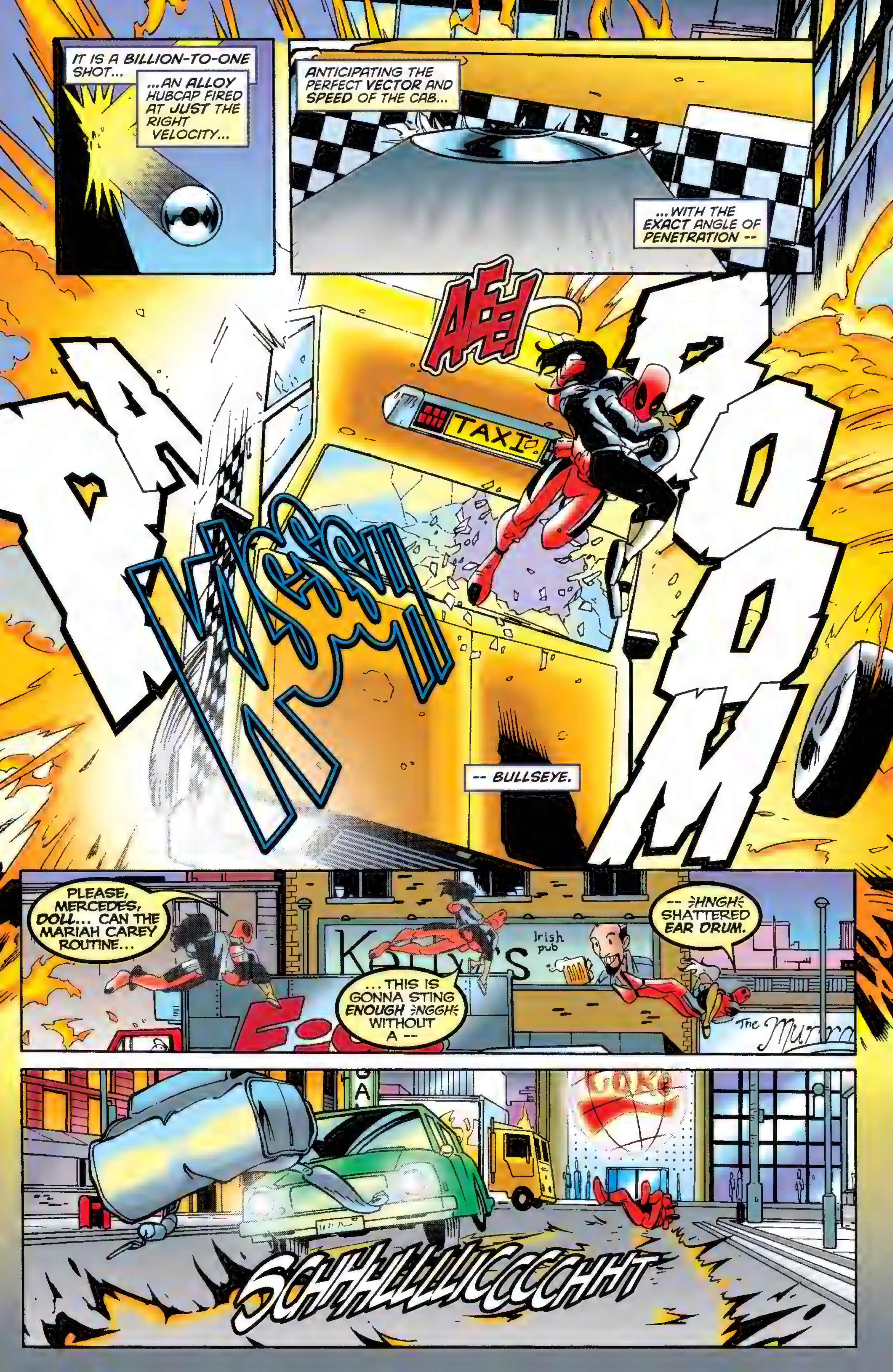

C'MERE, **ROOKIE**... WE NEED TO HAVE A MERC TO MANIAC POW-WOW, A MOUSEKETEER CLUB MEETING --
YOU'RE *TOUCHING* ME.
YES... YES I **AM.** I CAN DO THAT, BECAUSE WE'RE **PALS,** AND PALS TOUCH ONE ANOTHER **PLATONICALLY**... WE **ARE** PALS, RIGHT, ROOKIE?
I DON'T LIKE THE *SMELL* OF THIS...
BULLSEYE... I'VE ***NEVER*** DONE THIS BEFORE, AND I'LL PROBABLY NEVER DO IT ***AGAIN*** --
-- UNLESS I'M BIT ON THE ***KEISTER*** BY A COBRA AND NEED SOMEONE TO SUCK OUT THE POISON...
...BUT I NEED TO ASK YOU FOR A ***GIANT-SIZED*** PERSONAL FAVOR. I NEED YOU TO TAKE DOWN THE *"SADISTIC ASSASSIN FOR HIRE"* SHINGLE FOR ***TONIGHT***...
AND ***WALK AWAY*** FROM THIS ONE.
WALK AWAY? FROM A ***GIG?!*** ARE YOU ***HEPPED*** UP ON ***GOOFBALLS?!***
YOU MAY NOT ***BELIEVE*** THIS... BUT ***THAT*** PAIR OF LEGS OVER THERE HOLDS THE KEY TO MY ***SANITY*** AT THE MOMENT...
I... I ***KNOW*** HER... AND WE'VE GOT... ***HISTORY.*** SO I'M ASKING YOU... AS A ***MENSCH***... AS A FELLOW MAN OF ***ACTION***... YES... EVEN AS A ***FRIEND***...
...WOULD YOU LET ME ***PAY*** YOU FOR YOUR TIME, AND LET MERCEDES ***GO?***
SCHUNK!
I TAKE IT... THAT'S A ***NO.***
YEAH... NO.

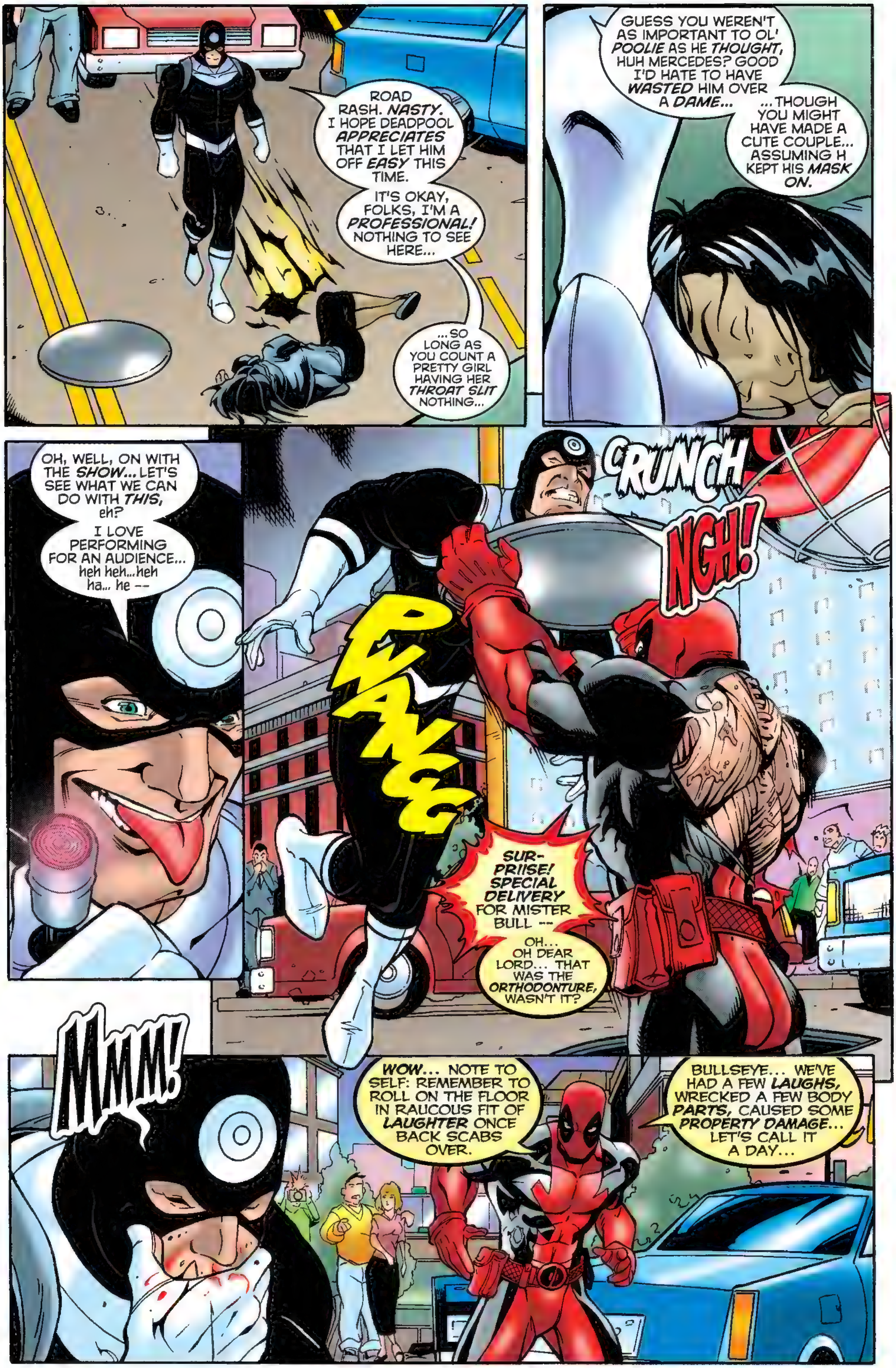

HUHRK YOU COULD HAVE JUST SAID IT WITH FLOWERS...
TRUE... BUT MAYBE THIS WAY, YOU'LL LISTEN. STAY DOWN, WILSON... DON'T MAKE ME TAKE YOU OUT.
...COMMENCING STAYING DOWN... SPURT RIGHT-O...
MANIACS... ALL OF THEM -- HEY!
THERE'S TWO MEN TRYING TO KILL ME! I NEED THE POLICE --
YOUR BUSINESS HERE
CITY P
OFF DUTY
YEAH, YEAH, I HEARD THAT ONE B'FORE... BUT GUESS WHAT?
WHEN THE LIGHTS NOT GLOWIN', YOU GET T'GOIN'. GET IT?
NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND --
OH, WHAT IS IT, YER HUBBY CAUGHT YA WIT' YER STUD MUFF --
NO!
KRASH
THERE, THERE, PRETTY GIRL! THIS IS NO TIME FOR AT THIRD!
THIS IS AN INTIMATE MOMENT BETWEEN A HUNTER AND HIS PREY... ARTIST AND HIS CANVAS!
TOGETHER, WE'RE GOING TO WRITE A SYMPHONY MERCEDES... UNIQUE AND BEATIFUL AND WET.
FOR YOU, I'VE CRAFTED A LITTLE NUMBER CALLED "CAR PARTS". IT'S SHORT... BUT VERY EXOTIC --
"SHORT AND EXOTIC?" WHY NOT CALL IT, "PAULA ABDUL IN A DAIKISHI!", THEN?
EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.
95¢ 1ST HOUR

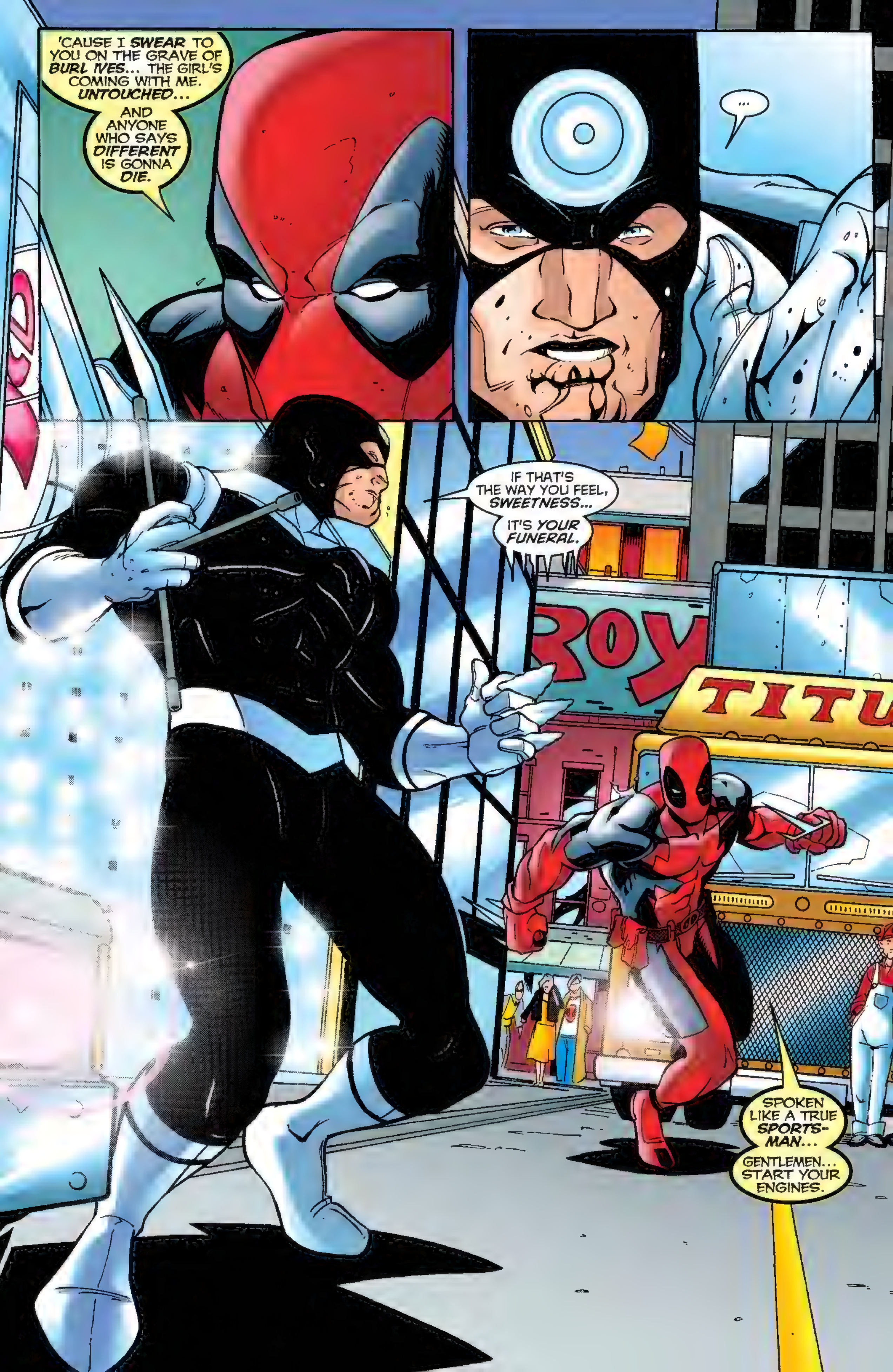

YOU BRING IT ON *YOURSELF*, *BULLCOOKIE!*
IF YOU DIDN'T GO *PRANCING AROUND* CLAIMING TO BE AN *"ARTISTE"* ALL THE TIME AND JUST *KILLED* YOUR MARKS LIKE A *NORMAL* HIT MAN --
MAYBE WE'D CUT YOU SOME *SLACK!*
PWANGG
ger
SHOW NIGHT
EN 24
NO ONE UNDER 21 ADMITTED
AT YE CAB COMPA
NORMAL IS *BORING*, KID! *YOU* KNOW THAT! FOR EXAMPLE --
CHASSIS BOLTS: DODGE VIPER --
PWAKK
PWAKK
PWAKK
"-- THEY'VE GOT REAL *BITE* TO THEM."
VIPER. BITE. GEE, CAREFUL YOU DON'T POP A ≶AGGH≷ *HERNIA* WHIPPING OUT THE *PUNS...*
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
DEAR GOD -- HOW DID YOU --
DON'T WORRY, TOOTS, IT'S ALL SMOKE, MIRRORS, AND A DASH OF *HEALING FACTOR* --
-- IT ONLY HURTS FOR A FEW *WEEKS.* NOW, COMMANDEER THAT VEHICLE -- WE'RE OUTTA HERE LIKE VLADIMIR --
WHY ARE YOU *HELPING* ME?!
TAXI
HOFFA
MEAT
THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF *NON-INBRED* DAMES IN GEORGIA... I'M STRIKING A BLOW FOR *GENETICS.*
HEY, *ROOKIE...*

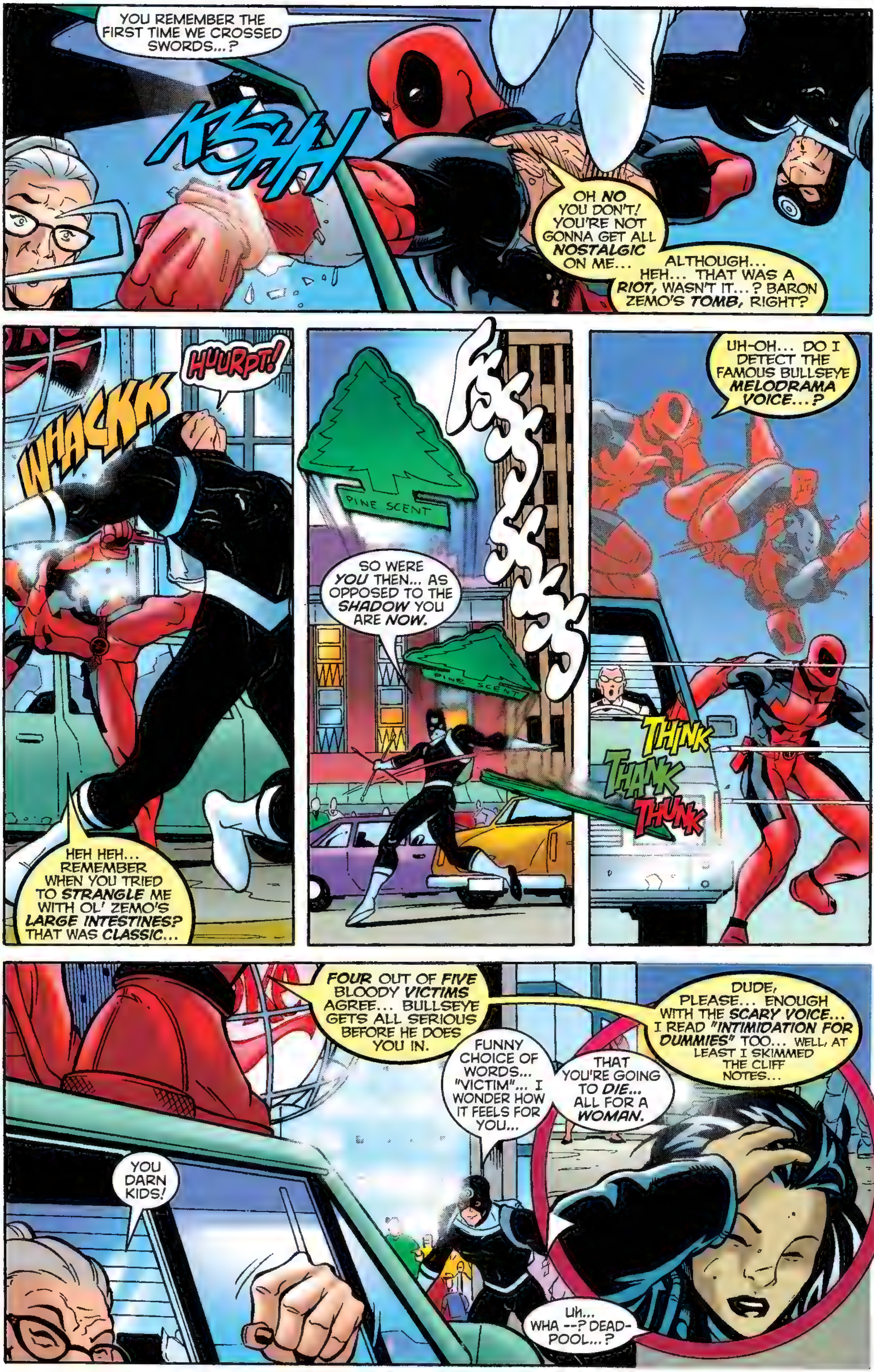

POOM
OPEN 24 HRS!
Fresh Bread
DO A LITTLE DANCE FOR DADDY!
913
POOM
IDELSON'S MARKET
POOM
NICE GROUPING, WILSON... YOU'VE BEEN PRACTICING...
NOT THAT IT MATTERS...
DUNNO WHAT THAT DAME'S GOT ON YOU, FRIEND... BUT I HOPE IT'S WORTH IT...
'CAUSE "PROFESSIONAL COURTESY" OR NOT... YOU'RE GOING TO FALL BIG TIME FOR HER.
SCREECH
ILANEY! ILANEY! GET YOUR VARFERGNUGEN UP INTO THE AIR AND OVER TO THE FALLBACK POINT! DO YOU READ?!
ROGER, BOSS!
HE'S GONE...? IS HE GONE?
POSITIVELY NOT... HE'S LIKE A BAD PENNY... ALWAYS SHOWING UP AT THE WORST TIME...
SO WHERE ARE WE GOING? DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
IS THIS A TRICK QUESTION? I'M LEAKING LUNG JUICE ALL OVER THE REAL LEATHER INTERIOR -- I'M IMPROVISING!
SO WHAT DO WE DO? YOU MUST HAVE A PLAN --
DO YOU PRACTICE MAKING DESPERATE MEN FEEL LIKE MORONS, MERCEDES, OR HAS IT ALWAYS BEEN A NATURAL TALENT?
NOW IS NO TIME TO PULL ONE OF YOUR HOLIER-THAN-YOUS ROUTINES!
WHY DO YOU TALK TO ME LIKE YOU KNOW ME...? WHO ARE YOU?

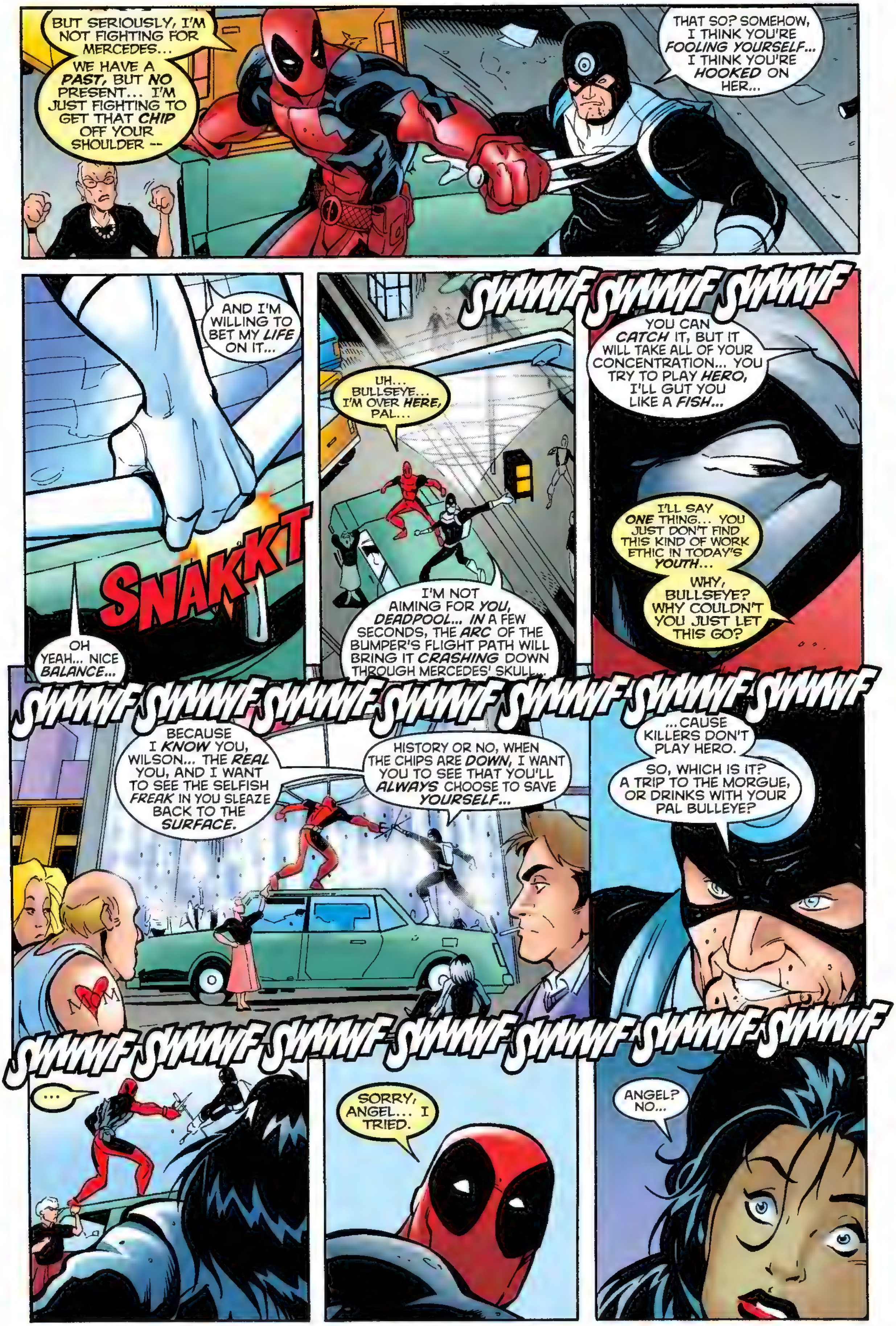

...I'M THE GUY WHOSE HEAD WAS *ALMOST* SCREWED BACK INTO PLACE UNTIL TEN MINUTES AGO WHEN *YOU* WALKED BACK INTO MY LIFE --
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *"BACK?"* I'VE NEVER *MET* YOU!
DON'T SAY THAT! JUST DON'T -- !
BUT --
FOR *ONCE* IN YOUR LIFE, MERCEDES, WILL YOU JUST *SHUT UP* AND *DROP IT?!*
... WHY DO YOU HATE ME?
WHY DO YOU HATE ME?
...
I DON'T *HATE* YOU, MERCEDES... I... I COULD *NEVER* HATE YOU... THAT'S THE PROBLEM... I --
OH, GOD, *NO!*
AH... SO MANY WAYS TO *HURT* YOU BOTH... HOW TO *CHOOSE,* HOW TO *CHOOSE...?*
OH... OH... CAN YOU SAY *"INSPIRATION?"*
FOR *YOU,* MY *MUSE!*
DID YOU EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE *LIFETIMES?* HOLD ON TO ME, AND DO *NOT* LET GO --
WHY? THAT'S JUST A *HUBCAP...* AND BESIDES, HE *MISSED!*
SIGH TO BE *STUPID* AND *NAIVE* AGAIN... DON'T YOU *GET* IT, KID?
BULLSEYE *NEVER* MISSES.
PWANGG
TAXI
JOE'S
OOKS
STARBUCKS
McDOUGAL'S
MacDOUGA
STREET PARK
P

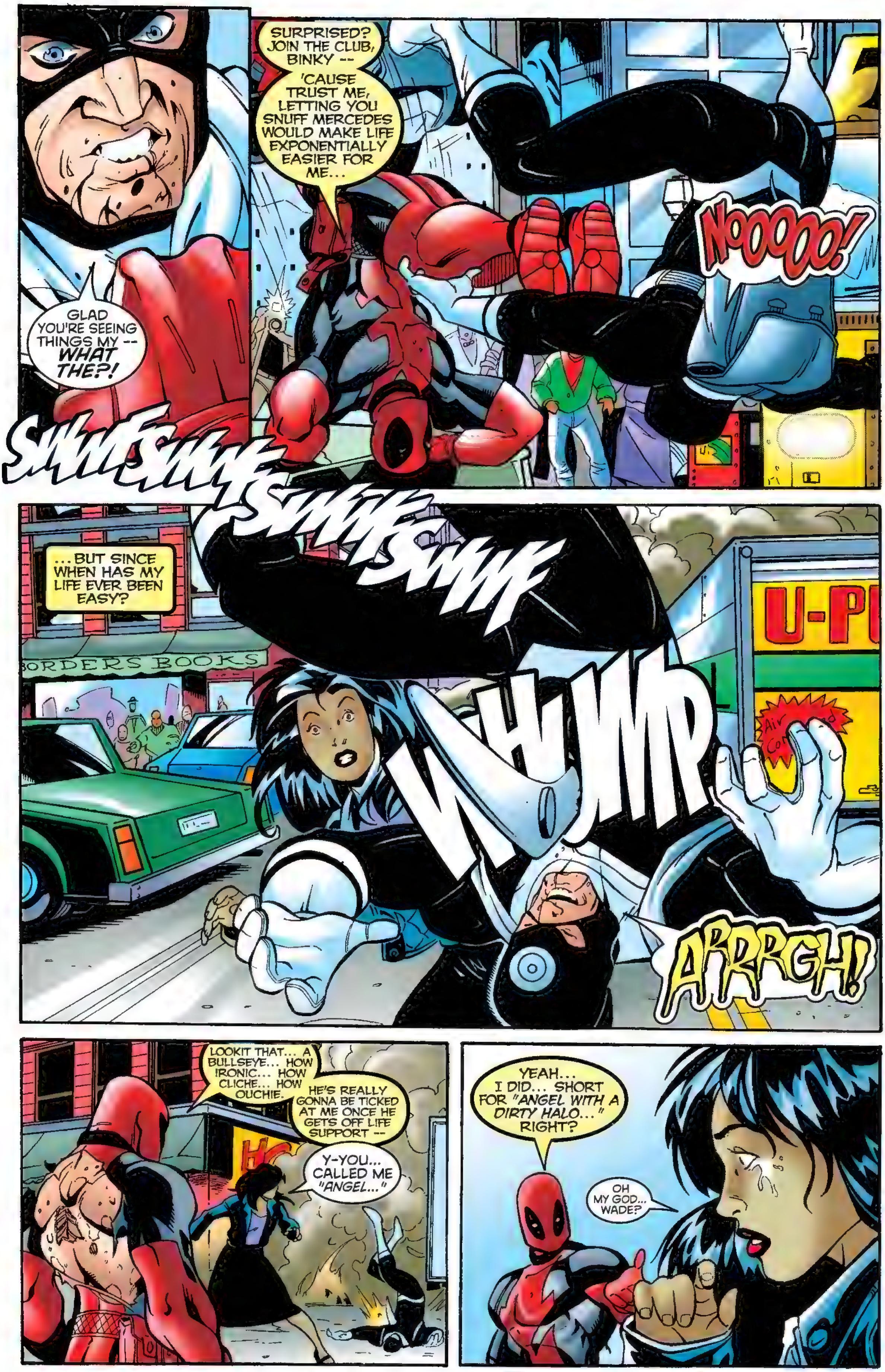

IT IS A BILLION-TO-ONE SHOT...
...AN ALLOY HUBCAP FIRED AT JUST THE RIGHT VELOCITY...
ANTICIPATING THE PERFECT VECTOR AND SPEED OF THE CAB...
...WITH THE EXACT ANGLE OF PENETRATION --
BA
AEE!
TAXI
KASSSH!
BOOM
-- BULLSEYE.
PLEASE, MERCEDES, DOLL... CAN THE MARIAH CAREY ROUTINE...
...THIS IS GONNA STING ENOUGH ›NGGH‹ WITHOUT A --
-- ›HNGH‹ SHATTERED EAR DRUM.
Irish pub
The Mur
SCHHLLLLICCCCHHT

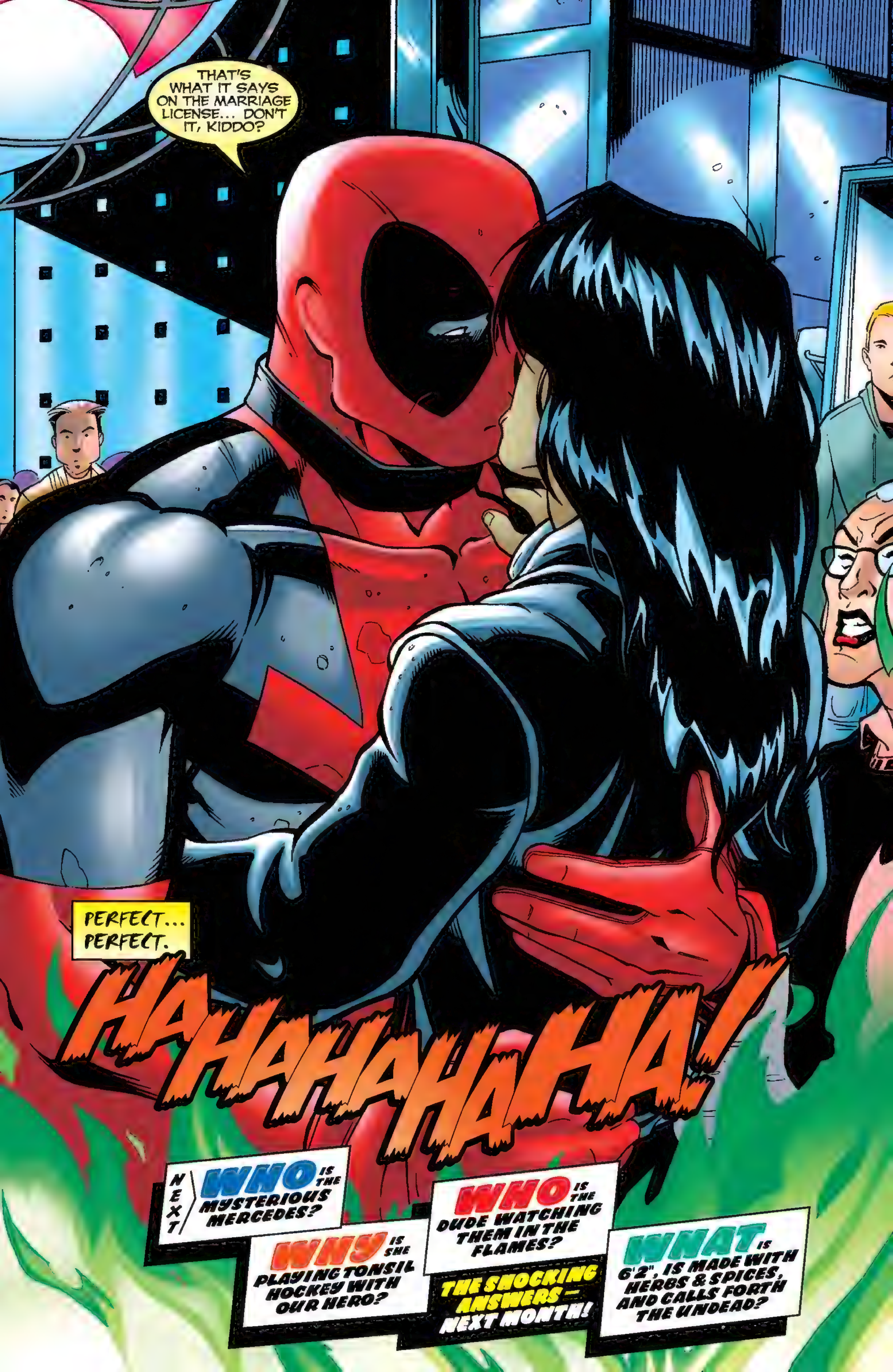

ROAD RASH. *NASTY.* I HOPE DEADPOOL *APPRECIATES* THAT I LET HIM OFF *EASY* THIS TIME.
IT'S OKAY, FOLKS, I'M A *PROFESSIONAL!* NOTHING TO SEE HERE...
...SO LONG AS YOU COUNT A PRETTY GIRL HAVING HER *THROAT SLIT* NOTHING...
GUESS YOU WEREN'T AS IMPORTANT TO OL' *POOLIE* AS HE *THOUGHT,* HUH MERCEDES? GOOD I'D HATE TO HAVE *WASTED* HIM OVER A *DAME*...
...THOUGH YOU MIGHT HAVE MADE A CUTE COUPLE... ASSUMING H KEPT HIS *MASK ON.*
OH, WELL, ON WITH THE *SHOW*... LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH *THIS,* eh?
I LOVE PERFORMING FOR AN AUDIENCE... heh heh...heh ha... he --
CRUNCH
NGH!
PWANG
SUR-PRIISE! SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR MISTER BULL --
OH... OH DEAR LORD... THAT WAS THE *ORTHODONTURE,* WASN'T IT?
MMM!
WOW... NOTE TO SELF: REMEMBER TO ROLL ON THE FLOOR IN RAUCOUS FIT OF *LAUGHTER* ONCE BACK SCABS OVER.
BULLSEYE... WE'VE HAD A FEW *LAUGHS,* WRECKED A FEW BODY *PARTS,* CAUSED SOME *PROPERTY DAMAGE*... LET'S CALL IT A DAY...

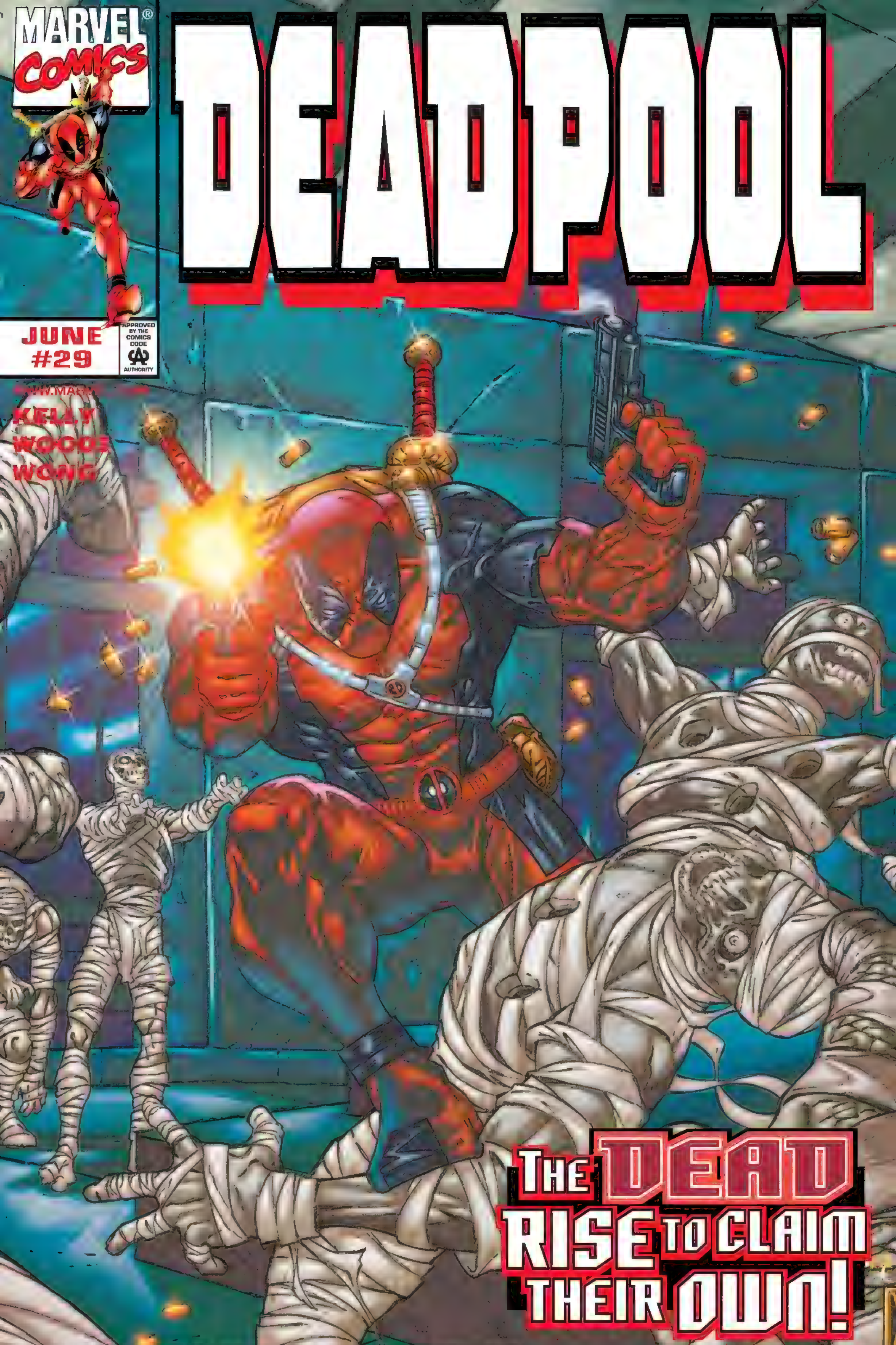

'CAUSE I SWEAR TO YOU ON THE GRAVE OF BURL IVES... THE GIRL'S COMING WITH ME. UNTOUCHED...
AND ANYONE WHO SAYS DIFFERENT IS GONNA DIE.
...
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, SWEETNESS...
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL.
ROY
TITU
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE SPORTSMAN...
GENTLEMEN... START YOUR ENGINES.


YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME WE CROSSED SWORDS...?
KSHH
OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET ALL NOSTALGIC ON ME...
ALTHOUGH... HEH... THAT WAS A RIOT, WASN'T IT...? BARON ZEMO'S TOMB, RIGHT?
HUURPT!
WHACKK
HEH HEH... REMEMBER WHEN YOU TRIED TO STRANGLE ME WITH OL' ZEMO'S LARGE INTESTINES? THAT WAS CLASSIC...
PINE SCENT
SO WERE YOU THEN... AS OPPOSED TO THE SHADOW YOU ARE NOW.
PINE SCENT
FSSSSSSSS
UH-OH... DO I DETECT THE FAMOUS BULLSEYE MELODRAMA VOICE...?
THINK
THANK
THUNK
FOUR OUT OF FIVE BLOODY VICTIMS AGREE... BULLSEYE GETS ALL SERIOUS BEFORE HE DOES YOU IN.
DUDE, PLEASE... ENOUGH WITH THE SCARY VOICE... I READ "INTIMIDATION FOR DUMMIES" TOO... WELL, AT LEAST I SKIMMED THE CLIFF NOTES...
FUNNY CHOICE OF WORDS... "VICTIM"... I WONDER HOW IT FEELS FOR YOU...
THAT YOU'RE GOING TO DIE... ALL FOR A WOMAN.
YOU DARN KIDS!
uh... WHA --? DEAD-POOL...?

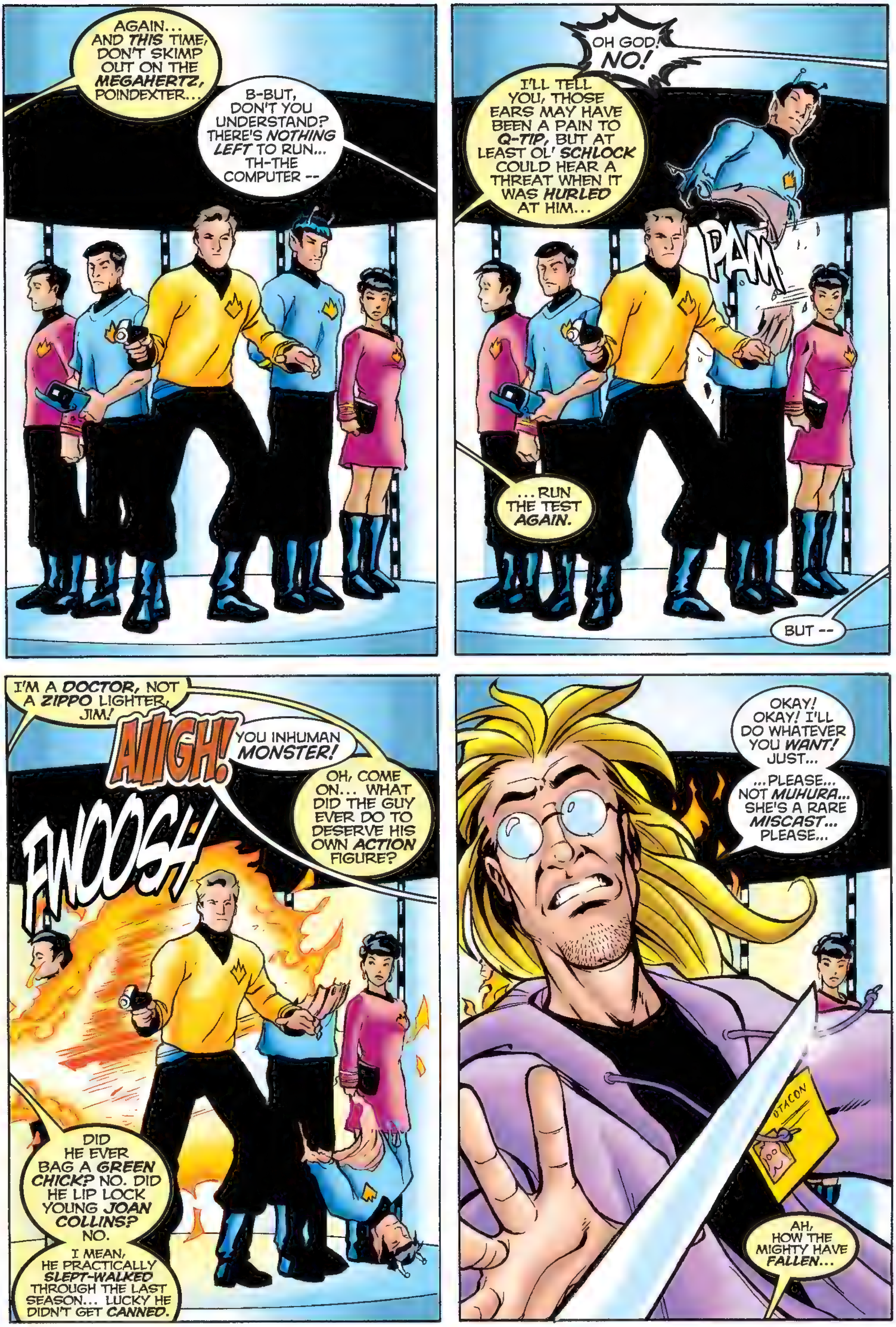

BUT SERIOUSLY, I'M NOT FIGHTING FOR MERCEDES...
WE HAVE A PAST, BUT NO PRESENT... I'M JUST FIGHTING TO GET THAT CHIP OFF YOUR SHOULDER --
THAT SO? SOMEHOW, I THINK YOU'RE FOOLING YOURSELF... I THINK YOU'RE HOOKED ON HER...
AND I'M WILLING TO BET MY LIFE ON IT...
SNAKKT
OH YEAH... NICE BALANCE...
SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF
UH... BULLSEYE... I'M OVER HERE, PAL...
I'M NOT AIMING FOR YOU, DEADPOOL... IN A FEW SECONDS, THE ARC OF THE BUMPER'S FLIGHT PATH WILL BRING IT CRASHING DOWN THROUGH MERCEDES' SKULL...
YOU CAN CATCH IT, BUT IT WILL TAKE ALL OF YOUR CONCENTRATION... YOU TRY TO PLAY HERO, I'LL GUT YOU LIKE A FISH...
I'LL SAY ONE THING... YOU JUST DON'T FIND THIS KIND OF WORK ETHIC IN TODAY'S YOUTH...
WHY, BULLSEYE? WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LET THIS GO?
SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF
BECAUSE I KNOW YOU, WILSON... THE REAL YOU, AND I WANT TO SEE THE SELFISH FREAK IN YOU SLEAZE BACK TO THE SURFACE.
HISTORY OR NO, WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, I WANT YOU TO SEE THAT YOU'LL ALWAYS CHOOSE TO SAVE YOURSELF...
MOM
...CAUSE KILLERS DON'T PLAY HERO.
SO, WHICH IS IT? A TRIP TO THE MORGUE, OR DRINKS WITH YOUR PAL BULLEYE?
SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF SWWWF
...
SORRY, ANGEL... I TRIED.
ANGEL? NO...


GLAD YOU'RE SEEING THINGS MY -- WHAT THE?!
SURPRISED? JOIN THE CLUB, BINKY --
'CAUSE TRUST ME, LETTING YOU SNUFF MERCEDES WOULD MAKE LIFE EXPONENTIALLY EASIER FOR ME...
NOOOOO!
SNIKTSNIKTSNIKTSNIKTSNIKT
...BUT SINCE WHEN HAS MY LIFE EVER BEEN EASY?
BORDERS BOOKS
U-P
WHUMP
ARRRGH!
LOOKIT THAT... A BULLSEYE... HOW IRONIC... HOW CLICHE... HOW OUCHIE.
HE'S REALLY GONNA BE TICKED AT ME ONCE HE GETS OFF LIFE SUPPORT --
Y-YOU... CALLED ME "ANGEL..."
YEAH... I DID... SHORT FOR "ANGEL WITH A DIRTY HALO..." RIGHT?
OH MY GOD... WADE?

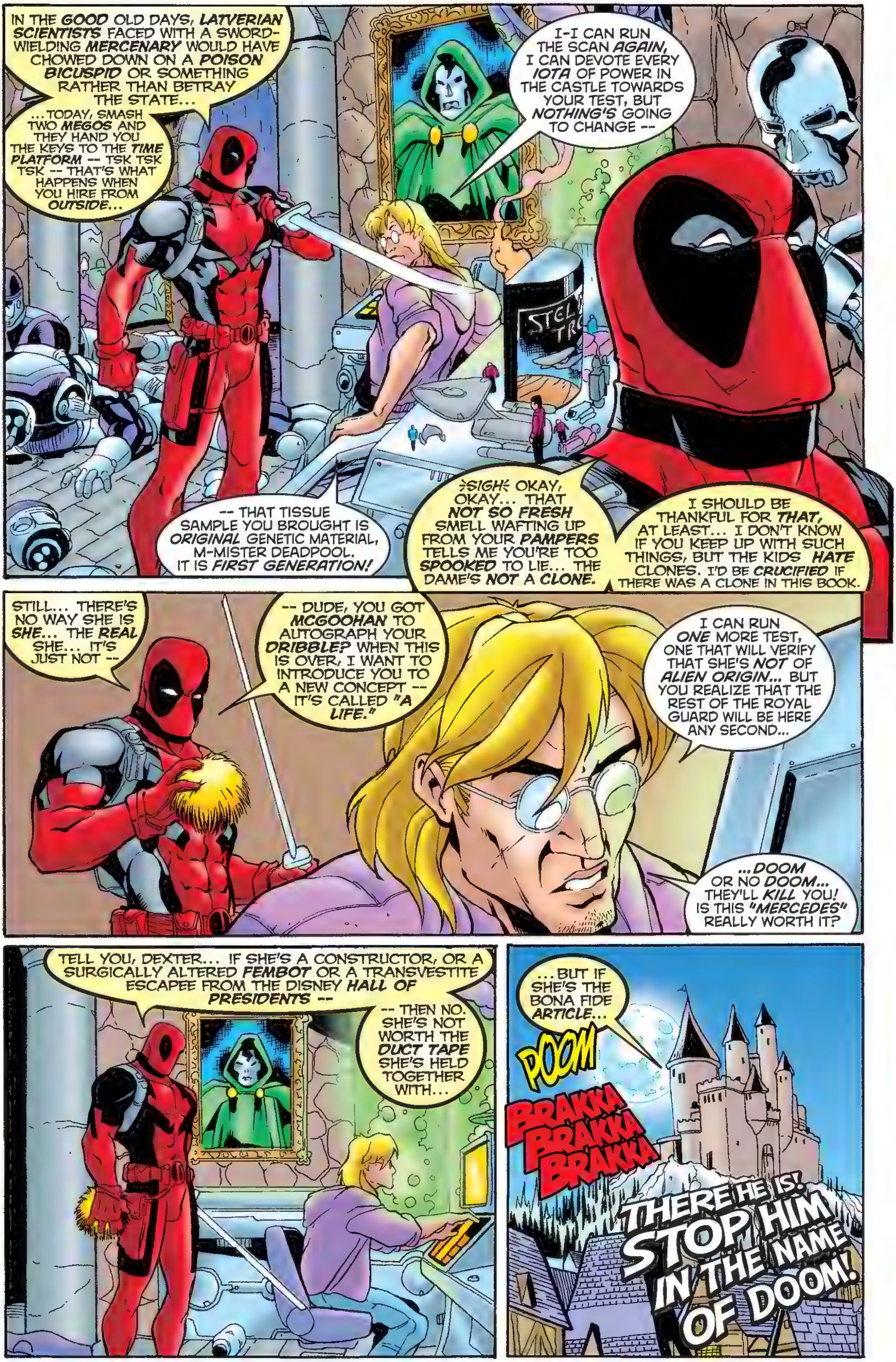

THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON THE MARRIAGE LICENSE... DON'T IT, KIDDO?
PERFECT... PERFECT.
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
NEXT
WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS MERCEDES?
WHY IS SHE PLAYING TONSIL HOCKEY WITH OUR HERO?
WHO IS THE DUDE WATCHING THEM IN THE FLAMES?
THE SHOCKING ANSWERS — NEXT MONTH!
WHAT IS 6'2", IS MADE WITH HERBS & SPICES, AND CALLS FORTH THE UNDEAD?


MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL
JUNE
#29
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
WWW.MARVEL.COM
KELLY
WOODS
WONG
THE DEAD RISE TO CLAIM THEIR OWN!

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. WWW.MARVEL.COM

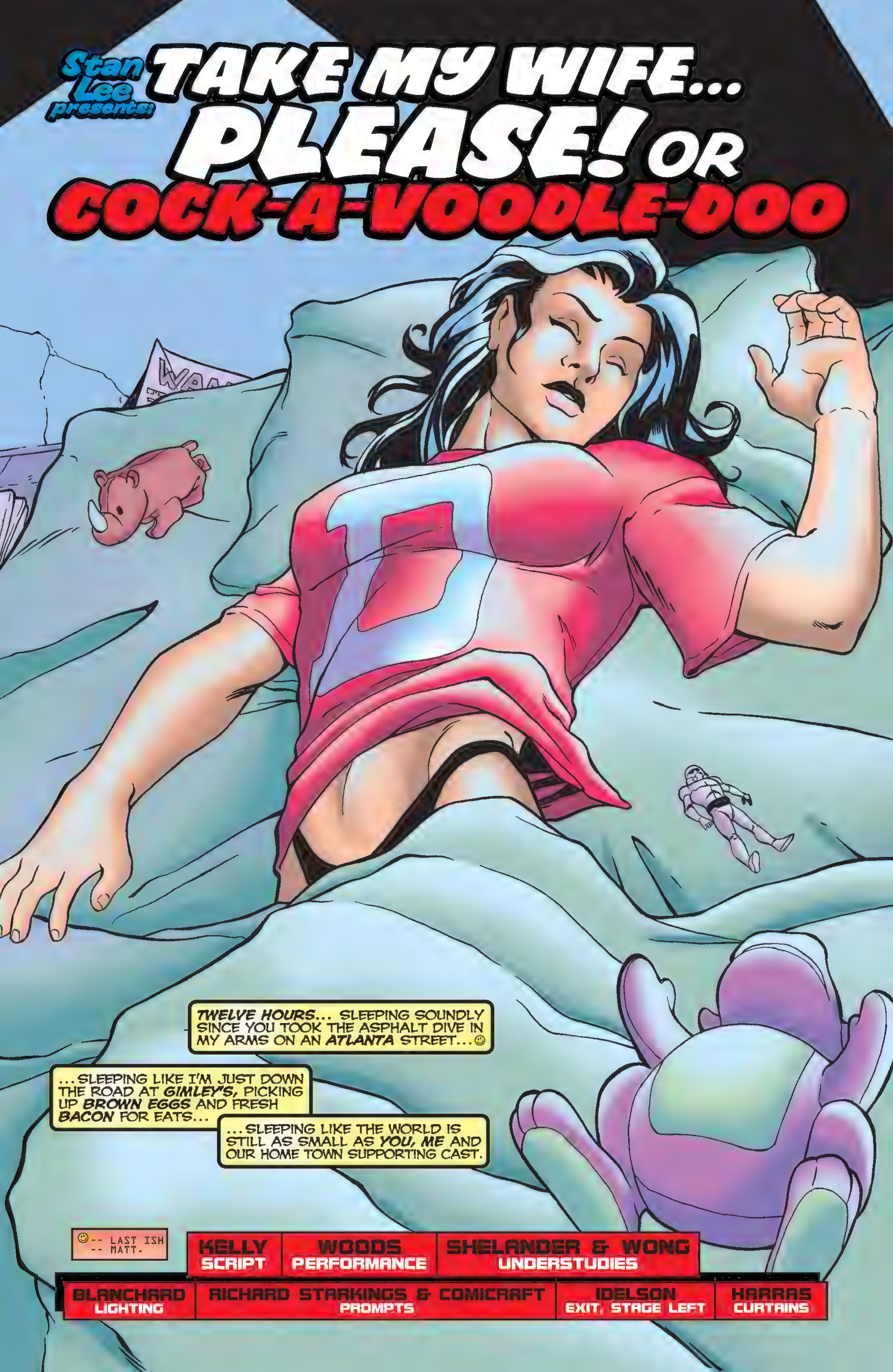

AGAIN... AND THIS TIME, DON'T SKIMP OUT ON THE MEGAHERTZ, POINDEXTER...
B-BUT, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO RUN... TH-THE COMPUTER --
OH GOD! NO!
I'LL TELL YOU, THOSE EARS MAY HAVE BEEN A PAIN TO Q-TIP, BUT AT LEAST OL' SCHLOCK COULD HEAR A THREAT WHEN IT WAS HURLED AT HIM...
PAM
...RUN THE TEST AGAIN.
BUT --
I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A ZIPPO LIGHTER, JIM!
AIIIGH!
YOU INHUMAN MONSTER!
OH, COME ON... WHAT DID THE GUY EVER DO TO DESERVE HIS OWN ACTION FIGURE?
FWOOSH
DID HE EVER BAG A GREEN CHICK? NO. DID HE LIP LOCK YOUNG JOAN COLLINS? NO.
I MEAN, HE PRACTICALLY SLEPT-WALKED THROUGH THE LAST SEASON... LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET CANNED.
OKAY! OKAY! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT! JUST...
...PLEASE... NOT MUHURA... SHE'S A RARE MISCAST... PLEASE...
OTACON
AH, HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN...

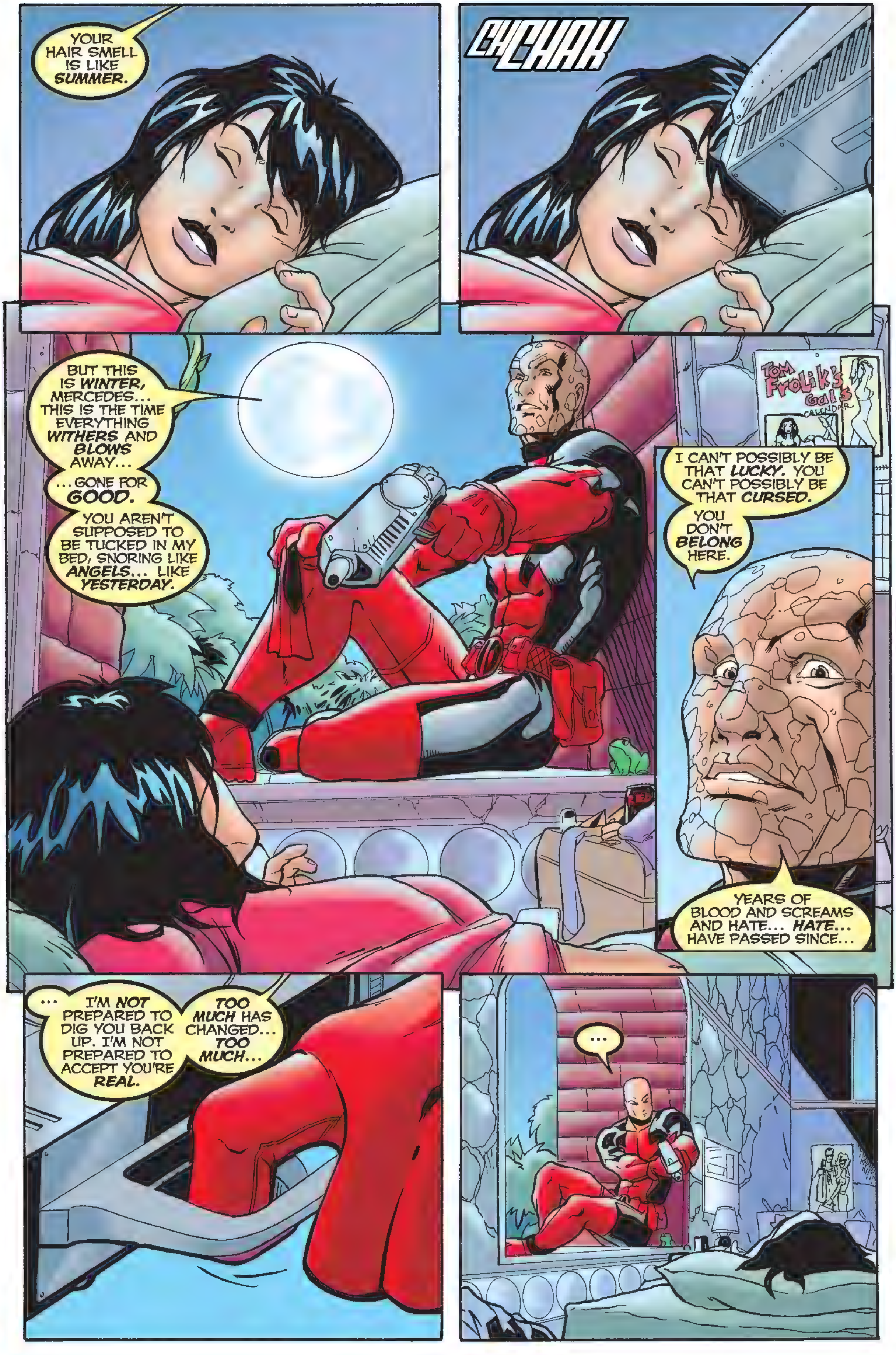
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

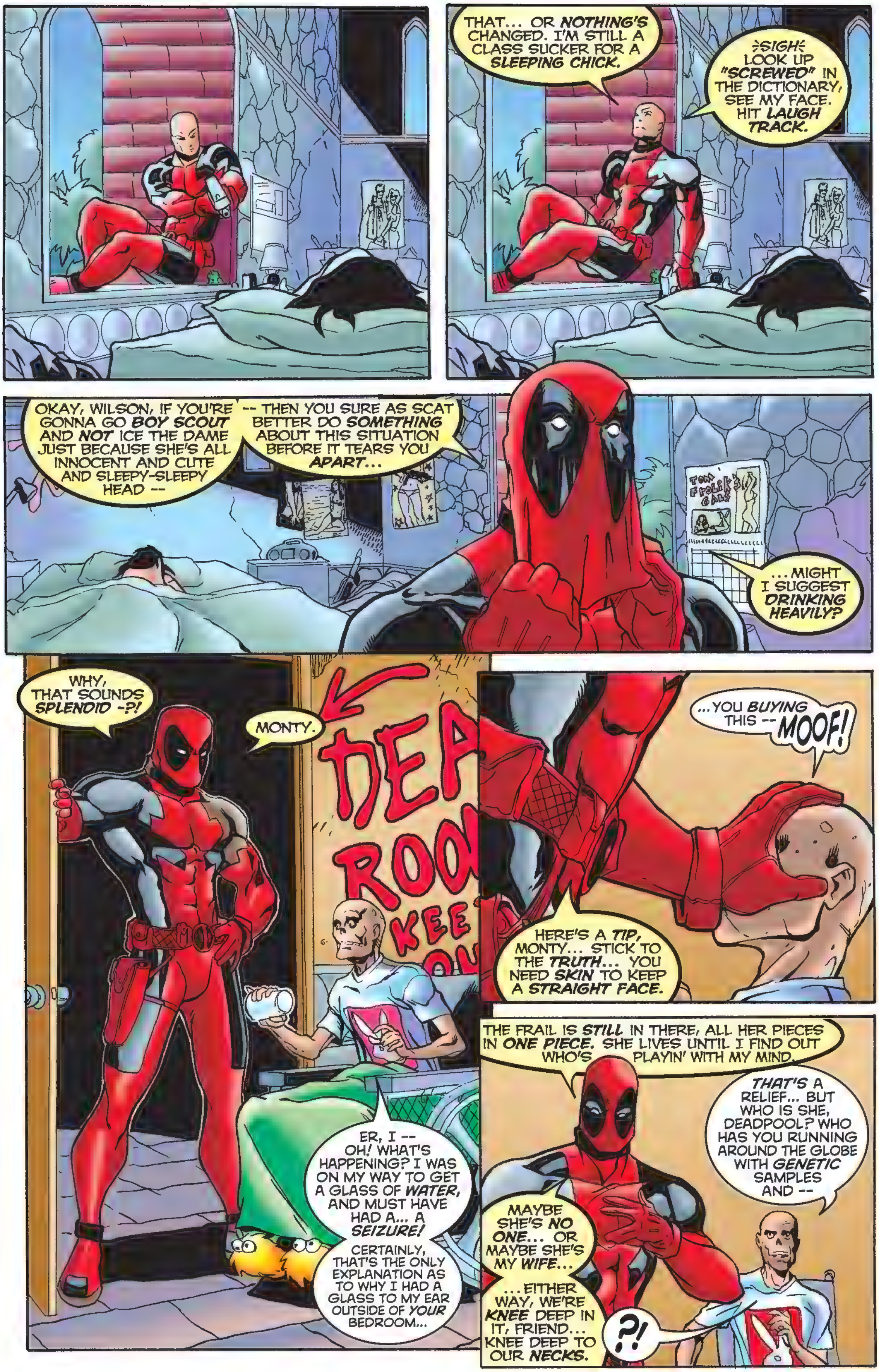

IN THE **GOOD** OLD DAYS, **LATVERIAN SCIENTISTS** FACED WITH A SWORD-WIELDING **MERCENARY** WOULD HAVE CHOWED DOWN ON A **POISON BICUSPID** OR SOMETHING RATHER THAN BETRAY THE STATE...
...TODAY, SMASH TWO **MEGOS** AND THEY HAND YOU THE KEYS TO THE **TIME PLATFORM** -- TSK TSK TSK -- THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIRE FROM **OUTSIDE**...
I-I CAN RUN THE SCAN **AGAIN**, I CAN DEVOTE EVERY **IOTA** OF POWER IN THE CASTLE TOWARDS YOUR TEST, BUT **NOTHING'S** GOING TO CHANGE --
-- THAT TISSUE SAMPLE YOU BROUGHT IS **ORIGINAL** GENETIC MATERIAL, M-MISTER DEADPOOL. IT IS **FIRST GENERATION!**
SIGH OKAY, OKAY... THAT **NOT SO FRESH** SMELL WAFTING UP FROM YOUR **PAMPERS** TELLS ME YOU'RE TOO **SPOOKED** TO LIE... THE DAME'S **NOT** A **CLONE.**
I SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR **THAT**, AT LEAST... I DON'T KNOW IF YOU KEEP UP WITH SUCH THINGS, BUT THE KIDS **HATE** CLONES. I'D BE **CRUCIFIED** IF THERE WAS A CLONE IN THIS BOOK.
STILL... THERE'S NO WAY SHE IS **SHE**... THE **REAL** SHE... IT'S JUST NOT --
-- DUDE, YOU GOT **MCGOOHAN** TO AUTOGRAPH YOUR **DRIBBLE?** WHEN THIS IS OVER, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A NEW CONCEPT -- IT'S CALLED **"A LIFE."**
I CAN RUN **ONE** MORE TEST, ONE THAT WILL VERIFY THAT SHE'S **NOT** OF **ALIEN ORIGIN**... BUT YOU REALIZE THAT THE REST OF THE ROYAL GUARD WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND...
...**DOOM** OR NO **DOOM**... THEY'LL **KILL** YOU! IS THIS **"MERCEDES"** REALLY WORTH IT?
TELL YOU, DEXTER... IF SHE'S A CONSTRUCTOR, OR A SURGICALLY ALTERED **FEMBOT** OR A TRANSVESTITE ESCAPEE FROM THE DISNEY **HALL OF PRESIDENTS** --
-- THEN NO. SHE'S NOT WORTH THE **DUCT TAPE** SHE'S HELD TOGETHER WITH...
...BUT IF SHE'S THE BONA FIDE **ARTICLE**...
POOM
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
THERE HE IS! STOP HIM IN THE NAME OF DOOM!

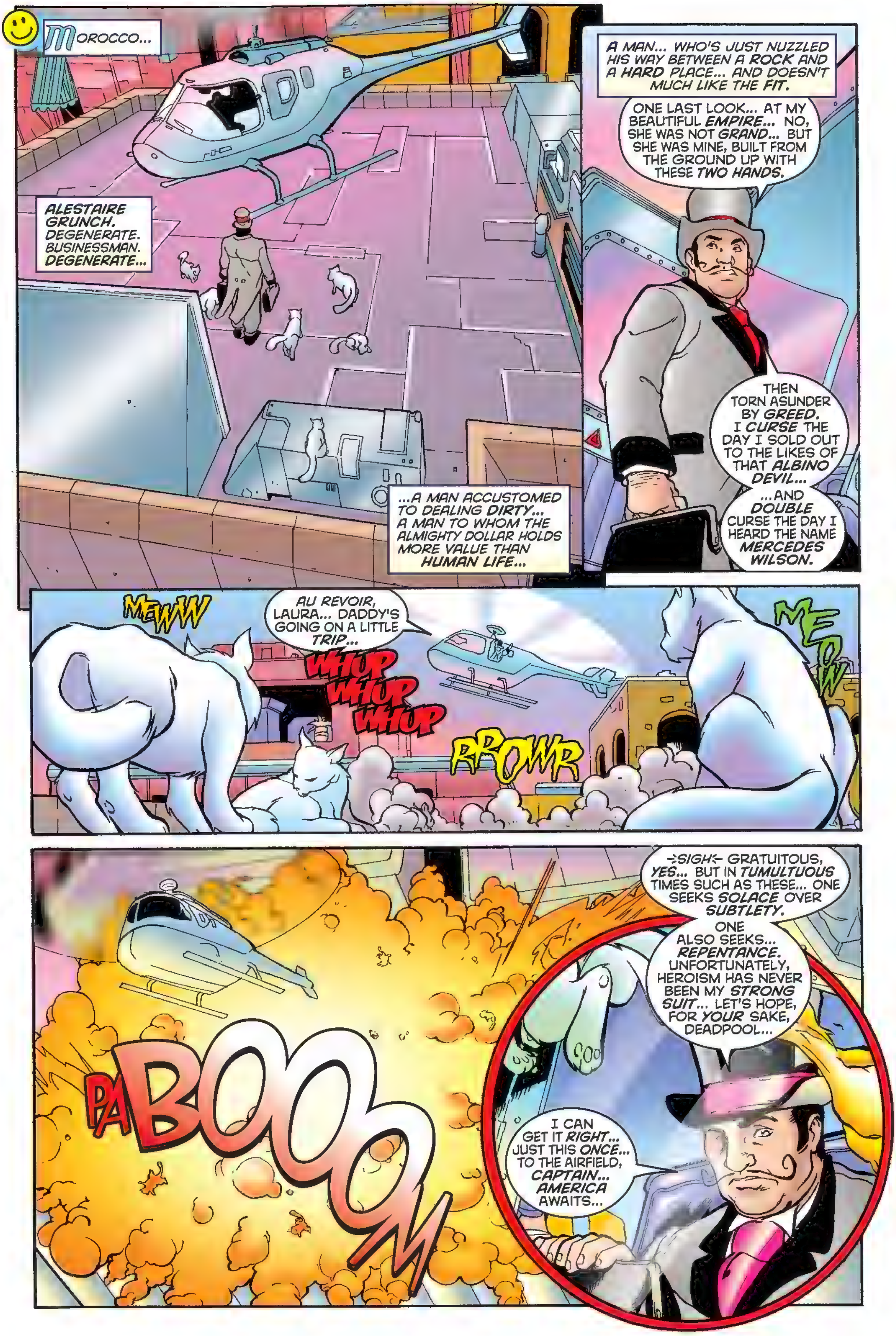
Stan Lee presents:

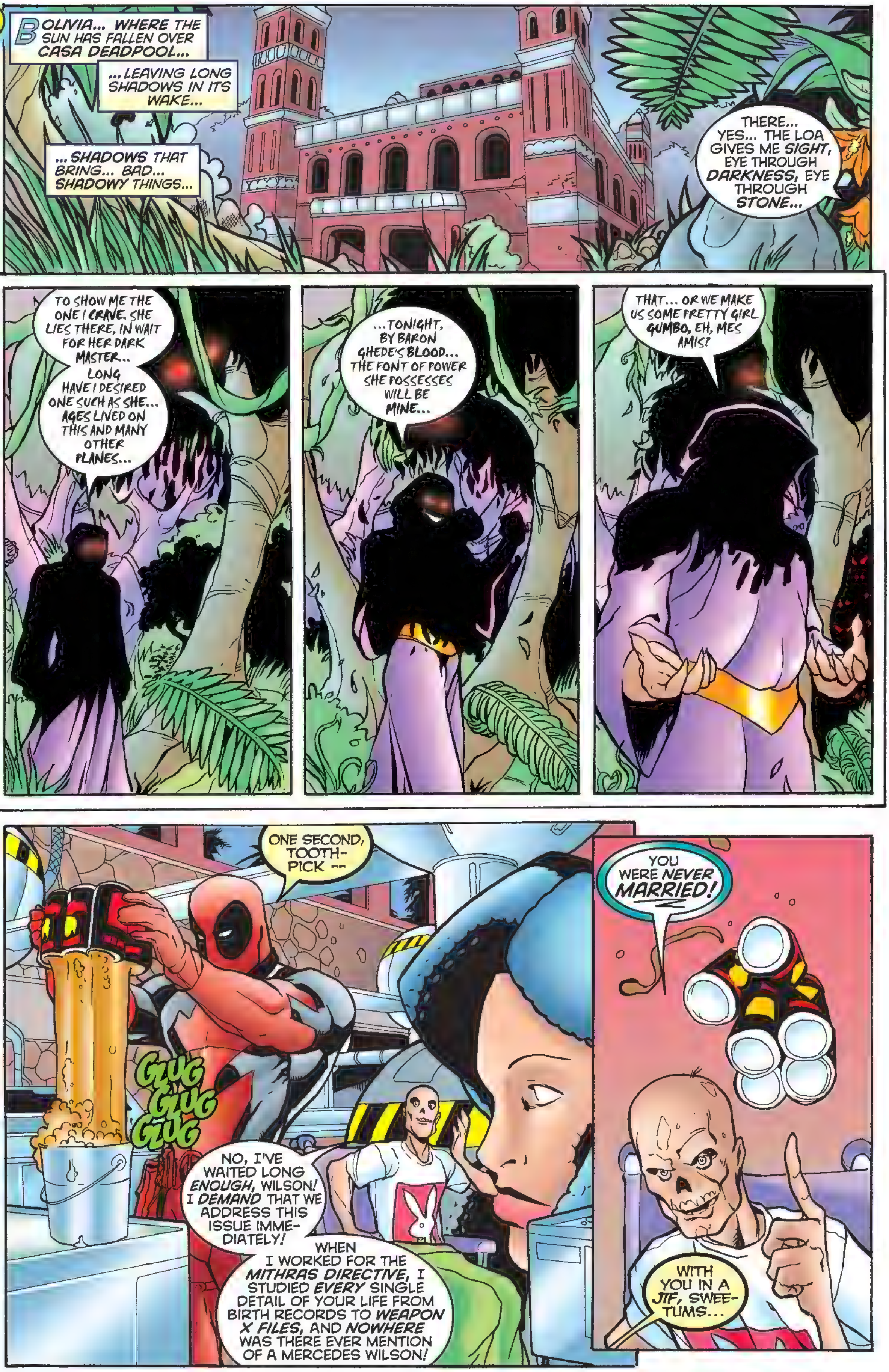
TAKE MY WIFE... PLEASE! OR COCK-A-VOOODLE-DOO

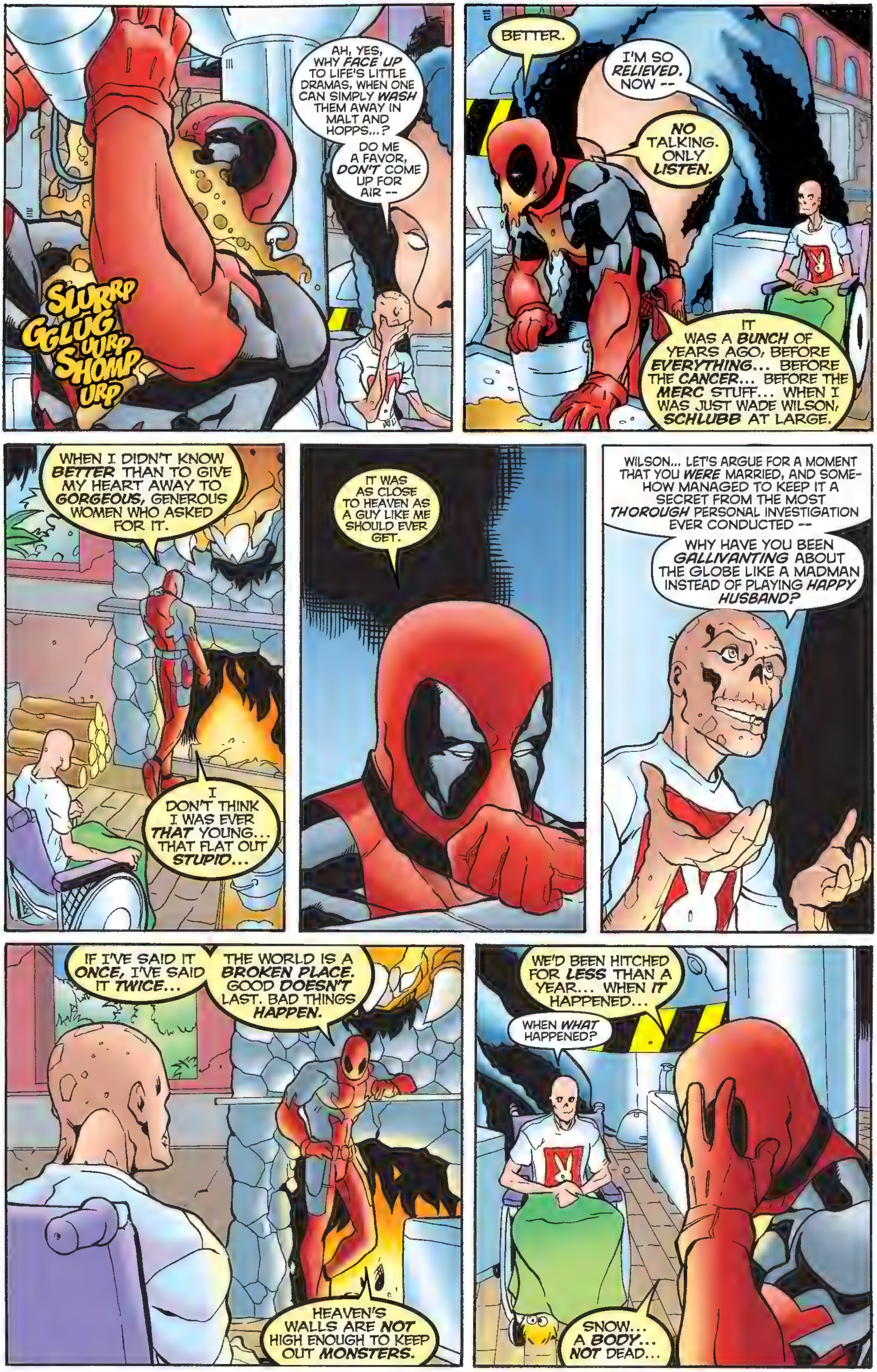

TWELVE HOURS... SLEEPING SOUNDLY SINCE YOU TOOK THE ASPHALT DIVE IN MY ARMS ON AN *ATLANTA* STREET...☺
...SLEEPING LIKE I'M JUST DOWN THE ROAD AT *GIMLEY'S,* PICKING UP *BROWN EGGS* AND FRESH *BACON* FOR EATS...
...SLEEPING LIKE THE WORLD IS STILL AS SMALL AS *YOU, ME* AND OUR HOME TOWN SUPPORTING CAST.
☺-- LAST ISH -- MATT.
KELLY SCRIPT
WOODS PERFORMANCE
SHELANDER & WONG UNDERSTUDIES
BLANCHARD LIGHTING
RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT PROMPTS
IDELSON EXIT, STAGE LEFT
HARRAS CURTAINS

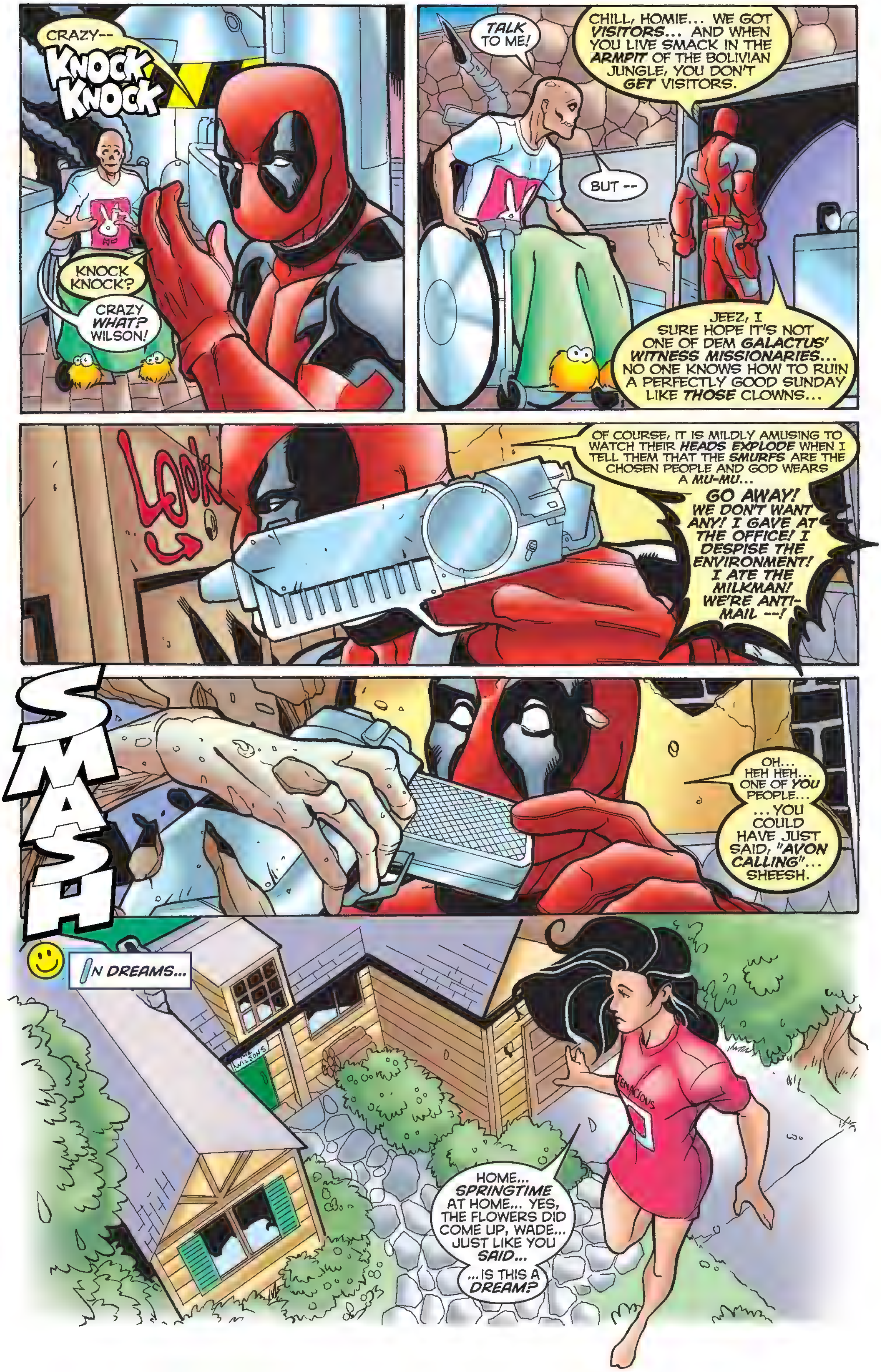

YOUR HAIR SMELL IS LIKE *SUMMER.*
CHCHAK
BUT THIS IS *WINTER,* MERCEDES... THIS IS THE TIME EVERYTHING *WITHERS* AND *BLOWS* AWAY...
...GONE FOR *GOOD.*
YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE TUCKED IN MY BED, SNORING LIKE *ANGELS*... LIKE *YESTERDAY.*
Tom Frolik's Gals CALENDAR
RED
I CAN'T POSSIBLY BE THAT *LUCKY.* YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE THAT *CURSED.*
YOU DON'T *BELONG* HERE.
YEARS OF BLOOD AND SCREAMS AND HATE... *HATE...* HAVE PASSED SINCE...
TOO MUCH HAS CHANGED... *TOO MUCH...*
... I'M *NOT* PREPARED TO DIG YOU BACK UP. I'M NOT PREPARED TO ACCEPT YOU'RE *REAL.*
...

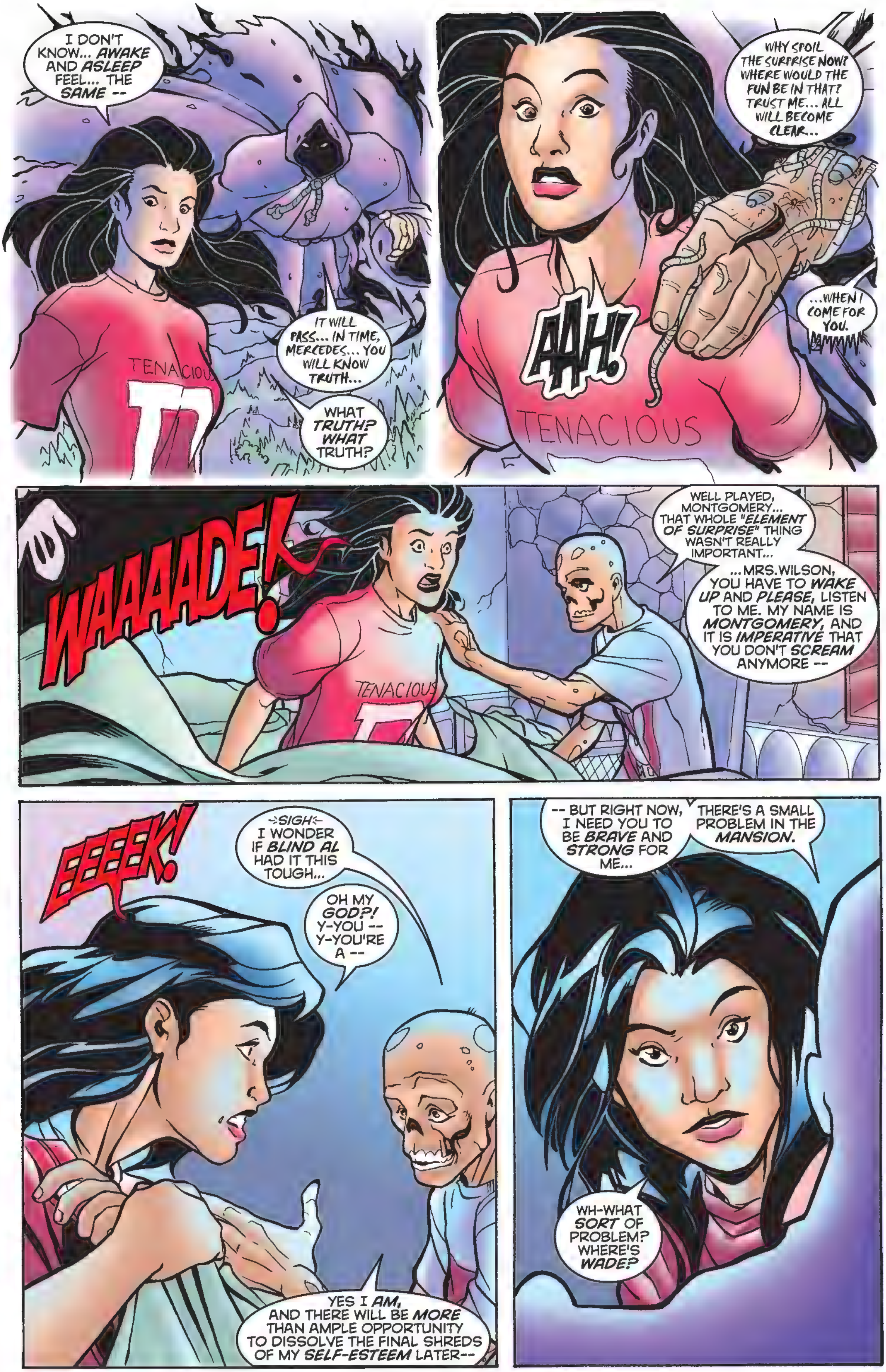

THAT... OR NOTHING'S CHANGED. I'M STILL A CLASS SUCKER FOR A SLEEPING CHICK.
⩩SIGH⩩ LOOK UP "SCREWED" IN THE DICTIONARY, SEE MY FACE. HIT LAUGH TRACK.
OKAY, WILSON, IF YOU'RE GONNA GO BOY SCOUT AND NOT ICE THE DAME JUST BECAUSE SHE'S ALL INNOCENT AND CUTE AND SLEEPY-SLEEPY HEAD --
-- THEN YOU SURE AS SCAT BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SITUATION BEFORE IT TEARS YOU APART...
TOM FOLIK'S GALS
...MIGHT I SUGGEST DRINKING HEAVILY?
WHY, THAT SOUNDS SPLENDID -?!
MONTY.
DEAD ROO KEE OU
ER, I -- OH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I WAS ON MY WAY TO GET A GLASS OF WATER, AND MUST HAVE HAD A... A SEIZURE!
CERTAINLY, THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION AS TO WHY I HAD A GLASS TO MY EAR OUTSIDE OF YOUR BEDROOM...
...YOU BUYING THIS -- MOOF!
HERE'S A TIP, MONTY... STICK TO THE TRUTH... YOU NEED SKIN TO KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE.
THE FRAIL IS STILL IN THERE, ALL HER PIECES IN ONE PIECE. SHE LIVES UNTIL I FIND OUT WHO'S PLAYIN' WITH MY MIND.
THAT'S A RELIEF... BUT WHO IS SHE, DEADPOOL? WHO HAS YOU RUNNING AROUND THE GLOBE WITH GENETIC SAMPLES AND --
MAYBE SHE'S NO ONE... OR MAYBE SHE'S MY WIFE...
...EITHER WAY, WE'RE KNEE DEEP IN IT, FRIEND... KNEE DEEP TO OUR NECKS.
?!

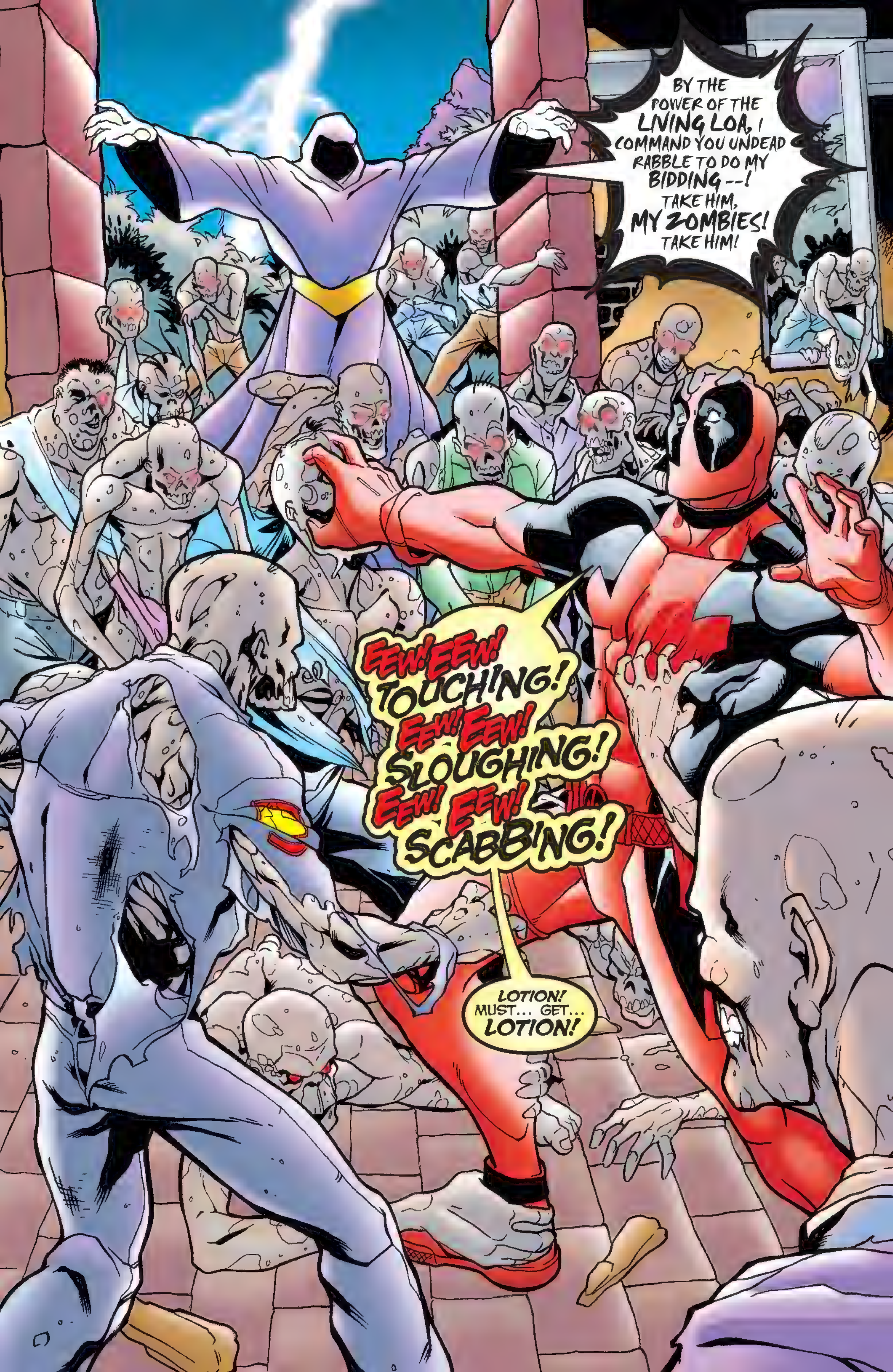

MOROCCO...
ALESTAIRE GRUNCH. DEGENERATE. BUSINESSMAN. DEGENERATE...
...A MAN ACCUSTOMED TO DEALING DIRTY... A MAN TO WHOM THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR HOLDS MORE VALUE THAN HUMAN LIFE...
A MAN... WHO'S JUST NUZZLED HIS WAY BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE... AND DOESN'T MUCH LIKE THE FIT.
ONE LAST LOOK... AT MY BEAUTIFUL EMPIRE... NO, SHE WAS NOT GRAND... BUT SHE WAS MINE, BUILT FROM THE GROUND UP WITH THESE TWO HANDS.
THEN TORN ASUNDER BY GREED. I CURSE THE DAY I SOLD OUT TO THE LIKES OF THAT ALBINO DEVIL...
...AND DOUBLE CURSE THE DAY I HEARD THE NAME MERCEDES WILSON.
MEWW
AU REVOIR, LAURA... DADDY'S GOING ON A LITTLE TRIP...
WHUP WHUP WHUP
RROWR
MEOW
-SIGH- GRATUITOUS, YES... BUT IN TUMULTUOUS TIMES SUCH AS THESE... ONE SEEKS SOLACE OVER SUBTLETY.
ONE ALSO SEEKS... REPENTANCE. UNFORTUNATELY, HEROISM HAS NEVER BEEN MY STRONG SUIT... LET'S HOPE, FOR YOUR SAKE, DEADPOOL...
PABOOOOM
I CAN GET IT RIGHT... JUST THIS ONCE... TO THE AIRFIELD, CAPTAIN... AMERICA AWAITS...

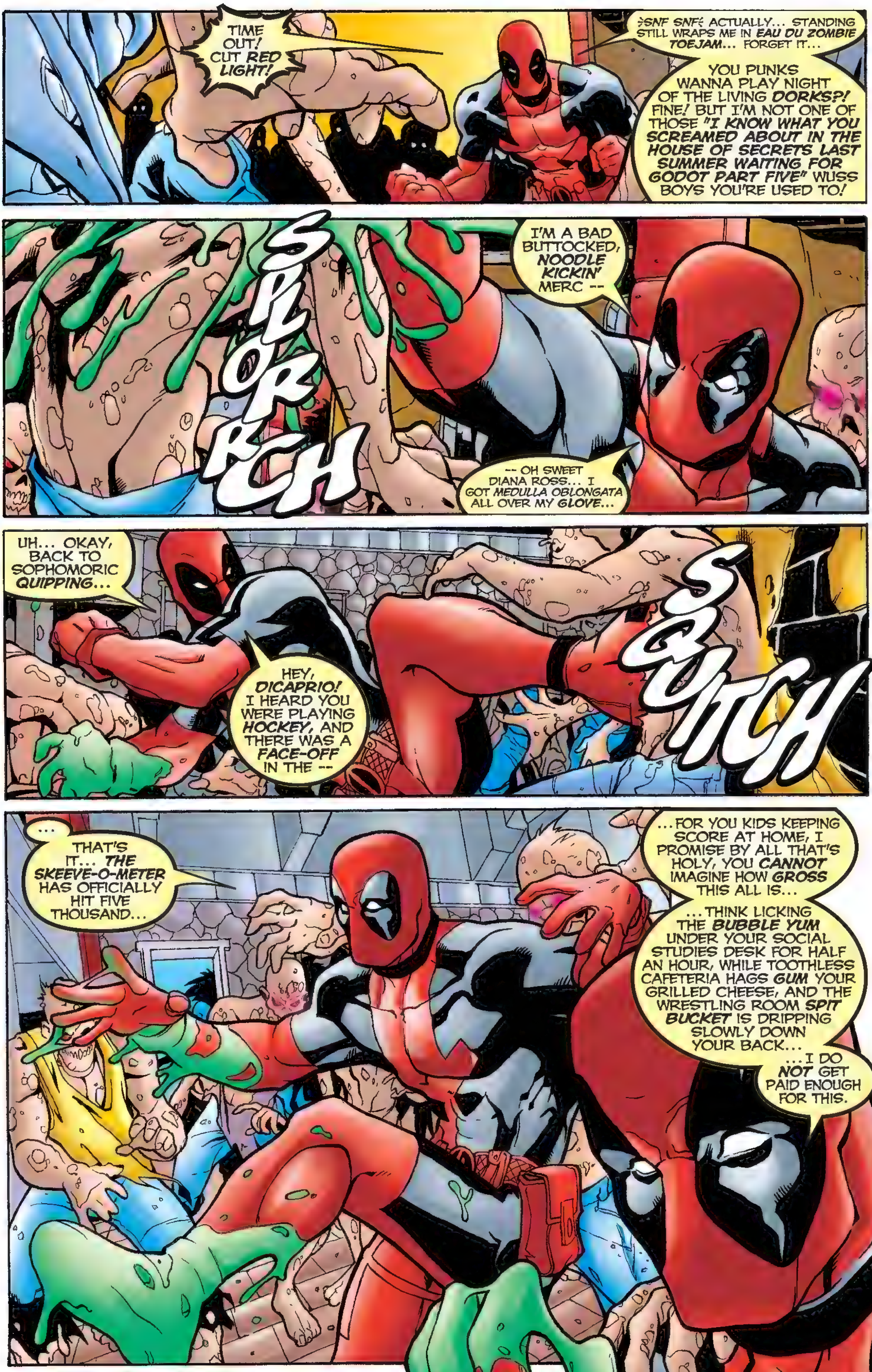

BOLIVIA... WHERE THE SUN HAS FALLEN OVER CASA DEADPOOL...
...LEAVING LONG SHADOWS IN ITS WAKE...
...SHADOWS THAT BRING... BAD... SHADOWY THINGS...
THERE... YES... THE LOA GIVES ME SIGHT, EYE THROUGH DARKNESS, EYE THROUGH STONE...
TO SHOW ME THE ONE I CRAVE. SHE LIES THERE, IN WAIT FOR HER DARK MASTER...
LONG HAVE I DESIRED ONE SUCH AS SHE... AGES LIVED ON THIS AND MANY OTHER PLANES...
...TONIGHT, BY BARON GHEDE'S BLOOD... THE FONT OF POWER SHE POSSESSES WILL BE MINE...
THAT... OR WE MAKE US SOME PRETTY GIRL GUMBO, EH, MES AMIS?
ONE SECOND, TOOTH-PICK --
GLUG GLUG GLUG
NO, I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH, WILSON! I DEMAND THAT WE ADDRESS THIS ISSUE IMMEDIATELY!
WHEN I WORKED FOR THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE, I STUDIED EVERY SINGLE DETAIL OF YOUR LIFE FROM BIRTH RECORDS TO WEAPON X FILES, AND NOWHERE WAS THERE EVER MENTION OF A MERCEDES WILSON!
YOU WERE NEVER MARRIED!
WITH YOU IN A JIF, SWEETUMS...

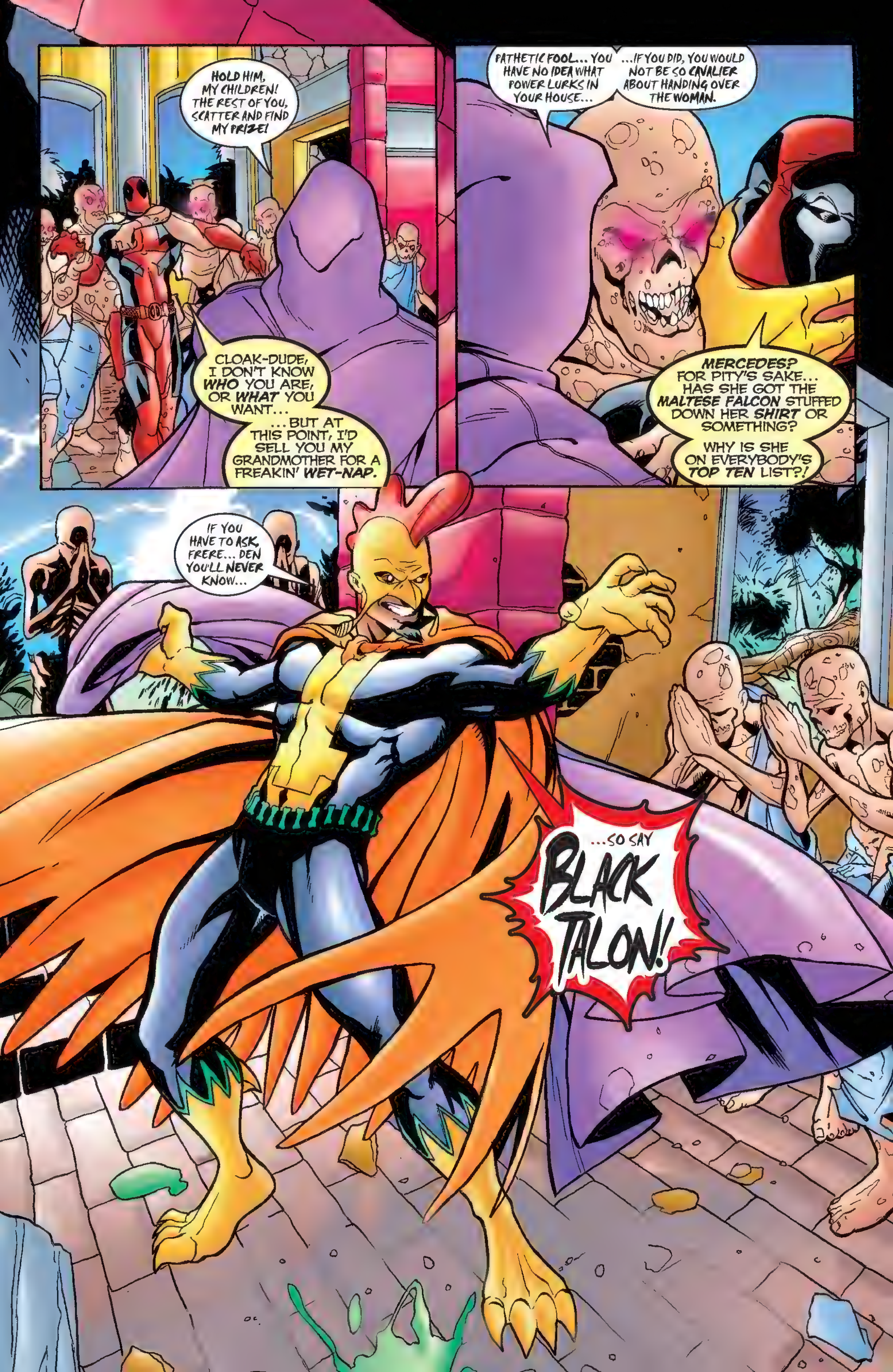

AH, YES, WHY *FACE UP* TO LIFE'S LITTLE DRAMAS, WHEN ONE CAN SIMPLY *WASH* THEM AWAY IN MALT AND HOPPS...?
DO ME A FAVOR, *DON'T* COME UP FOR AIR --
SLURRP GGLUG UURP SHOMP URP
BETTER.
I'M SO *RELIEVED.* NOW --
NO TALKING. ONLY *LISTEN.*
IT WAS A *BUNCH* OF YEARS AGO, BEFORE *EVERYTHING*... BEFORE THE *CANCER*... BEFORE THE *MERC* STUFF... WHEN I WAS JUST WADE WILSON, *SCHLUBB* AT LARGE.
WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW *BETTER* THAN TO GIVE MY HEART AWAY TO *GORGEOUS,* GENEROUS WOMEN WHO ASKED FOR IT.
I DON'T THINK I WAS EVER *THAT* YOUNG... THAT FLAT OUT *STUPID*...
IT WAS AS CLOSE TO HEAVEN AS A GUY LIKE ME SHOULD EVER GET.
WILSON... LET'S ARGUE FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU *WERE* MARRIED, AND SOMEHOW MANAGED TO KEEP IT A SECRET FROM THE MOST *THOROUGH* PERSONAL INVESTIGATION EVER CONDUCTED --
WHY HAVE YOU BEEN *GALLIVANTING* ABOUT THE GLOBE LIKE A MADMAN INSTEAD OF PLAYING *HAPPY HUSBAND?*
IF I'VE SAID IT *ONCE,* I'VE SAID IT *TWICE*...
THE WORLD IS A *BROKEN PLACE.* GOOD *DOESN'T* LAST. BAD THINGS *HAPPEN.*
HEAVEN'S WALLS ARE *NOT* HIGH ENOUGH TO KEEP OUT *MONSTERS.*
WE'D BEEN HITCHED FOR *LESS* THAN A YEAR... WHEN *IT* HAPPENED...
WHEN *WHAT* HAPPENED?
SNOW... A *BODY*... *NOT* DEAD...

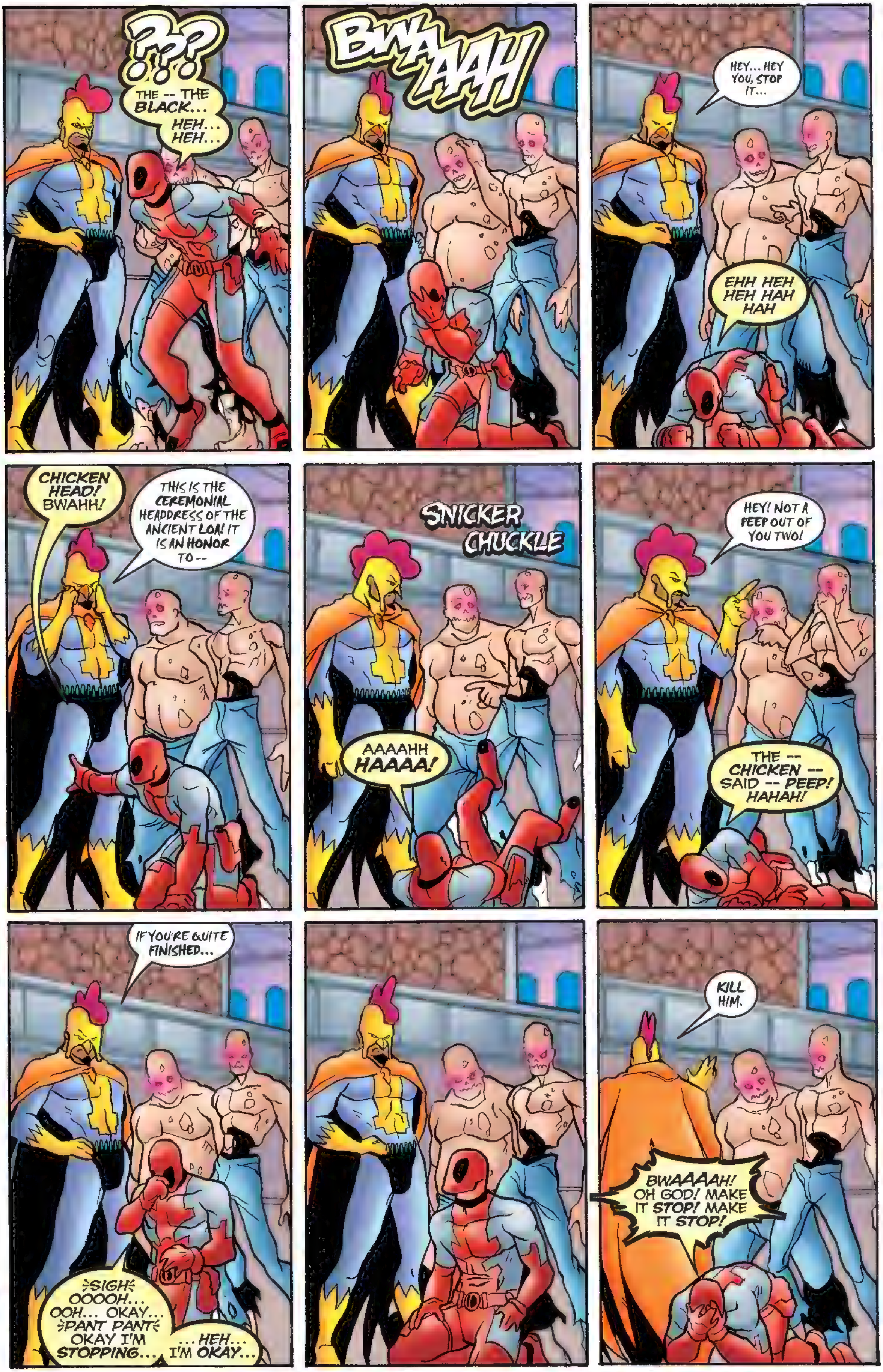

CRAZY--
KNOCK KNOCK
KNOCK KNOCK?
CRAZY WHAT? WILSON!
TALK TO ME!
CHILL, HOMIE... WE GOT VISITORS... AND WHEN YOU LIVE SMACK IN THE ARMPIT OF THE BOLIVIAN JUNGLE, YOU DON'T GET VISITORS.
BUT --
JEEZ, I SURE HOPE IT'S NOT ONE OF DEM GALACTUS' WITNESS MISSIONARIES... NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD SUNDAY LIKE THOSE CLOWNS...
LOOK
OF COURSE, IT IS MILDLY AMUSING TO WATCH THEIR HEADS EXPLODE WHEN I TELL THEM THAT THE SMURFS ARE THE CHOSEN PEOPLE AND GOD WEARS A MU-MU...
GO AWAY! WE DON'T WANT ANY! I GAVE AT THE OFFICE! I DESPISE THE ENVIRONMENT! I ATE THE MILKMAN! WE'RE ANTI-MAIL --!
SMASH
OH... HEH HEH... ONE OF YOU PEOPLE...
...YOU COULD HAVE JUST SAID, "AVON CALLING"... SHEESH.
IN DREAMS...
THE WILSONS
TENACIOUS D
HOME... SPRINGTIME AT HOME... YES, THE FLOWERS DID COME UP, WADE... JUST LIKE YOU SAID...
...IS THIS A DREAM?

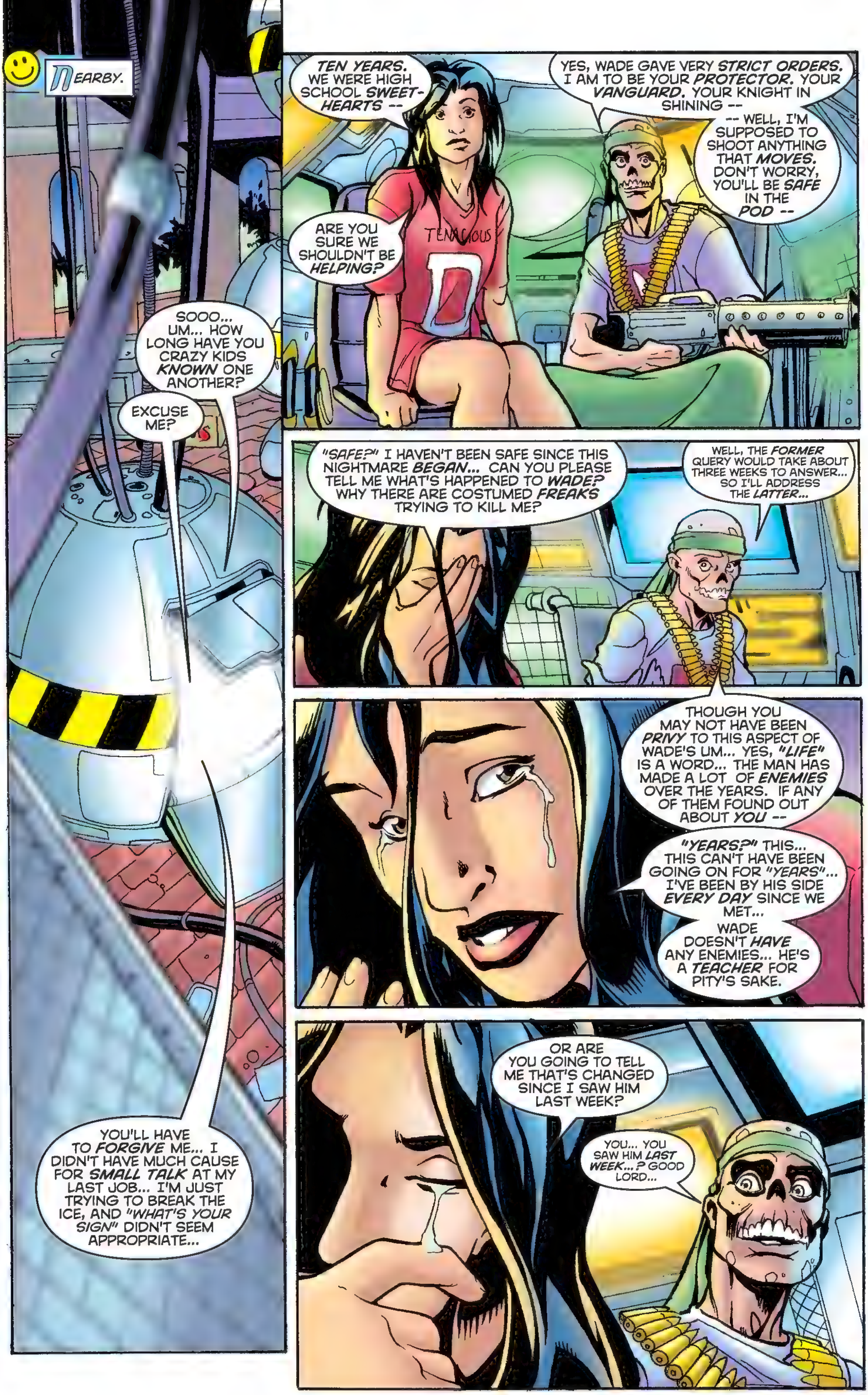

I DON'T KNOW... AWAKE AND ASLEEP FEEL... THE SAME --
IT WILL PASS... IN TIME, MERCEDES... YOU WILL KNOW TRUTH...
WHAT TRUTH? WHAT TRUTH?
TENACIOUS
WHY SPOIL THE SURPRISE NOW? WHERE WOULD THE FUN BE IN THAT? TRUST ME... ALL WILL BECOME CLEAR...
AAH!
...WHEN I COME FOR YOU.
TENACIOUS
WAAAADE!
WELL PLAYED, MONTGOMERY... THAT WHOLE "ELEMENT OF SURPRISE" THING WASN'T REALLY IMPORTANT...
...MRS. WILSON, YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP AND PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME. MY NAME IS MONTGOMERY, AND IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOU DON'T SCREAM ANYMORE --
TENACIOUS
EEEEK!
-SIGH- I WONDER IF BLIND AL HAD IT THIS TOUGH...
OH MY GOD?! Y-YOU -- Y-YOU'RE A --
YES I AM, AND THERE WILL BE MORE THAN AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO DISSOLVE THE FINAL SHREDS OF MY SELF-ESTEEM LATER--
-- BUT RIGHT NOW, I NEED YOU TO BE BRAVE AND STRONG FOR ME...
THERE'S A SMALL PROBLEM IN THE MANSION.
WH-WHAT SORT OF PROBLEM? WHERE'S WADE?

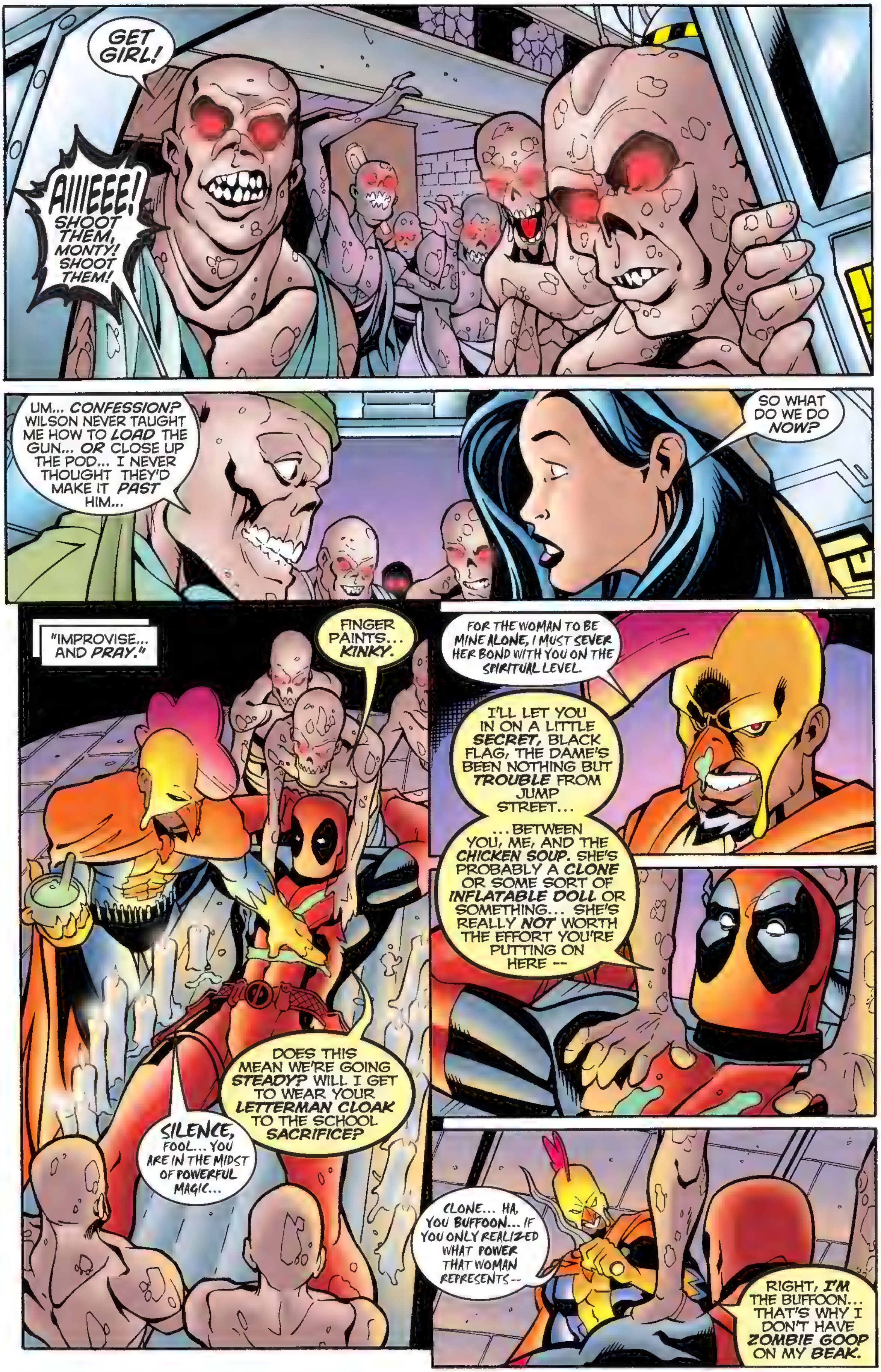

BY THE POWER OF THE LIVING LOA, I COMMAND YOU UNDEAD RABBLE TO DO MY BIDDING --! TAKE HIM, MY ZOMBIES! TAKE HIM!
EEW! EEW! TOUCHING! EEW! EEW! SLOUGHING! EEW! EEW! SCABBING!
LOTION! MUST... GET... LOTION!

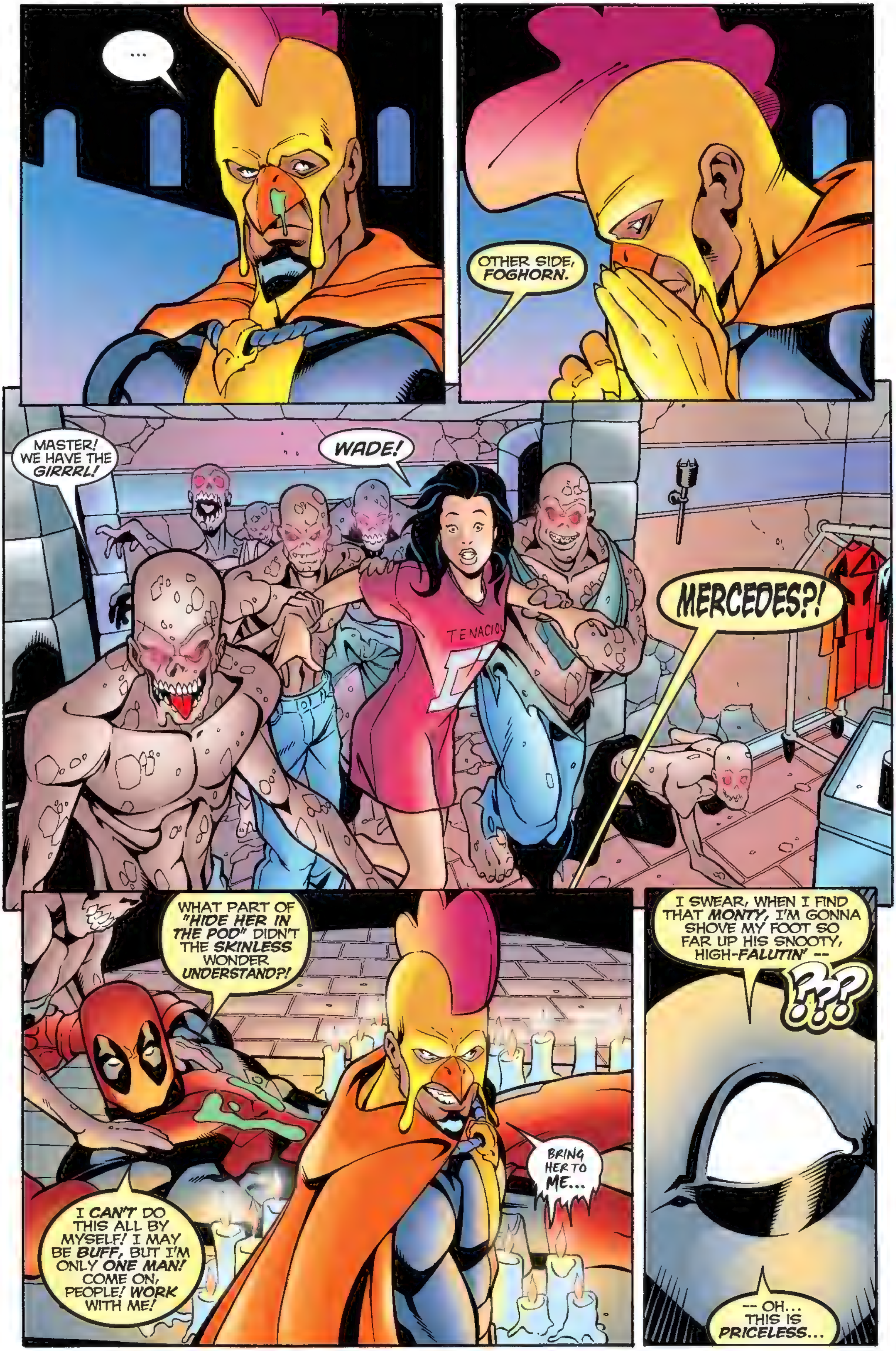

TIME OUT! CUT RED LIGHT!
>SNF SNF< ACTUALLY... STANDING STILL WRAPS ME IN EAU DU ZOMBIE TOEJAM... FORGET IT...
YOU PUNKS WANNA PLAY NIGHT OF THE LIVING DORKS?! FINE! BUT I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE "I KNOW WHAT YOU SCREAMED ABOUT IN THE HOUSE OF SECRETS LAST SUMMER WAITING FOR GODOT PART FIVE" WUSS BOYS YOU'RE USED TO!
I'M A BAD BUTTOCKED, NOODLE KICKIN' MERC --
SPLORCH
-- OH SWEET DIANA ROSS... I GOT MEDULLA OBLONGATA ALL OVER MY GLOVE...
UH... OKAY, BACK TO SOPHOMORIC QUIPPING...
HEY, DICAPRIO! I HEARD YOU WERE PLAYING HOCKEY, AND THERE WAS A FACE-OFF IN THE --
SQUITCH
...
THAT'S IT... THE SKEEVE-O-METER HAS OFFICIALLY HIT FIVE THOUSAND...
...FOR YOU KIDS KEEPING SCORE AT HOME, I PROMISE BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, YOU CANNOT IMAGINE HOW GROSS THIS ALL IS...
...THINK LICKING THE BUBBLE YUM UNDER YOUR SOCIAL STUDIES DESK FOR HALF AN HOUR, WHILE TOOTHLESS CAFETERIA HAGS GUM YOUR GRILLED CHEESE, AND THE WRESTLING ROOM SPIT BUCKET IS DRIPPING SLOWLY DOWN YOUR BACK...
...I DO NOT GET PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS.

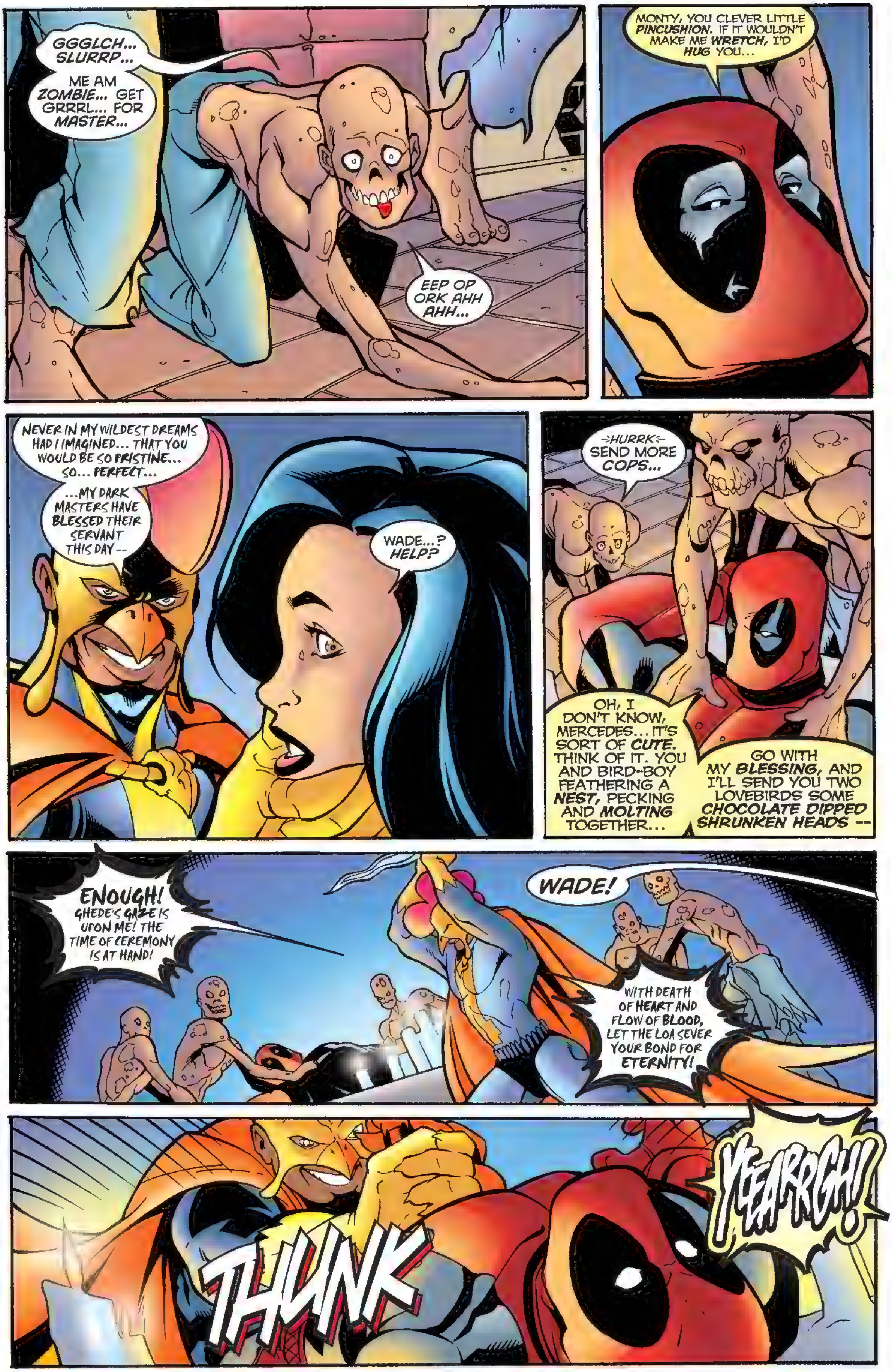

HOLD HIM, MY CHILDREN! THE REST OF YOU, SCATTER AND FIND MY PRIZE!
CLOAK-DUDE, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOU WANT... ...BUT AT THIS POINT, I'D SELL YOU MY GRANDMOTHER FOR A FREAKIN' WET-NAP.
PATHETIC FOOL... YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT POWER LURKS IN YOUR HOUSE...
...IF YOU DID, YOU WOULD NOT BE SO CAVALIER ABOUT HANDING OVER THE WOMAN.
MERCEDES? FOR PITY'S SAKE... HAS SHE GOT THE MALTESE FALCON STUFFED DOWN HER SHIRT OR SOMETHING?
WHY IS SHE ON EVERYBODY'S TOP TEN LIST?!
IF YOU HAVE TO ASK, FRERE... DEN YOU'LL NEVER KNOW...
...SO SAY BLACK TALON!

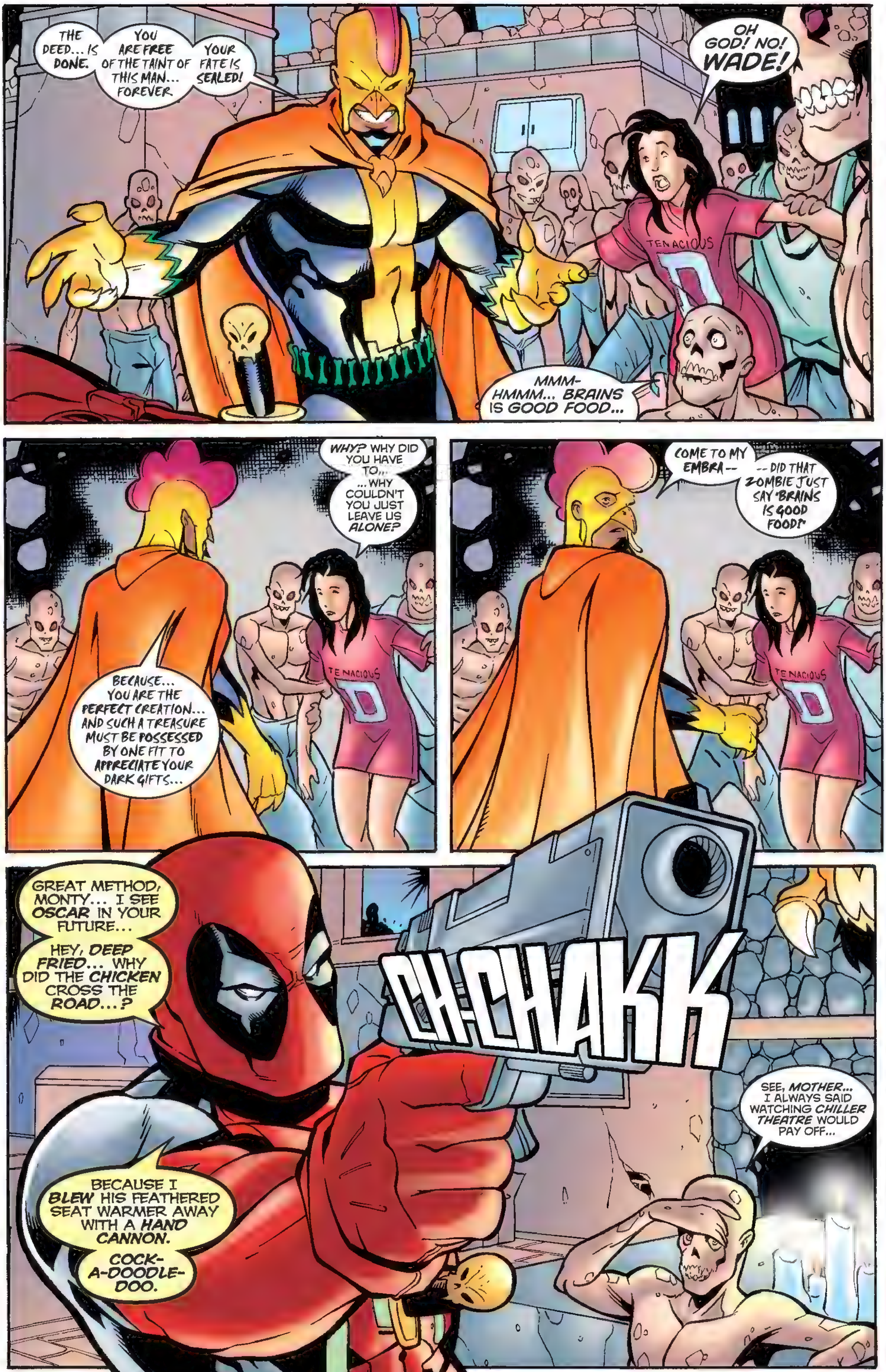

???
THE -- THE BLACK...
HEH... HEH...
BWAAAH
HEY... HEY YOU, STOP IT...
EHH HEH HEH HAH HAH
CHICKEN HEAD! BWAHH!
THIS IS THE CEREMONIAL HEADDRESS OF THE ANCIENT LOA! IT IS AN HONOR TO --
SNICKER CHUCKLE
AAAAHH HAAAA!
HEY! NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU TWO!
THE -- CHICKEN -- SAID -- PEEP! HAHAH!
IF YOU'RE QUITE FINISHED...
SIGH OOOOH... OOH... OKAY... PANT PANT OKAY I'M STOPPING...
...HEH... I'M OKAY...
KILL HIM.
BWAAAAH! OH GOD! MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT STOP!

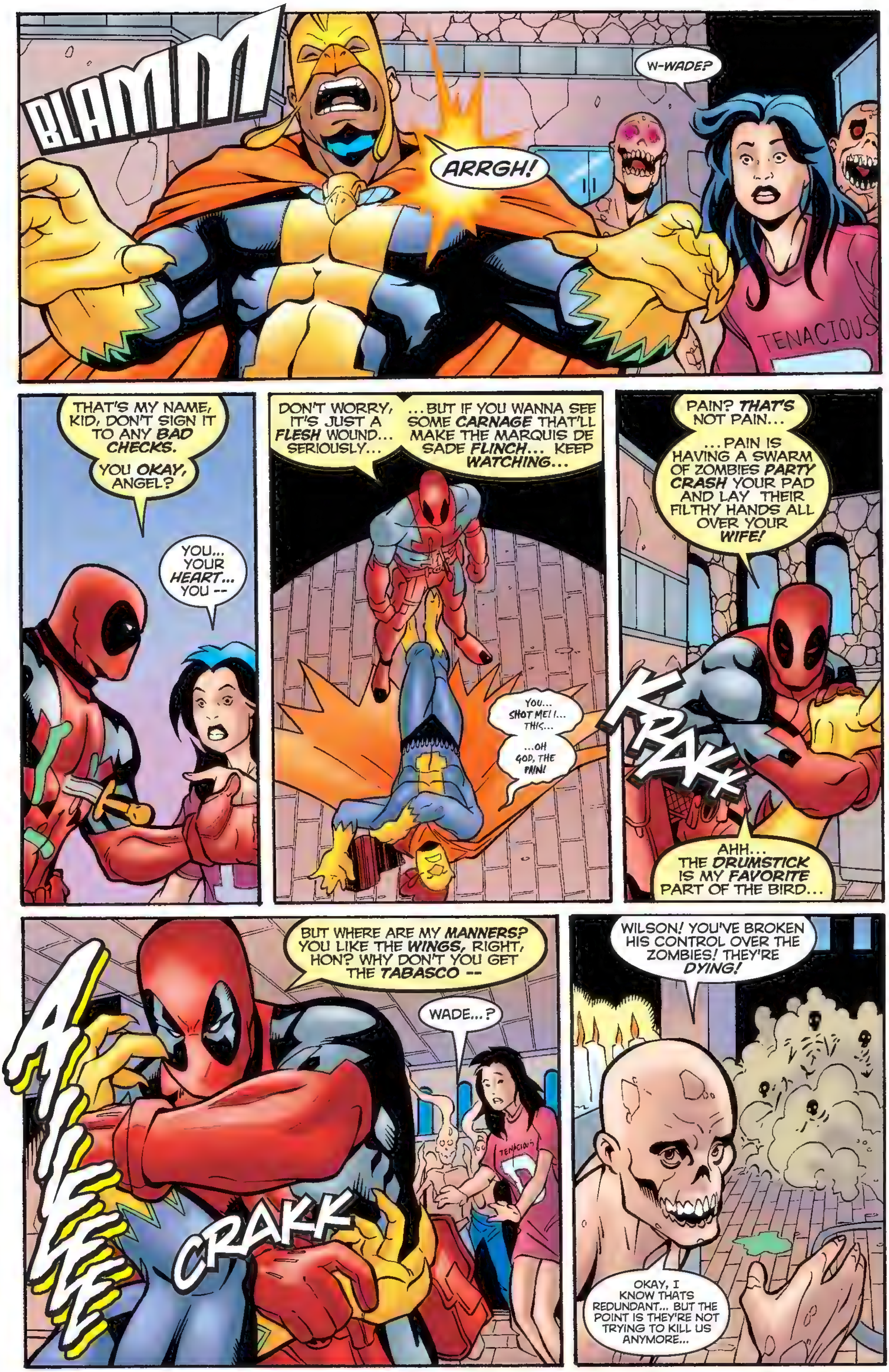

NEARBY.
SOOO... UM... HOW LONG HAVE YOU CRAZY KIDS *KNOWN* ONE ANOTHER?
EXCUSE ME?
YOU'LL HAVE TO *FORGIVE* ME... I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CAUSE FOR *SMALL TALK* AT MY LAST JOB... I'M JUST TRYING TO BREAK THE ICE, AND *"WHAT'S YOUR SIGN"* DIDN'T SEEM APPROPRIATE...
TEN YEARS. WE WERE HIGH SCHOOL *SWEETHEARTS* --
ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULDN'T BE *HELPING?*
YES, WADE GAVE VERY *STRICT ORDERS.* I AM TO BE YOUR *PROTECTOR.* YOUR *VANGUARD.* YOUR KNIGHT IN SHINING --
-- WELL, I'M SUPPOSED TO SHOOT ANYTHING THAT *MOVES.* DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE *SAFE* IN THE *POD* --
TENACIOUS D
"SAFE?" I HAVEN'T BEEN SAFE SINCE THIS NIGHTMARE *BEGAN...* CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENED TO *WADE?* WHY THERE ARE COSTUMED *FREAKS* TRYING TO KILL ME?
WELL, THE *FORMER* QUERY WOULD TAKE ABOUT THREE WEEKS TO ANSWER... SO I'LL ADDRESS THE *LATTER...*
THOUGH YOU MAY NOT HAVE BEEN *PRIVY* TO THIS ASPECT OF WADE'S UM... YES, *"LIFE"* IS A WORD... THE MAN HAS MADE A LOT OF *ENEMIES* OVER THE YEARS. IF ANY OF THEM FOUND OUT ABOUT *YOU* --
"YEARS?" THIS... THIS CAN'T HAVE BEEN GOING ON FOR *"YEARS"*... I'VE BEEN BY HIS SIDE *EVERY DAY* SINCE WE MET...
WADE DOESN'T *HAVE* ANY ENEMIES... HE'S A *TEACHER* FOR PITY'S SAKE.
OR ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME THAT'S CHANGED SINCE I SAW HIM LAST WEEK?
YOU... YOU SAW HIM *LAST WEEK...?* GOOD LORD...

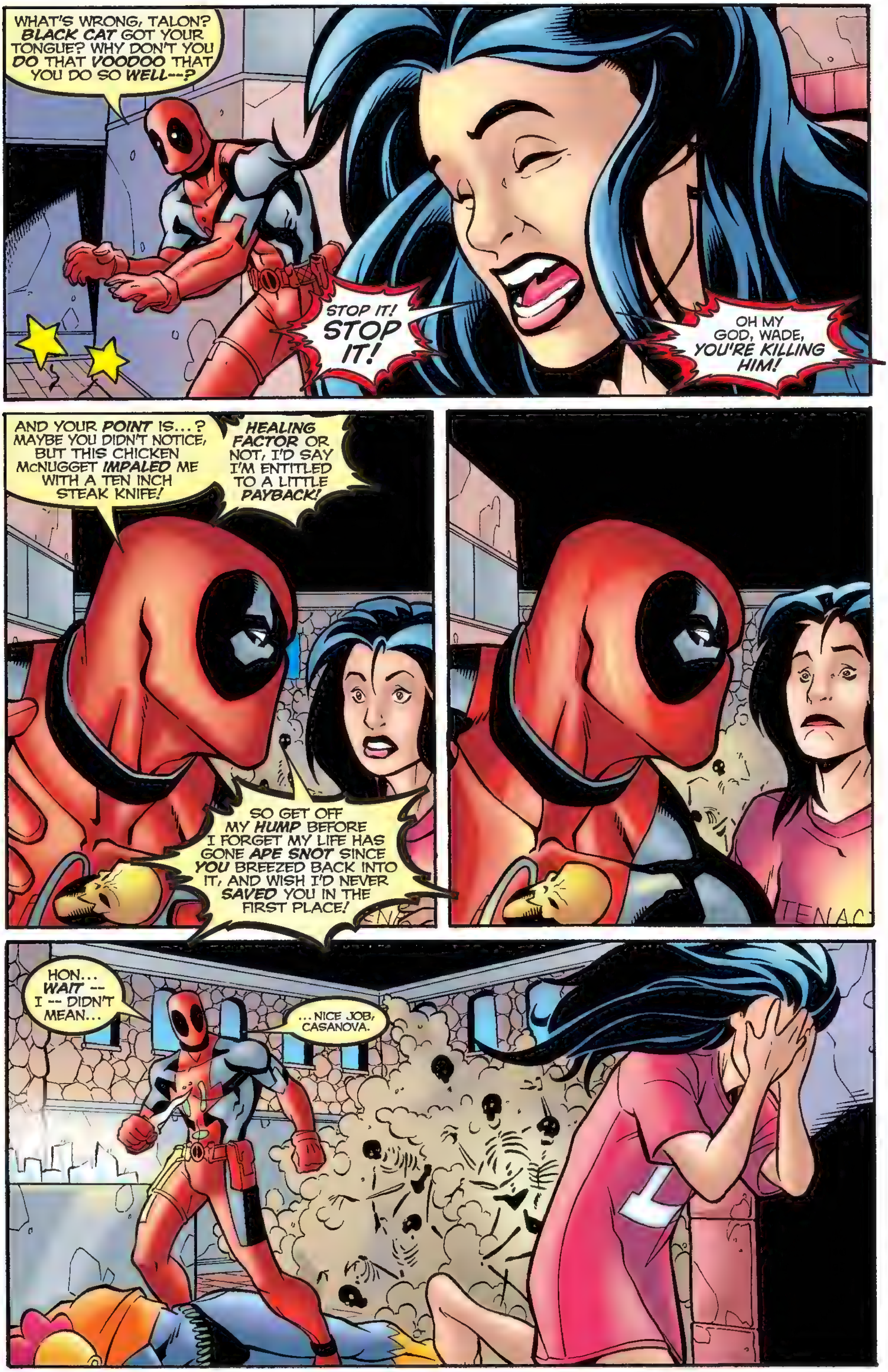

GET GIRL!
AIIIEEE! SHOOT THEM, MONTY! SHOOT THEM!
UM... CONFESSION? WILSON NEVER TAUGHT ME HOW TO LOAD THE GUN... OR CLOSE UP THE POD... I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D MAKE IT PAST HIM...
SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
"IMPROVISE... AND PRAY."
FINGER PAINTS... KINKY.
FOR THE WOMAN TO BE MINE ALONE, I MUST SEVER HER BOND WITH YOU ON THE SPIRITUAL LEVEL.
I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET, BLACK FLAG, THE DAME'S BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE FROM JUMP STREET...
...BETWEEN YOU, ME, AND THE CHICKEN SOUP, SHE'S PROBABLY A CLONE OR SOME SORT OF INFLATABLE DOLL OR SOMETHING... SHE'S REALLY NOT WORTH THE EFFORT YOU'RE PUTTING ON HERE --
DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE GOING STEADY? WILL I GET TO WEAR YOUR LETTERMAN CLOAK TO THE SCHOOL SACRIFICE?
SILENCE, FOOL... YOU ARE IN THE MIDST OF POWERFUL MAGIC...
CLONE... HA, YOU BUFFOON... IF YOU ONLY REALIZED WHAT POWER THAT WOMAN REPRESENTS --
RIGHT, I'M THE BUFFOON... THAT'S WHY I DON'T HAVE ZOMBIE GOOP ON MY BEAK.

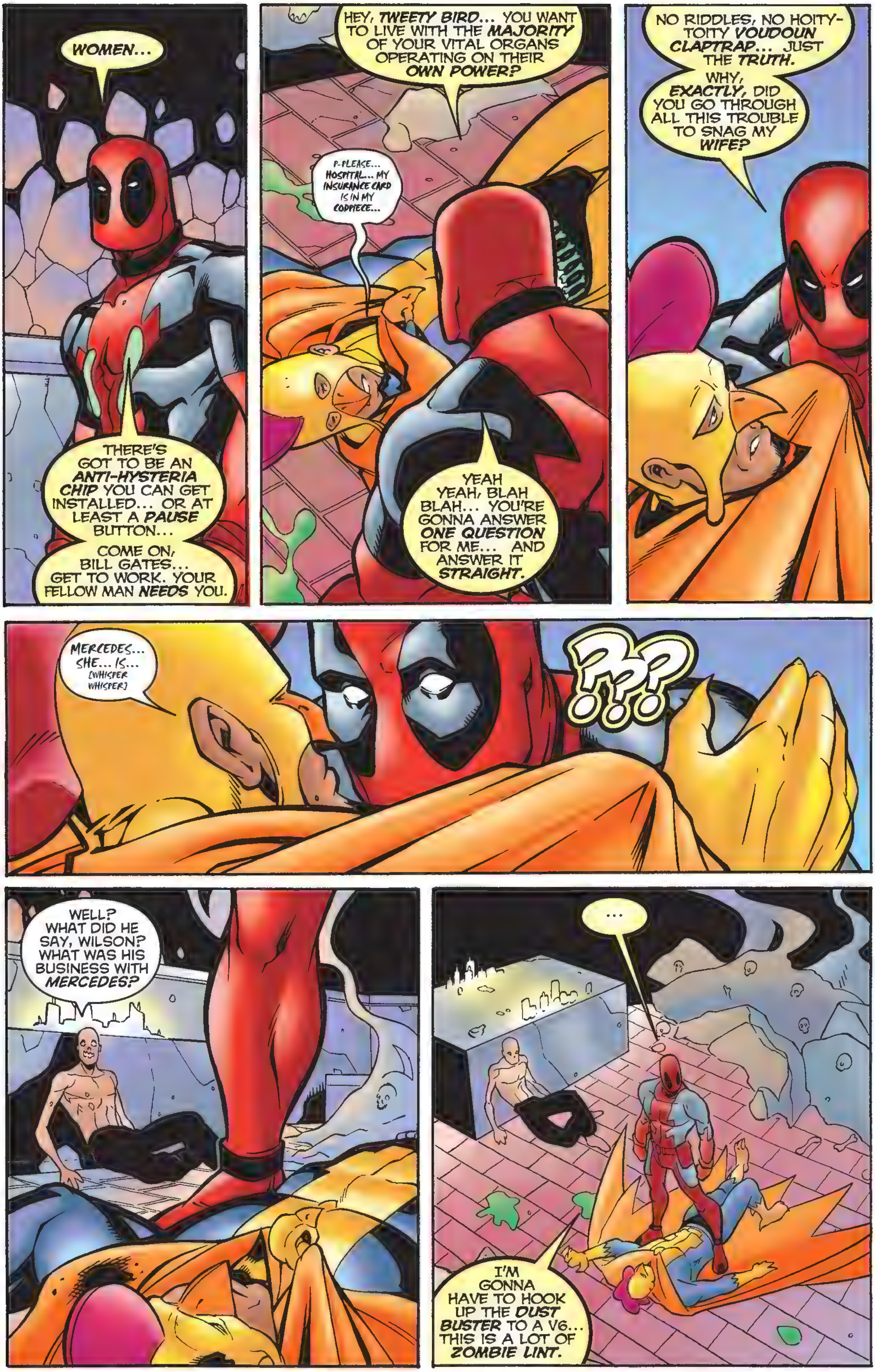

...
OTHER SIDE, FOGHORN.
MASTER! WE HAVE THE GIRRRL!
WADE!
TENACIO
MERCEDES?!
WHAT PART OF "HIDE HER IN THE POD" DIDN'T THE SKINLESS WONDER UNDERSTAND?!
I CAN'T DO THIS ALL BY MYSELF! I MAY BE BUFF, BUT I'M ONLY ONE MAN! COME ON, PEOPLE! WORK WITH ME!
BRING HER TO ME...
I SWEAR, WHEN I FIND THAT MONTY, I'M GONNA SHOVE MY FOOT SO FAR UP HIS SNOOTY, HIGH-FALUTIN' --
???
-- OH... THIS IS PRICELESS...

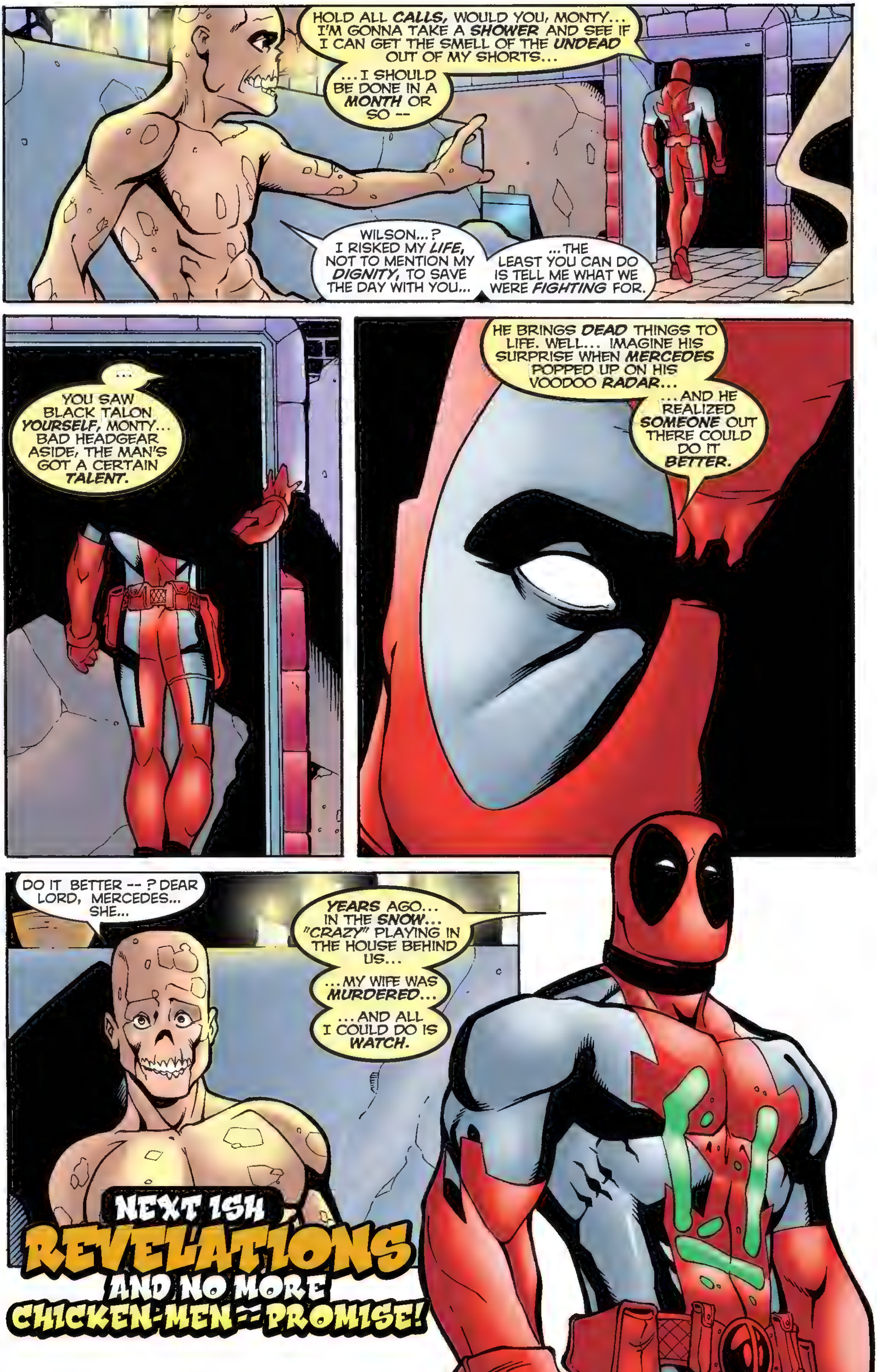

GGGLCH... SLURRP...
ME AM ZOMBIE... GET GRRRL... FOR MASTER...
EEP OP ORK AHH AHH...
MONTY, YOU CLEVER LITTLE PINCUSHION. IF IT WOULDN'T MAKE ME WRETCH, I'D HUG YOU...
NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS HAD I IMAGINED... THAT YOU WOULD BE SO PRISTINE... SO... PERFECT...
...MY DARK MASTERS HAVE BLESSED THEIR SERVANT THIS DAY --
WADE...? HELP?
-HURRK- SEND MORE COPS...
OH, I DON'T KNOW, MERCEDES... IT'S SORT OF CUTE. THINK OF IT. YOU AND BIRD-BOY FEATHERING A NEST, PECKING AND MOLTING TOGETHER...
GO WITH MY BLESSING, AND I'LL SEND YOU TWO LOVEBIRDS SOME CHOCOLATE DIPPED SHRUNKEN HEADS --
ENOUGH! GHEDE'S GAZE IS UPON ME! THE TIME OF CEREMONY IS AT HAND!
WADE!
WITH DEATH OF HEART AND FLOW OF BLOOD, LET THE LOA SEVER YOUR BOND FOR ETERNITY!
THUNK
YEEARRGH!

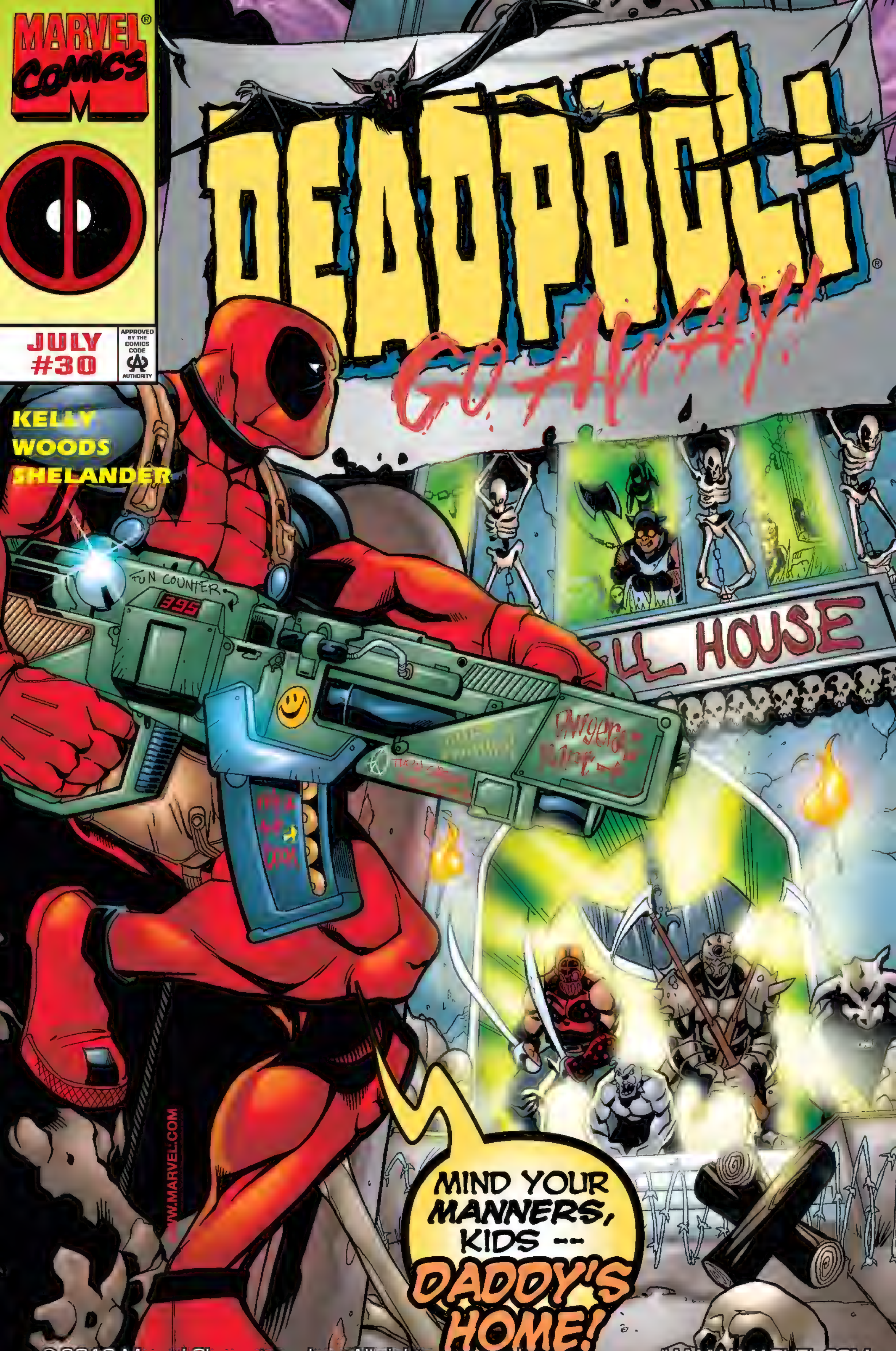

THE DEED... IS DONE.
YOU ARE FREE OF THE TAINT OF THIS MAN... FOREVER
YOUR FATE IS SEALED!
OH GOD! NO! WADE!
MMM-HMMM... BRAINS IS GOOD FOOD...
WHY? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO... ...WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LEAVE US ALONE?
BECAUSE... YOU ARE THE PERFECT CREATION... AND SUCH A TREASURE MUST BE POSSESSED BY ONE FIT TO APPRECIATE YOUR DARK GIFTS...
COME TO MY EMBRA--
--DID THAT ZOMBIE JUST SAY 'BRAINS IS GOOD FOOD?'
GREAT METHOD, MONTY... I SEE OSCAR IN YOUR FUTURE...
HEY, DEEP FRIED... WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD...?
CH-CHAKK
BECAUSE I BLEW HIS FEATHERED SEAT WARMER AWAY WITH A HAND CANNON.
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.
SEE, MOTHER... I ALWAYS SAID WATCHING CHILLER THEATRE WOULD PAY OFF...


BLAMM
ARRGH!
W-WADE?
TENACIOUS
THAT'S MY NAME, KID, DON'T SIGN IT TO ANY BAD CHECKS.
YOU OKAY, ANGEL?
YOU... YOUR HEART... YOU --
DON'T WORRY, IT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND... SERIOUSLY...
...BUT IF YOU WANNA SEE SOME CARNAGE THAT'LL MAKE THE MARQUIS DE SADE FLINCH... KEEP WATCHING...
YOU... SHOT ME!!... THIS...
...OH GOD, THE PAIN!
PAIN? THAT'S NOT PAIN...
...PAIN IS HAVING A SWARM OF ZOMBIES PARTY CRASH YOUR PAD AND LAY THEIR FILTHY HANDS ALL OVER YOUR WIFE!
KRAKK
AHH... THE DRUMSTICK IS MY FAVORITE PART OF THE BIRD...
BUT WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? YOU LIKE THE WINGS, RIGHT, HON? WHY DON'T YOU GET THE TABASCO --
WADE...?
AIIIEEE
CRAKK
TENACIOUS
WILSON! YOU'VE BROKEN HIS CONTROL OVER THE ZOMBIES! THEY'RE DYING!
OKAY, I KNOW THAT'S REDUNDANT... BUT THE POINT IS THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO KILL US ANYMORE...


WHAT'S WRONG, TALON? BLACK CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE? WHY DON'T YOU DO THAT VOODOO THAT YOU DO SO WELL--?
STOP IT! STOP IT!
OH MY GOD, WADE, YOU'RE KILLING HIM!
AND YOUR POINT IS...? MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, BUT THIS CHICKEN McNUGGET IMPALED ME WITH A TEN INCH STEAK KNIFE!
HEALING FACTOR OR NOT, I'D SAY I'M ENTITLED TO A LITTLE PAYBACK!
SO GET OFF MY HUMP BEFORE I FORGET MY LIFE HAS GONE APE SNOT SINCE YOU BREEZED BACK INTO IT, AND WISH I'D NEVER SAVED YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE!
HON... WAIT -- I -- DIDN'T MEAN...
...NICE JOB, CASANOVA.

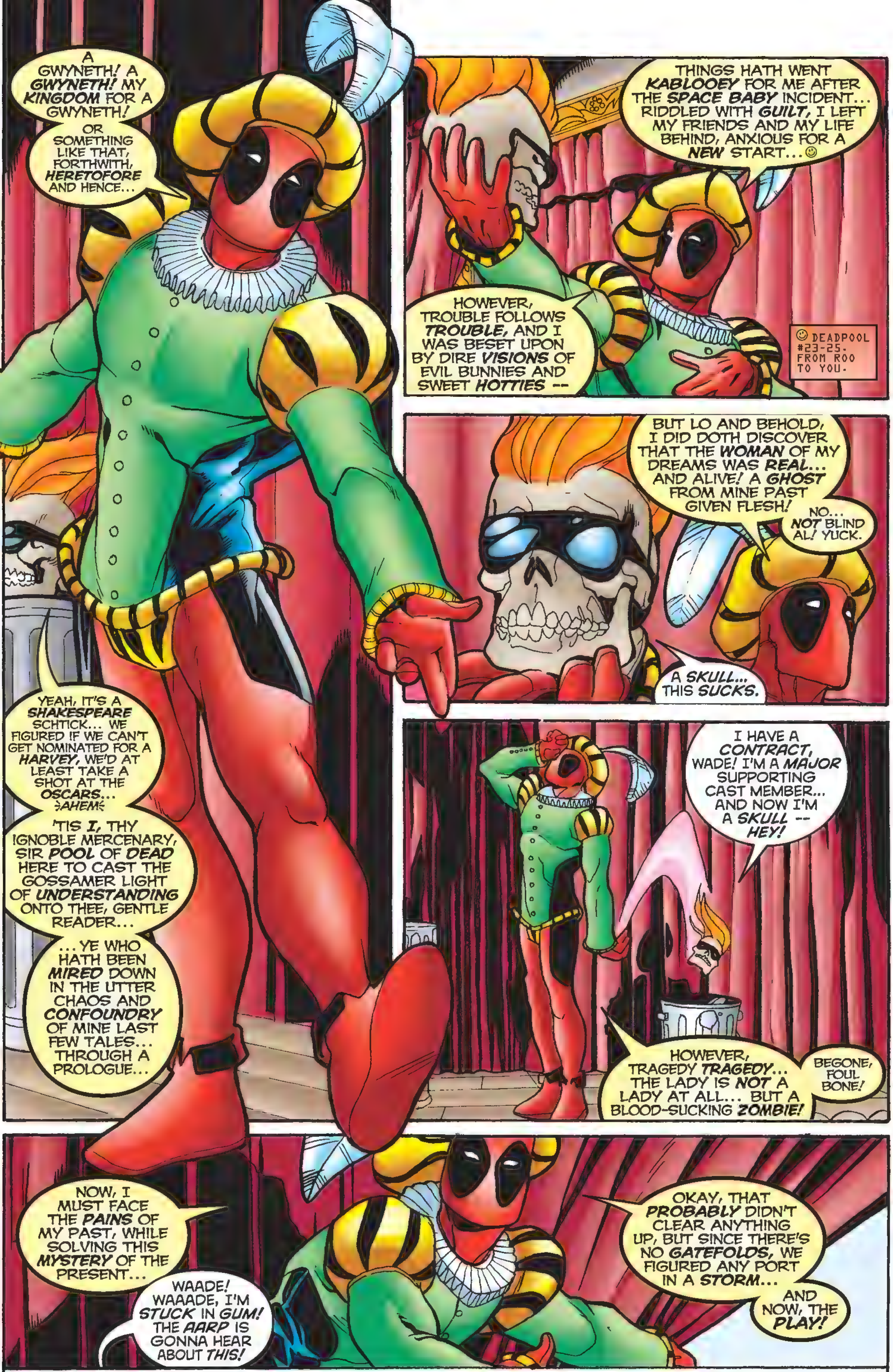

WOMEN...
THERE'S GOT TO BE AN **ANTI-HYSTERIA CHIP** YOU CAN GET INSTALLED... OR AT LEAST A **PAUSE** BUTTON...
COME ON, BILL GATES... GET TO WORK. YOUR FELLOW MAN **NEEDS** YOU.
HEY, **TWEETY BIRD**... YOU WANT TO LIVE WITH THE **MAJORITY** OF YOUR VITAL ORGANS OPERATING ON THEIR **OWN POWER?**
P-PLEASE... HOSPITAL... MY INSURANCE CARD IS IN MY CODPIECE...
YEAH YEAH, BLAH BLAH... YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER **ONE QUESTION** FOR ME... AND ANSWER IT **STRAIGHT.**
NO RIDDLES, NO HOITY-TOITY **VOUDOUN CLAPTRAP**... JUST THE **TRUTH.**
WHY, **EXACTLY,** DID YOU GO THROUGH ALL THIS TROUBLE TO SNAG MY **WIFE?**
MERCEDES... SHE... IS... [WHISPER WHISPER]
?!?!?
WELL? WHAT DID HE SAY, WILSON? WHAT WAS HIS BUSINESS WITH **MERCEDES?**
...
I'M GONNA HAVE TO HOOK UP THE **DUST BUSTER** TO A V6... THIS IS A LOT OF **ZOMBIE LINT.**


HOLD ALL CALLS, WOULD YOU, MONTY... I'M GONNA TAKE A SHOWER AND SEE IF I CAN GET THE SMELL OF THE UNDEAD OUT OF MY SHORTS...
...I SHOULD BE DONE IN A MONTH OR SO --
WILSON...? I RISKED MY LIFE, NOT TO MENTION MY DIGNITY, TO SAVE THE DAY WITH YOU...
...THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS TELL ME WHAT WE WERE FIGHTING FOR.
...
YOU SAW BLACK TALON YOURSELF, MONTY... BAD HEADGEAR ASIDE, THE MAN'S GOT A CERTAIN TALENT.
HE BRINGS DEAD THINGS TO LIFE. WELL... IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE WHEN MERCEDES POPPED UP ON HIS VOODOO RADAR...
...AND HE REALIZED SOMEONE OUT THERE COULD DO IT BETTER.
DO IT BETTER -- ? DEAR LORD, MERCEDES... SHE...
YEARS AGO... IN THE SNOW... "CRAZY" PLAYING IN THE HOUSE BEHIND US...
...MY WIFE WAS MURDERED...
...AND ALL I COULD DO IS WATCH.
NEXT ISH
REVELATIONS
AND NO MORE
CHICKEN-MEN -- PROMISE!

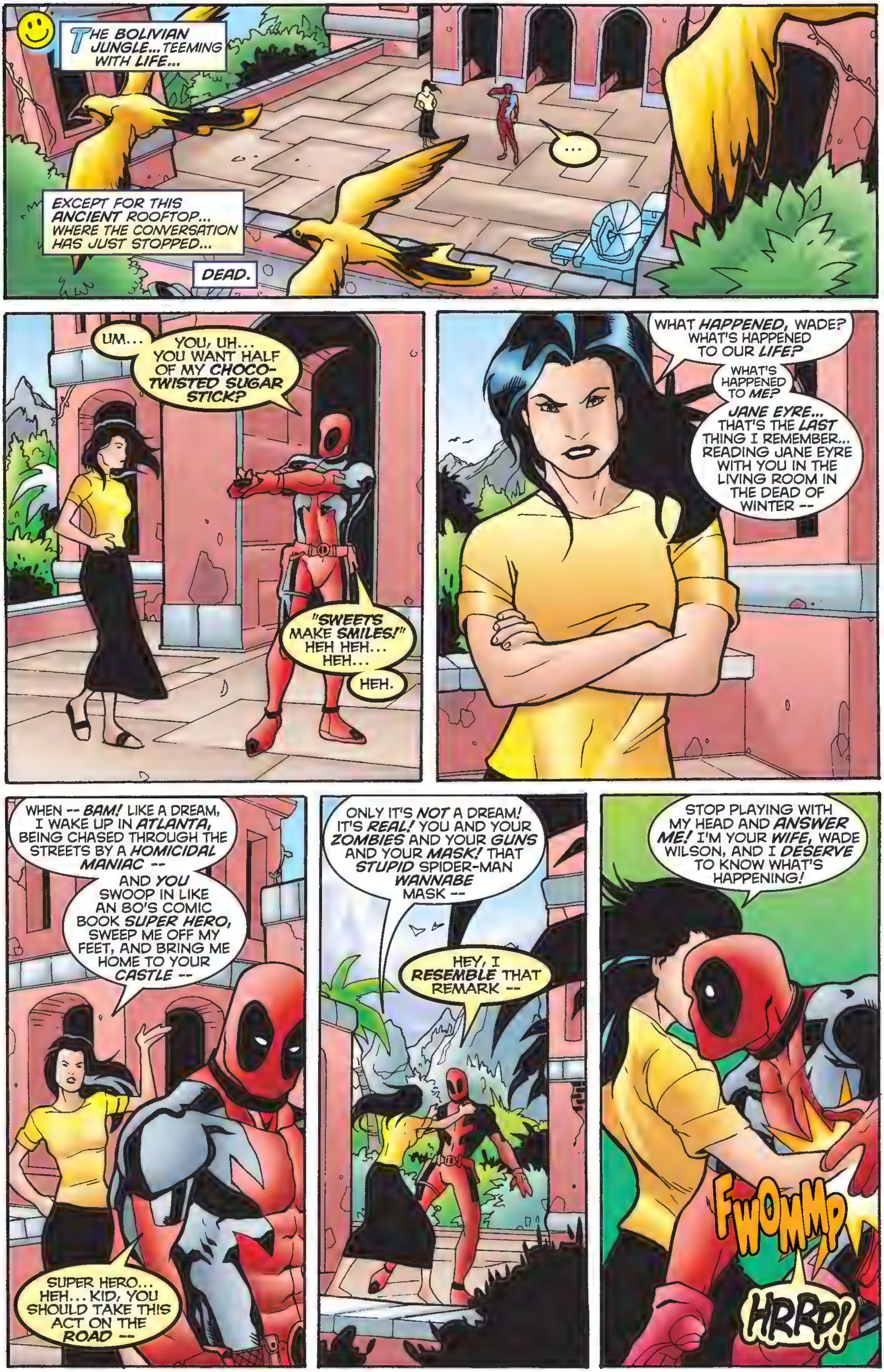

MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL!
GO AWAY!
JULY
#30
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
KELLY
WOODS
SHELANDER
FUN COUNTER
395
ELL HOUSE
WWW.MARVEL.COM
MIND YOUR MANNERS, KIDS -- DADDY'S HOME!

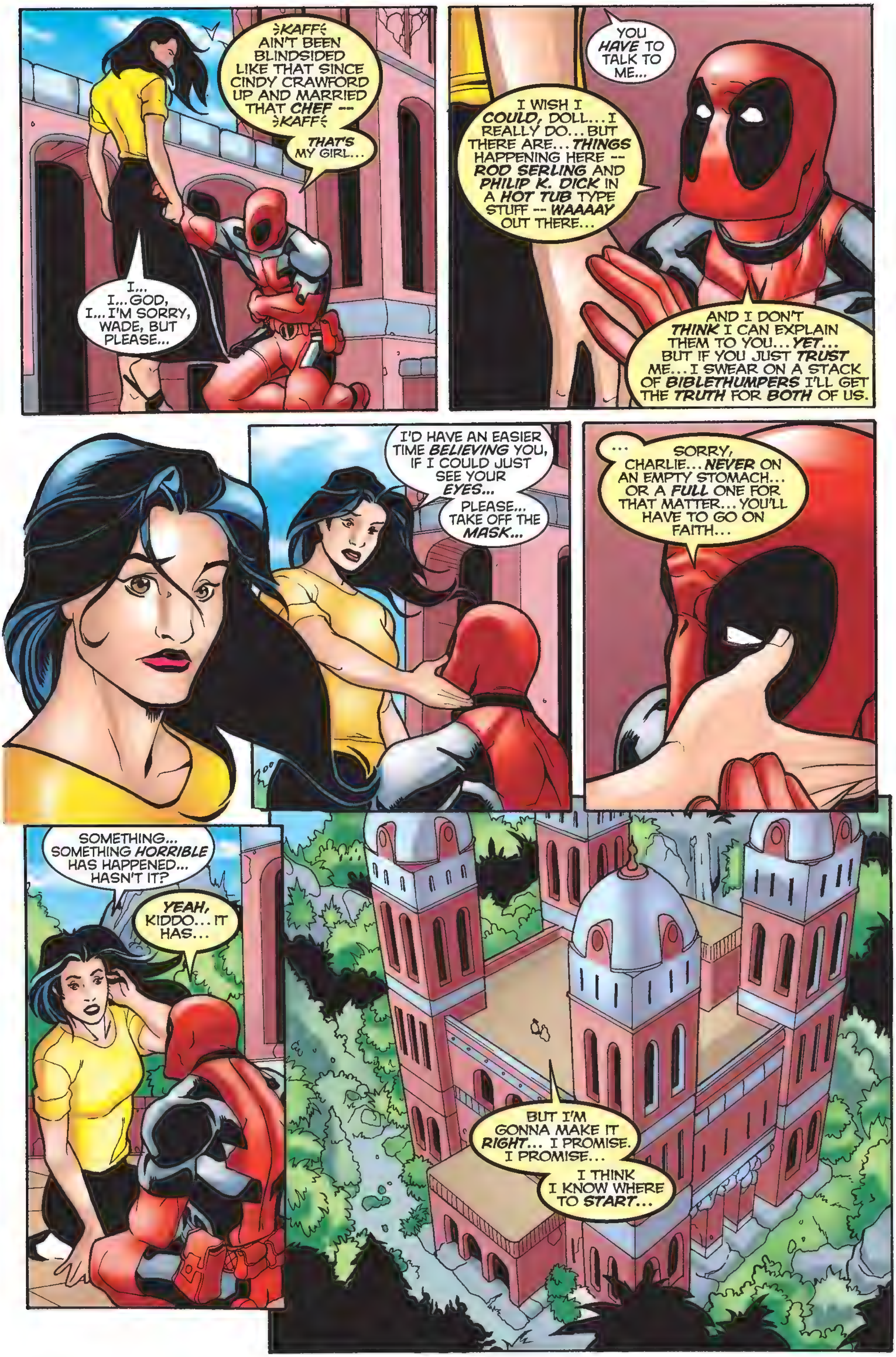
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

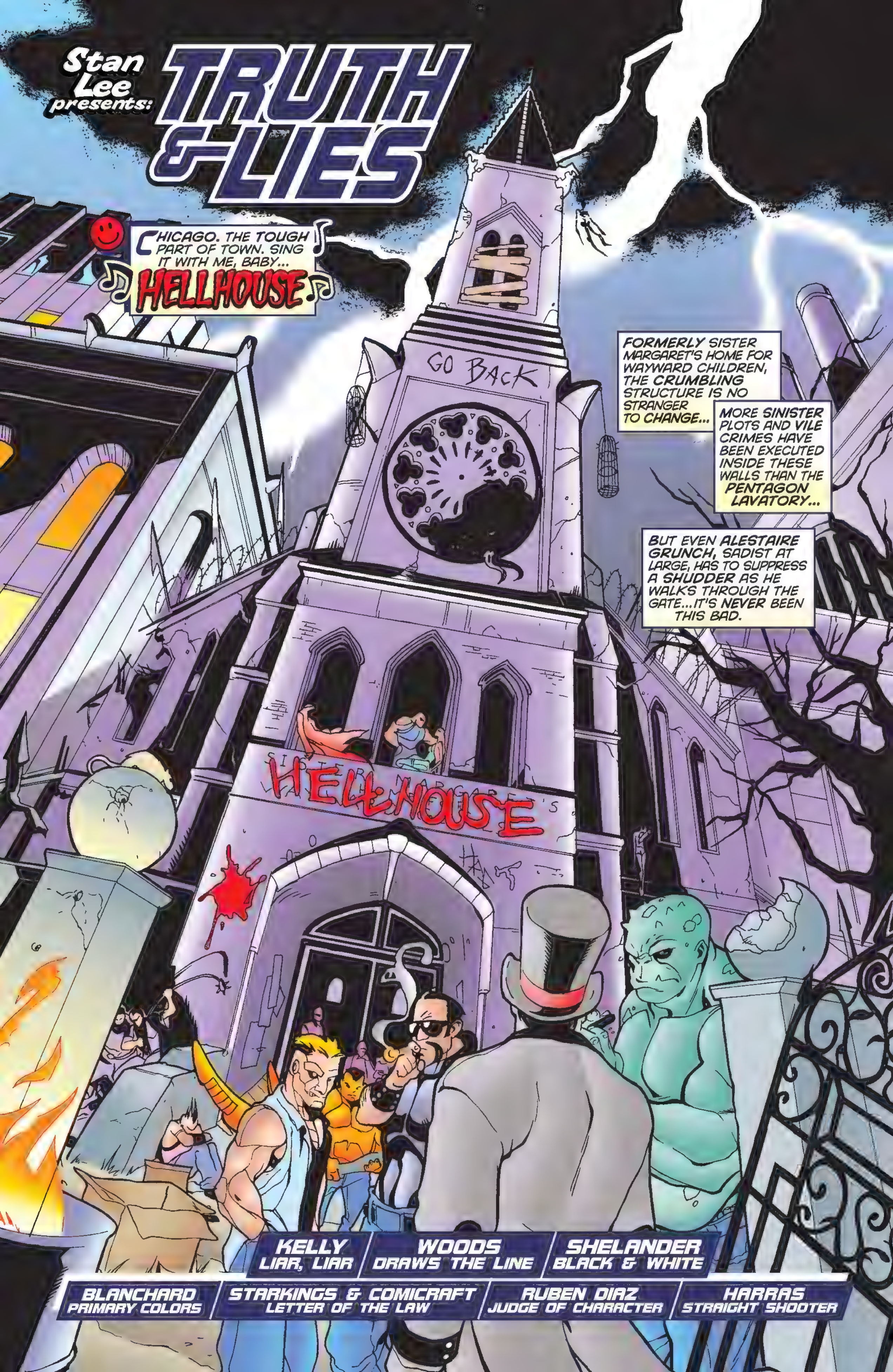
WWW.MARVEL.COM

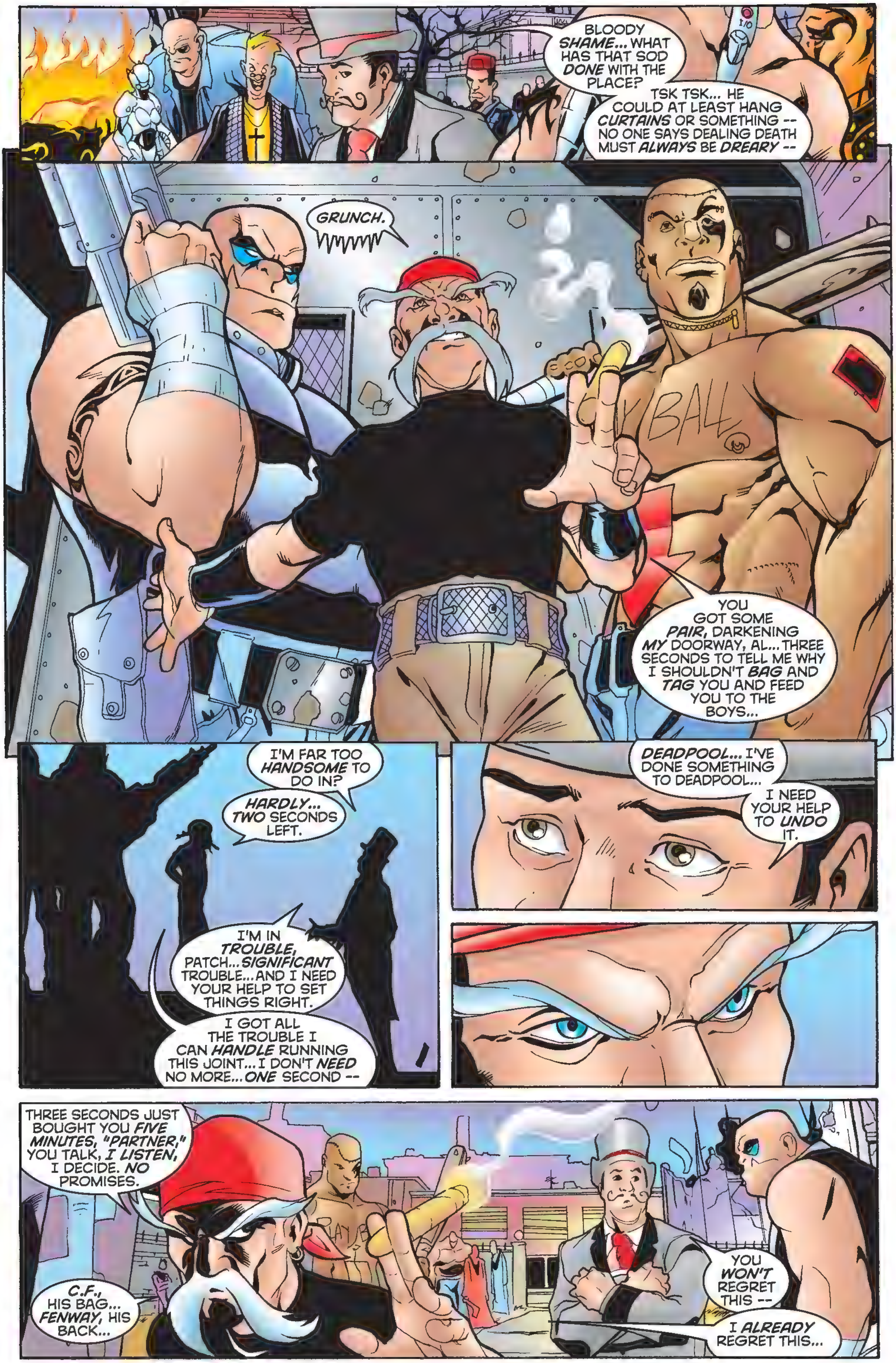

A GWYNETH! A GWYNETH! MY KINGDOM FOR A GWYNETH!
OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, FORTHWITH, HERETOFORE AND HENCE...
YEAH, IT'S A SHAKESPEARE SCHTICK... WE FIGURED IF WE CAN'T GET NOMINATED FOR A HARVEY, WE'D AT LEAST TAKE A SHOT AT THE OSCARS... >AHEM<
'TIS I, THY IGNOBLE MERCENARY, SIR POOL OF DEAD HERE TO CAST THE GOSSAMER LIGHT OF UNDERSTANDING ONTO THEE, GENTLE READER...
...YE WHO HATH BEEN MIRED DOWN IN THE UTTER CHAOS AND CONFOUNDRY OF MINE LAST FEW TALES... THROUGH A PROLOGUE...
THINGS HATH WENT KABLOOEY FOR ME AFTER THE SPACE BABY INCIDENT... RIDDLED WITH GUILT, I LEFT MY FRIENDS AND MY LIFE BEHIND, ANXIOUS FOR A NEW START... ☺
HOWEVER, TROUBLE FOLLOWS TROUBLE, AND I WAS BESET UPON BY DIRE VISIONS OF EVIL BUNNIES AND SWEET HOTTIES --
☺ DEADPOOL #23-25. FROM ROO TO YOU.
BUT LO AND BEHOLD, I DID DOTH DISCOVER THAT THE WOMAN OF MY DREAMS WAS REAL... AND ALIVE! A GHOST FROM MINE PAST GIVEN FLESH!
NO... NOT BLIND AL! YUCK.
A SKULL... THIS SUCKS.
I HAVE A CONTRACT, WADE! I'M A MAJOR SUPPORTING CAST MEMBER... AND NOW I'M A SKULL -- HEY!
HOWEVER, TRAGEDY TRAGEDY... THE LADY IS NOT A LADY AT ALL... BUT A BLOOD-SUCKING ZOMBIE!
BEGONE, FOUL BONE!
NOW, I MUST FACE THE PAINS OF MY PAST, WHILE SOLVING THIS MYSTERY OF THE PRESENT...
WAADE! WAAADE, I'M STUCK IN GUM! THE AARP IS GONNA HEAR ABOUT THIS!
OKAY, THAT PROBABLY DIDN'T CLEAR ANYTHING UP, BUT SINCE THERE'S NO GATEFOLDS, WE FIGURED ANY PORT IN A STORM...
AND NOW, THE PLAY!

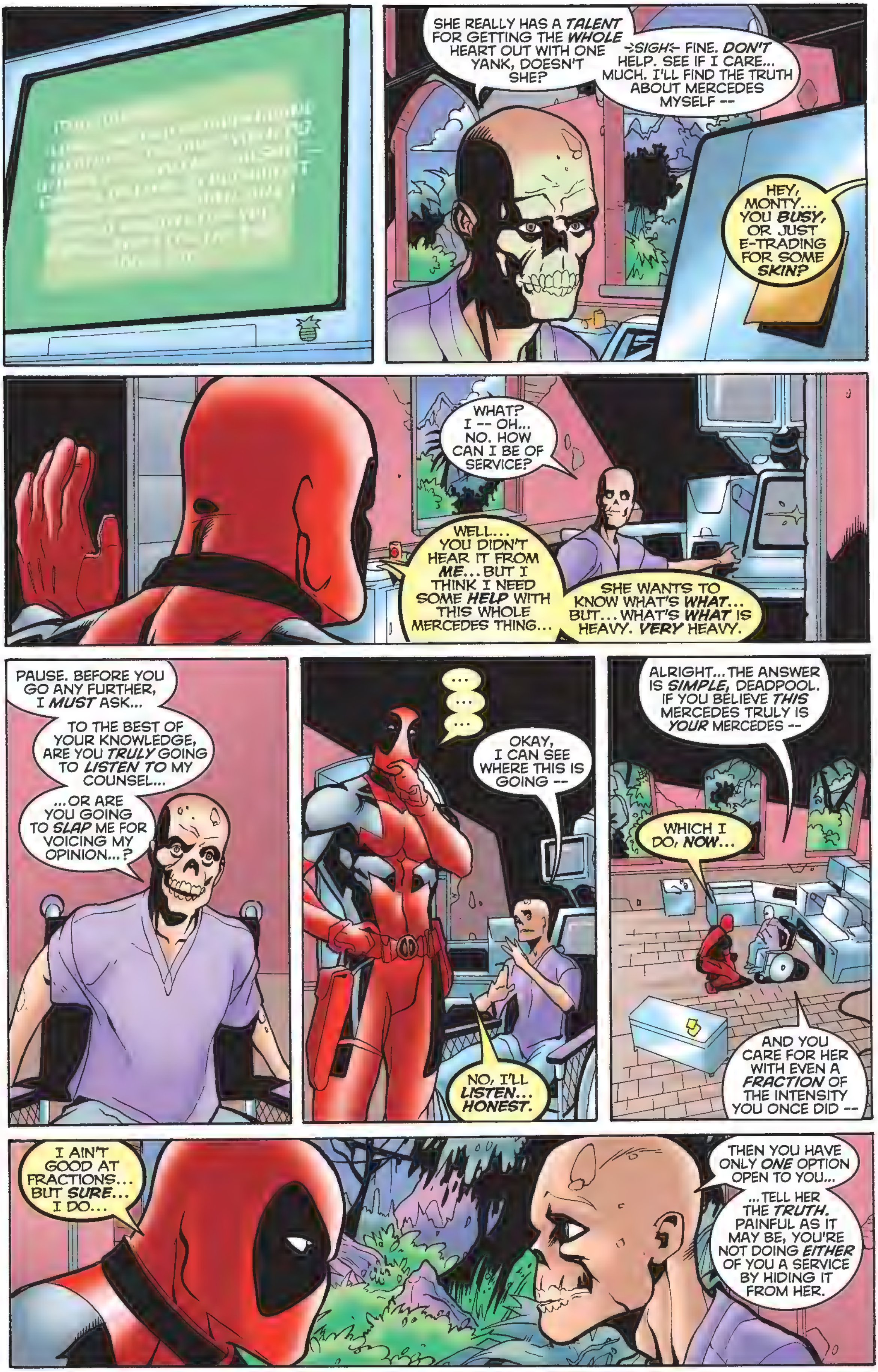
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

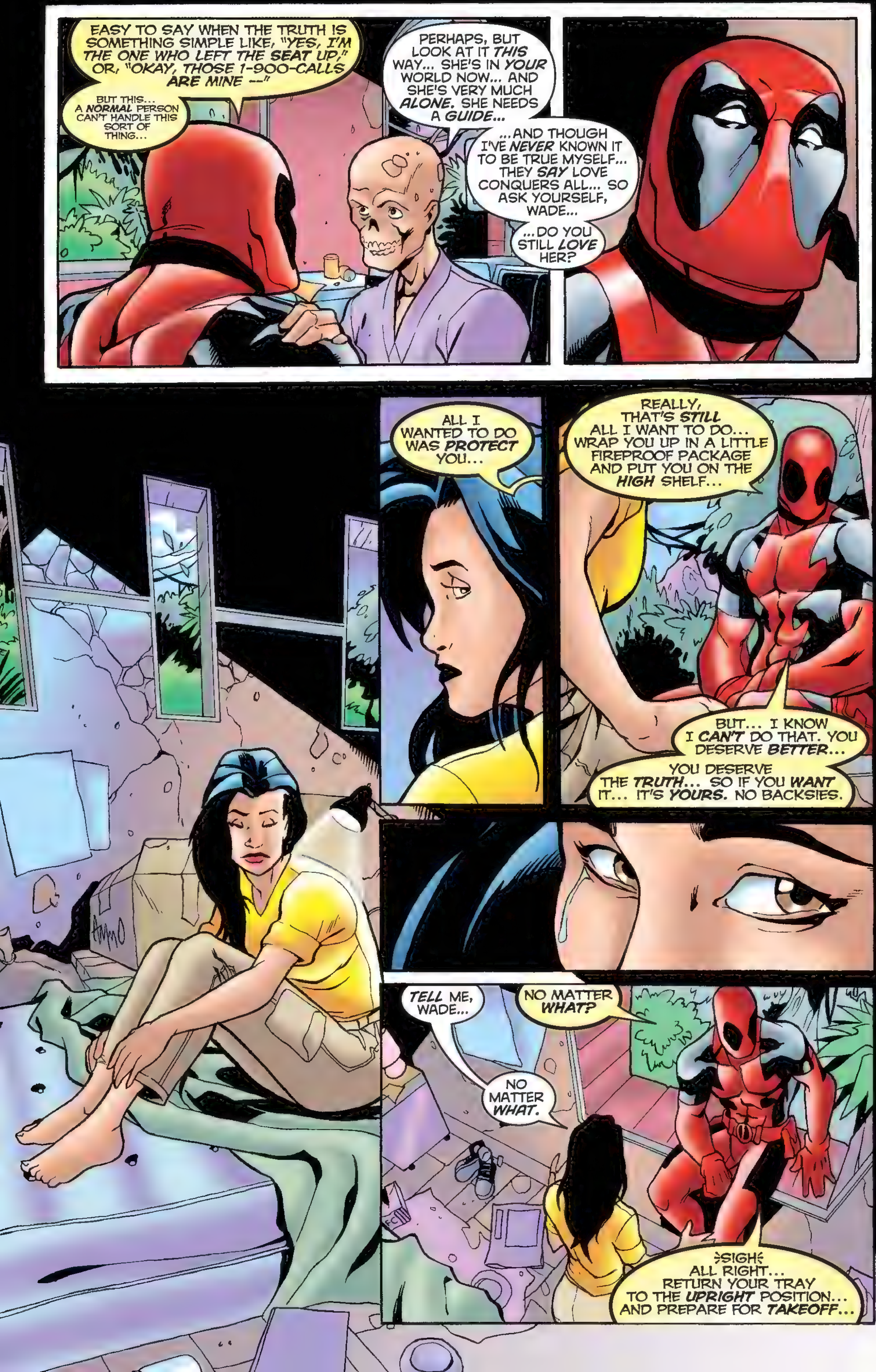

THE BOLIVIAN JUNGLE... TEEMING WITH LIFE...
EXCEPT FOR THIS ANCIENT ROOFTOP... WHERE THE CONVERSATION HAS JUST STOPPED...
DEAD.
...
UM...
YOU, UH... YOU WANT HALF OF MY CHOCO-TWISTED SUGAR STICK?
"SWEETS MAKE SMILES!" HEH HEH... HEH...
HEH.
WHAT HAPPENED, WADE? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR LIFE?
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?
JANE EYRE... THAT'S THE LAST THING I REMEMBER... READING JANE EYRE WITH YOU IN THE LIVING ROOM IN THE DEAD OF WINTER --
WHEN -- BAM! LIKE A DREAM, I WAKE UP IN ATLANTA, BEING CHASED THROUGH THE STREETS BY A HOMICIDAL MANIAC --
AND YOU SWOOP IN LIKE AN 80'S COMIC BOOK SUPER HERO, SWEEP ME OFF MY FEET, AND BRING ME HOME TO YOUR CASTLE --
SUPER HERO... HEH... KID, YOU SHOULD TAKE THIS ACT ON THE ROAD --
ONLY IT'S NOT A DREAM! IT'S REAL! YOU AND YOUR ZOMBIES AND YOUR GUNS AND YOUR MASK! THAT STUPID SPIDER-MAN WANNABE MASK --
HEY, I RESEMBLE THAT REMARK --
STOP PLAYING WITH MY HEAD AND ANSWER ME! I'M YOUR WIFE, WADE WILSON, AND I DESERVE TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!
FWOMMP
HRRP!

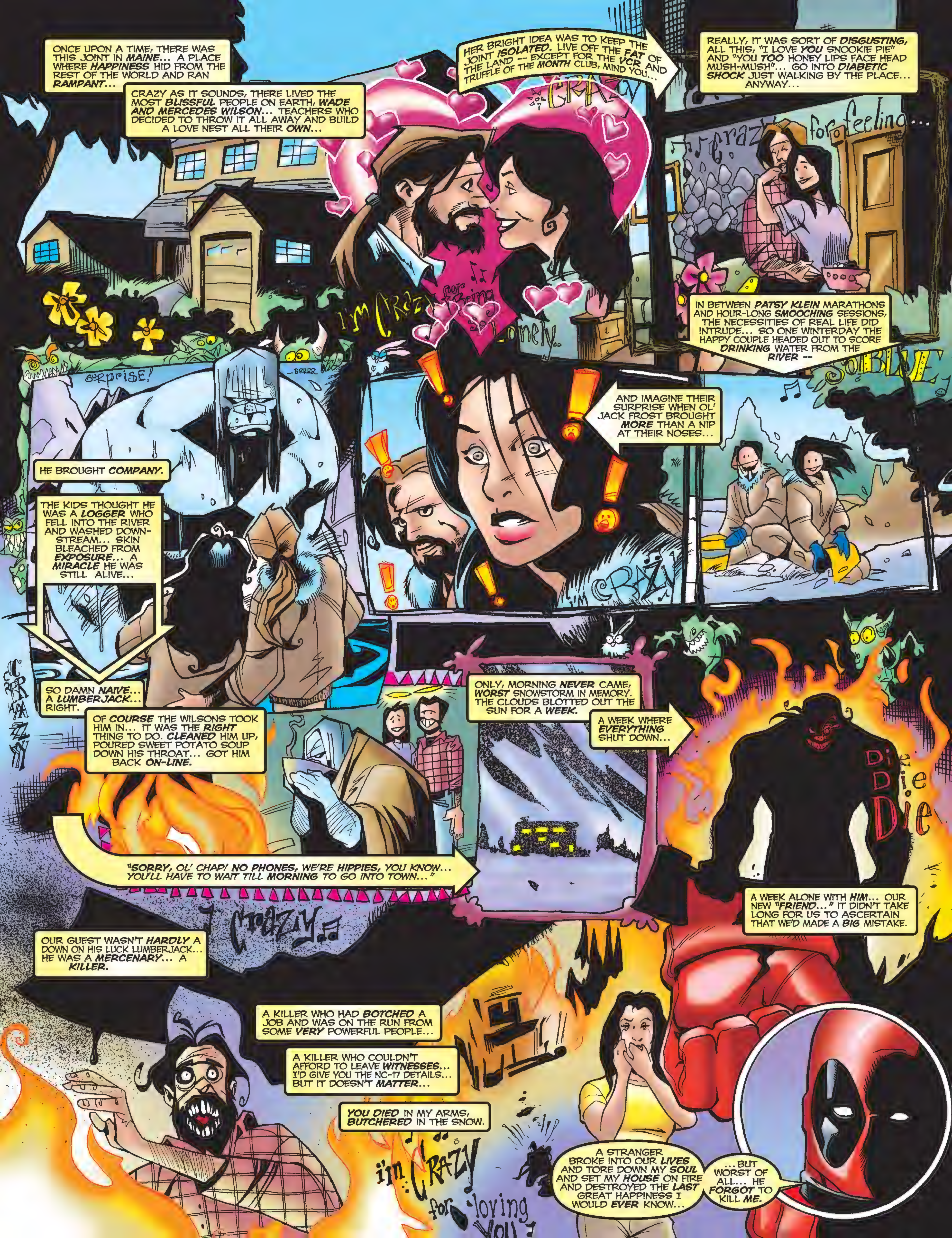

KAFF AIN'T BEEN BLINDSIDED LIKE THAT SINCE CINDY CRAWFORD UP AND MARRIED THAT **CHEF** -- *KAFF*
THAT'S MY GIRL...
I... I...GOD, I...I'M SORRY, WADE, BUT PLEASE...
YOU **HAVE** TO TALK TO ME...
I WISH I **COULD,** DOLL... I REALLY DO... BUT THERE ARE... **THINGS** HAPPENING HERE -- **ROD SERLING** AND **PHILIP K. DICK** IN A **HOT TUB** TYPE STUFF -- **WAAAAY** OUT THERE...
AND I DON'T **THINK** I CAN EXPLAIN THEM TO YOU... **YET...** BUT IF YOU JUST **TRUST** ME... I SWEAR ON A STACK OF **BIBLETHUMPERS** I'LL GET THE **TRUTH** FOR **BOTH** OF US.
I'D HAVE AN EASIER TIME **BELIEVING** YOU, IF I COULD JUST SEE YOUR **EYES...**
PLEASE... TAKE OFF THE **MASK...**
... SORRY, CHARLIE... **NEVER** ON AN EMPTY STOMACH... OR A **FULL** ONE FOR THAT MATTER... YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON FAITH...
SOMETHING... SOMETHING **HORRIBLE** HAS HAPPENED... HASN'T IT?
YEAH, KIDDO... IT HAS...
BUT I'M GONNA MAKE IT **RIGHT...** I PROMISE. I PROMISE...
I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO **START...**

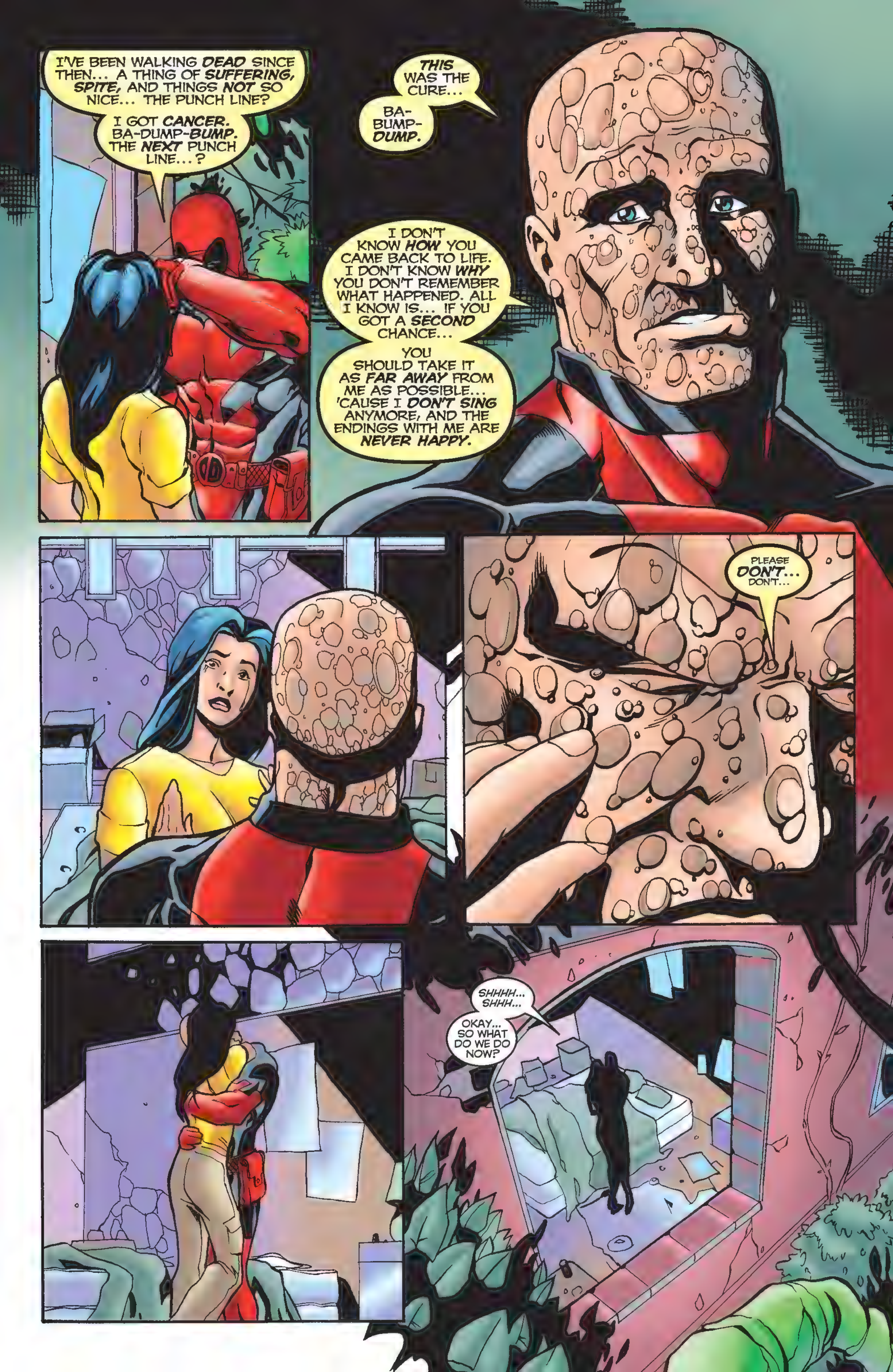

Stan Lee presents:
TRUTH & LIES
CHICAGO. THE TOUGH PART OF TOWN. SING IT WITH ME, BABY... ♪HELLHOUSE♪
GO BACK
FORMERLY SISTER MARGARET'S HOME FOR WAYWARD CHILDREN, THE CRUMBLING STRUCTURE IS NO STRANGER TO CHANGE...
MORE SINISTER PLOTS AND VILE CRIMES HAVE BEEN EXECUTED INSIDE THESE WALLS THAN THE PENTAGON LAVATORY...
BUT EVEN ALESTAIRE GRUNCH, SADIST AT LARGE, HAS TO SUPPRESS A SHUDDER AS HE WALKS THROUGH THE GATE...IT'S NEVER BEEN THIS BAD.
SISTER MARGARET'S
HELLHOUSE
KELLY LIAR, LIAR
WOODS DRAWS THE LINE
SHELANDER BLACK & WHITE
BLANCHARD PRIMARY COLORS
STARKINGS & COMICRAFT LETTER OF THE LAW
RUBEN DIAZ JUDGE OF CHARACTER
HARRAS STRAIGHT SHOOTER

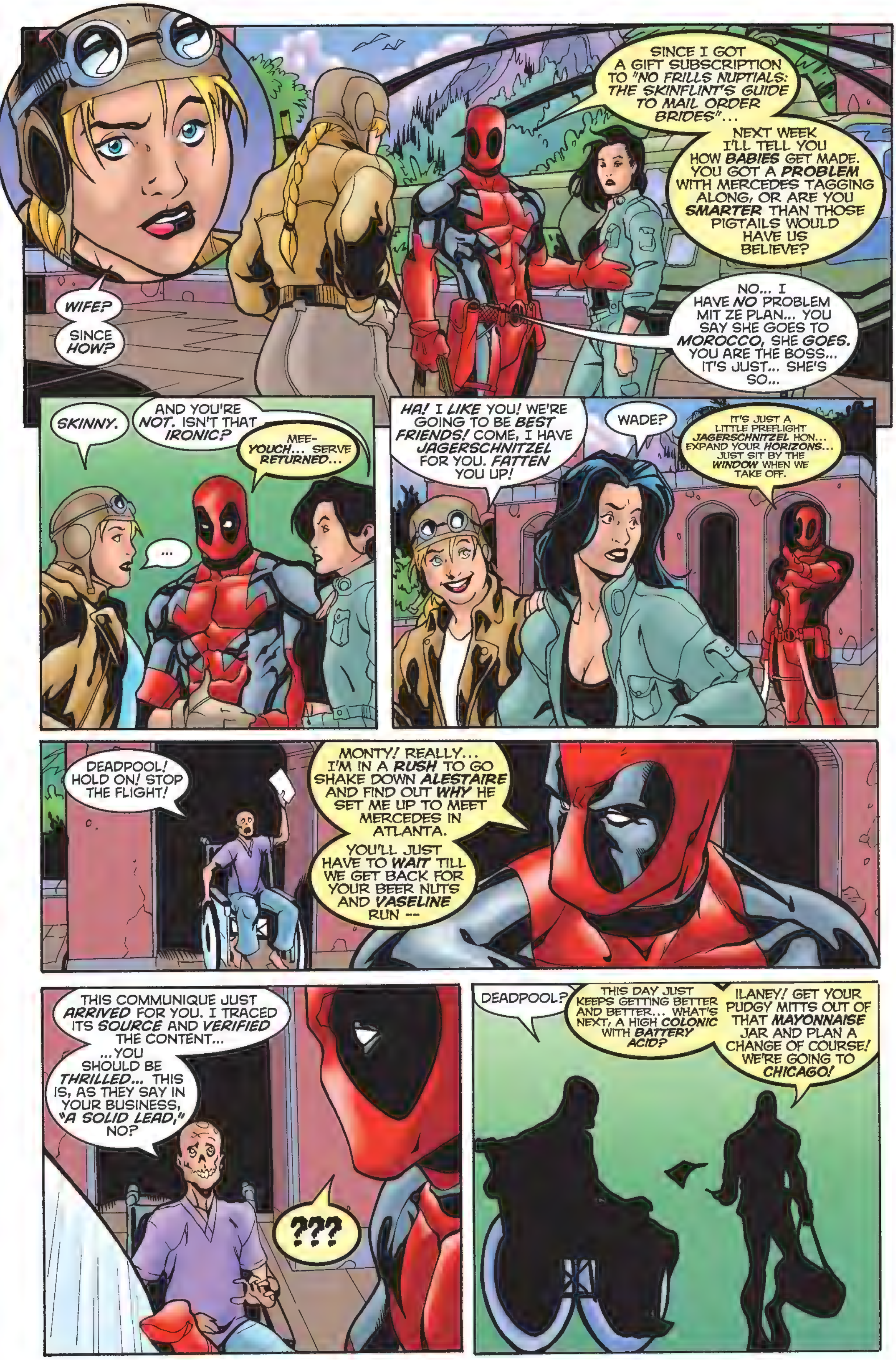

BLOODY SHAME... WHAT HAS THAT SOD DONE WITH THE PLACE?
TSK TSK... HE COULD AT LEAST HANG CURTAINS OR SOMETHING -- NO ONE SAYS DEALING DEATH MUST ALWAYS BE DREARY --
GRUNCH.
YOU GOT SOME PAIR, DARKENING MY DOORWAY, AL... THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN'T BAG AND TAG YOU AND FEED YOU TO THE BOYS...
I'M FAR TOO HANDSOME TO DO IN?
HARDLY... TWO SECONDS LEFT.
I'M IN TROUBLE, PATCH... SIGNIFICANT TROUBLE... AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO SET THINGS RIGHT.
I GOT ALL THE TROUBLE I CAN HANDLE RUNNING THIS JOINT... I DON'T NEED NO MORE... ONE SECOND --
DEADPOOL... I'VE DONE SOMETHING TO DEADPOOL...
I NEED YOUR HELP TO UNDO IT.
THREE SECONDS JUST BOUGHT YOU FIVE MINUTES, "PARTNER." YOU TALK, I LISTEN, I DECIDE. NO PROMISES.
C.F., HIS BAG... FENWAY, HIS BACK...
YOU WON'T REGRET THIS --
I ALREADY REGRET THIS...

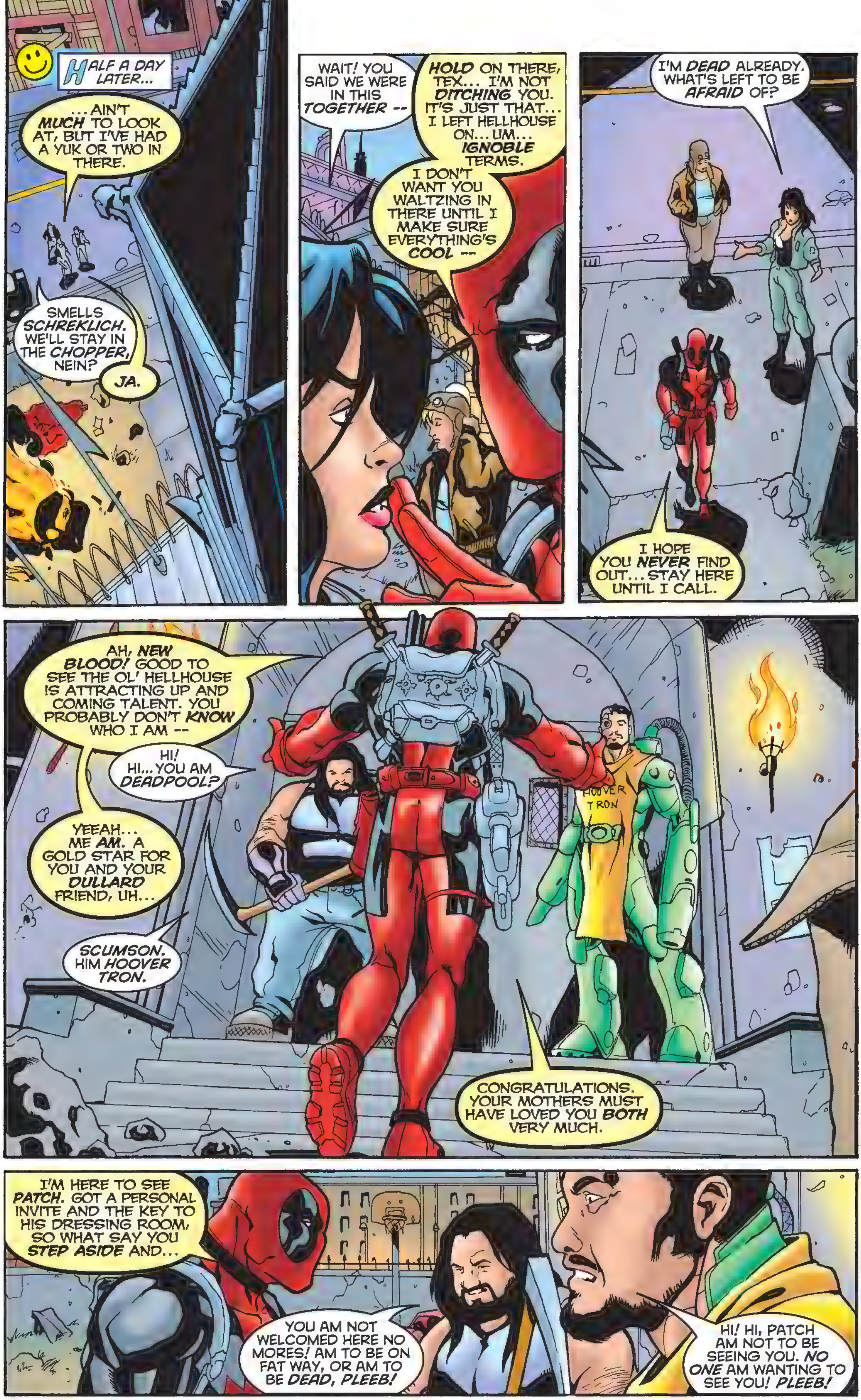

SHE REALLY HAS A *TALENT* FOR GETTING THE *WHOLE* HEART OUT WITH ONE YANK, DOESN'T SHE?
SIGH FINE. *DON'T* HELP. SEE IF I CARE... MUCH. I'LL FIND THE TRUTH ABOUT MERCEDES MYSELF --
HEY, MONTY... YOU *BUSY*, OR JUST E-TRADING FOR SOME *SKIN?*
WHAT? I -- OH... NO. HOW CAN I BE OF SERVICE?
WELL... YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT FROM *ME*... BUT I THINK I NEED SOME *HELP* WITH THIS WHOLE MERCEDES THING...
SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT'S *WHAT*... BUT... WHAT'S *WHAT* IS HEAVY. *VERY* HEAVY.
PAUSE. BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER, I *MUST* ASK...
TO THE BEST OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE, ARE YOU *TRULY* GOING TO *LISTEN TO* MY COUNSEL...
...OR ARE YOU GOING TO *SLAP* ME FOR VOICING MY OPINION...?
...
...
...
OKAY, I CAN SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING --
NO, I'LL *LISTEN... HONEST.*
ALRIGHT... THE ANSWER IS *SIMPLE,* DEADPOOL. IF YOU BELIEVE *THIS* MERCEDES TRULY IS *YOUR* MERCEDES --
WHICH I DO, *NOW*...
AND YOU CARE FOR HER WITH EVEN A *FRACTION* OF THE INTENSITY YOU ONCE DID --
I AIN'T GOOD AT FRACTIONS... BUT *SURE*... I DO...
THEN YOU HAVE ONLY *ONE* OPTION OPEN TO YOU...
...TELL HER THE *TRUTH*. PAINFUL AS IT MAY BE, YOU'RE NOT DOING *EITHER* OF YOU A SERVICE BY HIDING IT FROM HER.

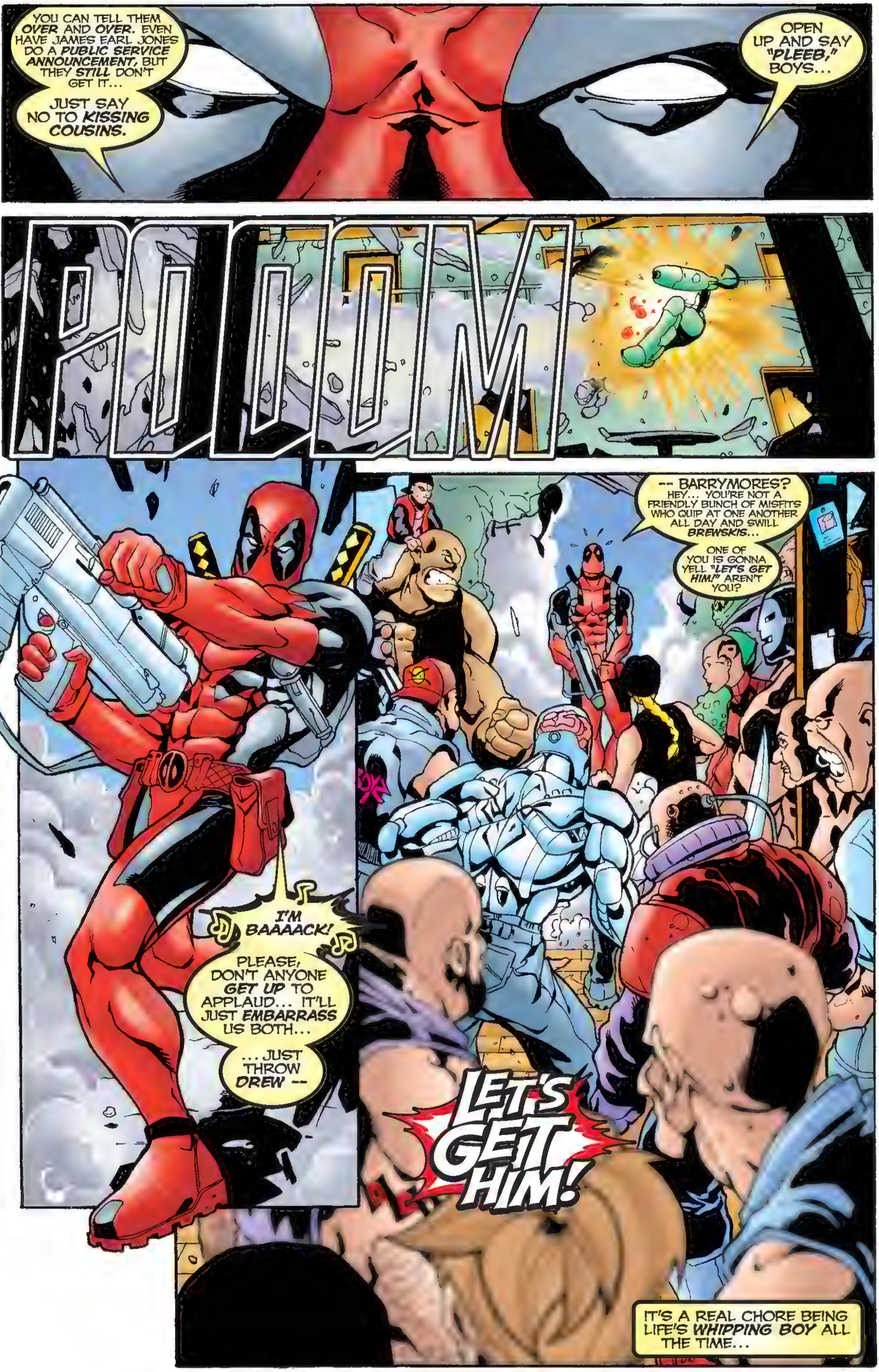

EASY TO SAY WHEN THE TRUTH IS SOMETHING SIMPLE LIKE, "YES, I'M THE ONE WHO LEFT THE SEAT UP," OR, "OKAY, THOSE 1-900-CALLS ARE MINE --"
BUT THIS... A NORMAL PERSON CAN'T HANDLE THIS SORT OF THING...
PERHAPS, BUT LOOK AT IT THIS WAY... SHE'S IN YOUR WORLD NOW... AND SHE'S VERY MUCH ALONE. SHE NEEDS A GUIDE...
...AND THOUGH I'VE NEVER KNOWN IT TO BE TRUE MYSELF... THEY SAY LOVE CONQUERS ALL... SO ASK YOURSELF, WADE...
...DO YOU STILL LOVE HER?
ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS PROTECT YOU...
REALLY, THAT'S STILL ALL I WANT TO DO... WRAP YOU UP IN A LITTLE FIREPROOF PACKAGE AND PUT YOU ON THE HIGH SHELF...
BUT... I KNOW I CAN'T DO THAT. YOU DESERVE BETTER...
YOU DESERVE THE TRUTH... SO IF YOU WANT IT... IT'S YOURS. NO BACKSIES.
TELL ME, WADE...
NO MATTER WHAT?
NO MATTER WHAT.
SIGH
ALL RIGHT... RETURN YOUR TRAY TO THE UPRIGHT POSITION... AND PREPARE FOR TAKEOFF...

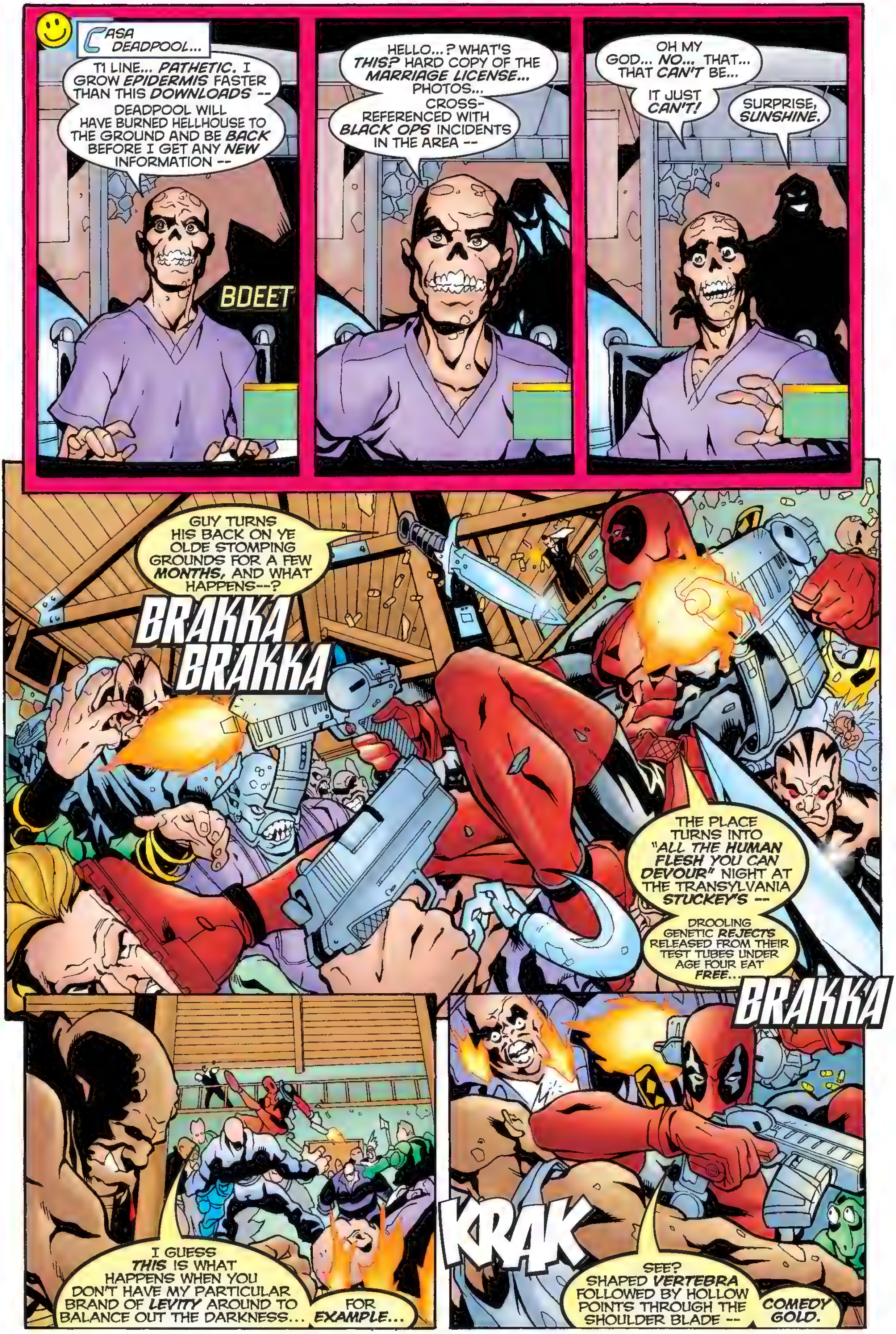

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS THIS JOINT IN *MAINE*... A PLACE WHERE *HAPPINESS* HID FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD AND RAN *RAMPANT*...
CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS, THERE LIVED THE MOST *BLISSFUL* PEOPLE ON EARTH, *WADE AND MERCEDES WILSON*... TEACHERS WHO DECIDED TO THROW IT ALL AWAY AND BUILD A LOVE NEST ALL THEIR *OWN*...
HER BRIGHT IDEA WAS TO KEEP THE JOINT *ISOLATED*. LIVE OFF THE *FAT* OF THE LAND -- EXCEPT FOR THE *VCR* AND TRUFFLE OF THE *MONTH* CLUB, MIND YOU...
CRAZY
REALLY, IT WAS SORT OF *DISGUSTING*, ALL THIS, "I LOVE *YOU* SNOOKIE PIE" AND "YOU *TOO* HONEY LIPS FACE HEAD MUSH-MUSH"... GO INTO *DIABETIC SHOCK* JUST WALKING BY THE PLACE... ANYWAY...
crazy for feeling...
I'M CRAZY for feeling so Lonely..
IN BETWEEN *PATSY KLEIN* MARATHONS AND HOUR-LONG *SMOOCHING* SESSIONS, THE NECESSITIES OF REAL LIFE DID INTRUDE... SO ONE WINTERDAY THE HAPPY COUPLE HEADED OUT TO SCORE *DRINKING* WATER FROM THE *RIVER* --
So BLUE
surprise!
BRRRR
AND IMAGINE THEIR SURPRISE WHEN OL' JACK FROST BROUGHT *MORE* THAN A NIP AT THEIR NOSES...
HE BROUGHT *COMPANY*.
THE KIDS THOUGHT HE WAS A *LOGGER* WHO FELL INTO THE RIVER AND WASHED DOWN-STREAM... SKIN BLEACHED FROM *EXPOSURE*... A *MIRACLE* HE WAS STILL ALIVE...
i'm CRAZY
SO DAMN *NAIVE*... A *LUMBERJACK*. RIGHT.
CRRAAZZY
OF *COURSE* THE WILSONS TOOK HIM IN... IT WAS THE *RIGHT* THING TO DO. *CLEANED* HIM UP, POURED SWEET POTATO SOUP DOWN HIS THROAT... GOT HIM BACK *ON-LINE*.
"SORRY, OL' CHAP! NO PHONES, WE'RE HIPPIES, YOU KNOW... YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING TO GO INTO TOWN..."
ONLY, MORNING *NEVER* CAME, *WORST* SNOWSTORM IN MEMORY. THE CLOUDS BLOTTED OUT THE SUN FOR A *WEEK*.
A WEEK WHERE *EVERYTHING* SHUT DOWN...
Die Die Die
A WEEK ALONE WITH *HIM*... OUR NEW *"FRIEND..."* IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR US TO ASCERTAIN THAT WE'D MADE A *BIG* MISTAKE.
CRAZY
OUR GUEST WASN'T *HARDLY* A DOWN ON HIS LUCK LUMBERJACK... HE WAS A *MERCENARY*... A *KILLER*.
A KILLER WHO HAD *BOTCHED* A JOB AND WAS ON THE RUN FROM SOME *VERY* POWERFUL PEOPLE...
A KILLER WHO COULDN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE *WITNESSES*... I'D GIVE YOU THE NC-17 DETAILS... BUT IT DOESN'T *MATTER*...
YOU DIED IN MY ARMS, *BUTCHERED* IN THE SNOW.
i'm CRAZY for loving you
A STRANGER BROKE INTO OUR *LIVES* AND TORE DOWN MY *SOUL* AND SET MY *HOUSE* ON FIRE AND DESTROYED THE *LAST* GREAT HAPPINESS I WOULD *EVER* KNOW...
...BUT WORST OF ALL... HE *FORGOT* TO KILL *ME*.

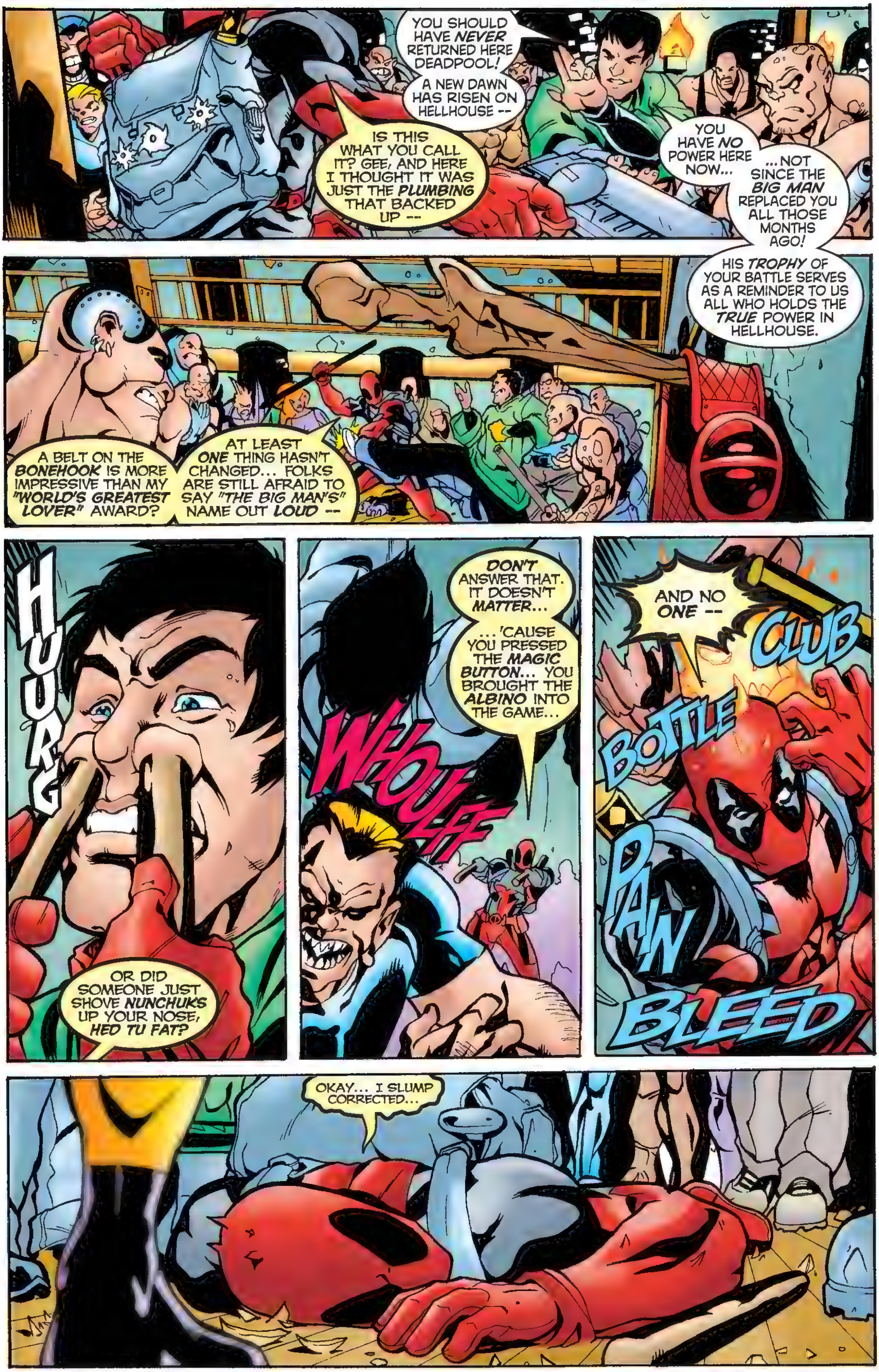

I'VE BEEN WALKING *DEAD* SINCE THEN... A THING OF *SUFFERING, SPITE,* AND THINGS *NOT* SO NICE... THE PUNCH LINE?
I GOT *CANCER.* BA-DUMP-*BUMP.* THE *NEXT* PUNCH LINE...?
THIS WAS THE CURE...
BA-BUMP-*DUMP.*
I DON'T KNOW *HOW* YOU CAME BACK TO LIFE. I DON'T KNOW *WHY* YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED. ALL I KNOW IS... IF YOU GOT A *SECOND* CHANCE...
YOU SHOULD TAKE IT AS *FAR AWAY* FROM ME AS POSSIBLE... 'CAUSE I *DON'T SING* ANYMORE, AND THE ENDINGS WITH ME ARE *NEVER HAPPY.*
PLEASE *DON'T...* DON'T...
SHHHH... SHHH...
OKAY... SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

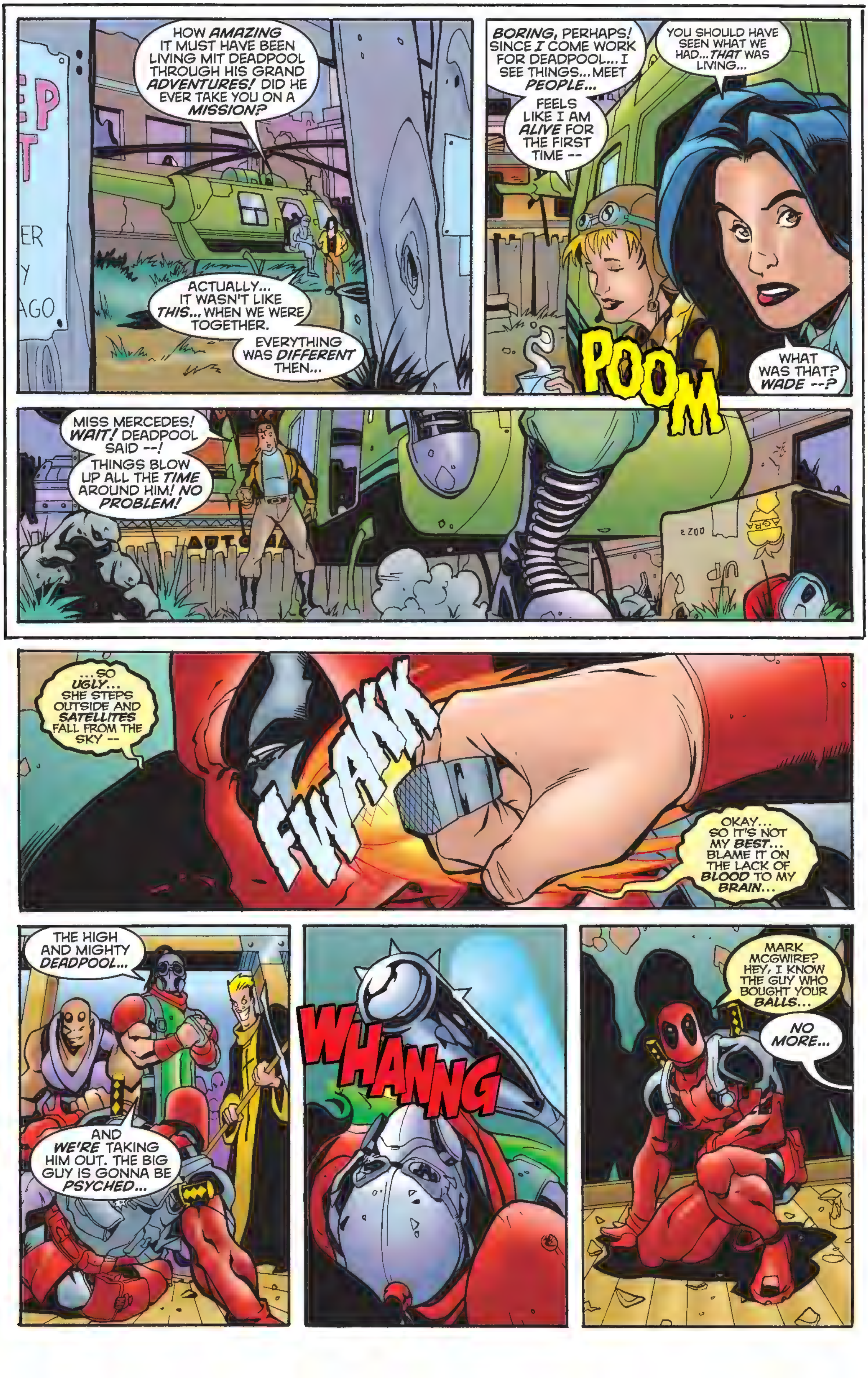

WIFE?
SINCE HOW?
SINCE I GOT A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO "NO FRILLS NUPTIALS: THE SKINFLINT'S GUIDE TO MAIL ORDER BRIDES"...
NEXT WEEK I'LL TELL YOU HOW BABIES GET MADE. YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH MERCEDES TAGGING ALONG, OR ARE YOU SMARTER THAN THOSE PIGTAILS WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE?
NO... I HAVE NO PROBLEM MIT ZE PLAN... YOU SAY SHE GOES TO MOROCCO, SHE GOES. YOU ARE THE BOSS... IT'S JUST... SHE'S SO...
SKINNY.
AND YOU'RE NOT. ISN'T THAT IRONIC?
MEE-YOUCH... SERVE RETURNED...
...
HA! I LIKE YOU! WE'RE GOING TO BE BEST FRIENDS! COME, I HAVE JAGERSCHNITZEL FOR YOU. FATTEN YOU UP!
WADE?
IT'S JUST A LITTLE PREFLIGHT JAGERSCHNITZEL HON... EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS... JUST SIT BY THE WINDOW WHEN WE TAKE OFF.
DEADPOOL! HOLD ON! STOP THE FLIGHT!
MONTY! REALLY... I'M IN A RUSH TO GO SHAKE DOWN ALESTAIRE AND FIND OUT WHY HE SET ME UP TO MEET MERCEDES IN ATLANTA.
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT TILL WE GET BACK FOR YOUR BEER NUTS AND VASELINE RUN --
THIS COMMUNIQUE JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU. I TRACED ITS SOURCE AND VERIFIED THE CONTENT...
...YOU SHOULD BE THRILLED... THIS IS, AS THEY SAY IN YOUR BUSINESS, "A SOLID LEAD," NO?
???
DEADPOOL?
THIS DAY JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER AND BETTER... WHAT'S NEXT, A HIGH COLONIC WITH BATTERY ACID?
ILANEY! GET YOUR PUDGY MITTS OUT OF THAT MAYONNAISE JAR AND PLAN A CHANGE OF COURSE! WE'RE GOING TO CHICAGO!

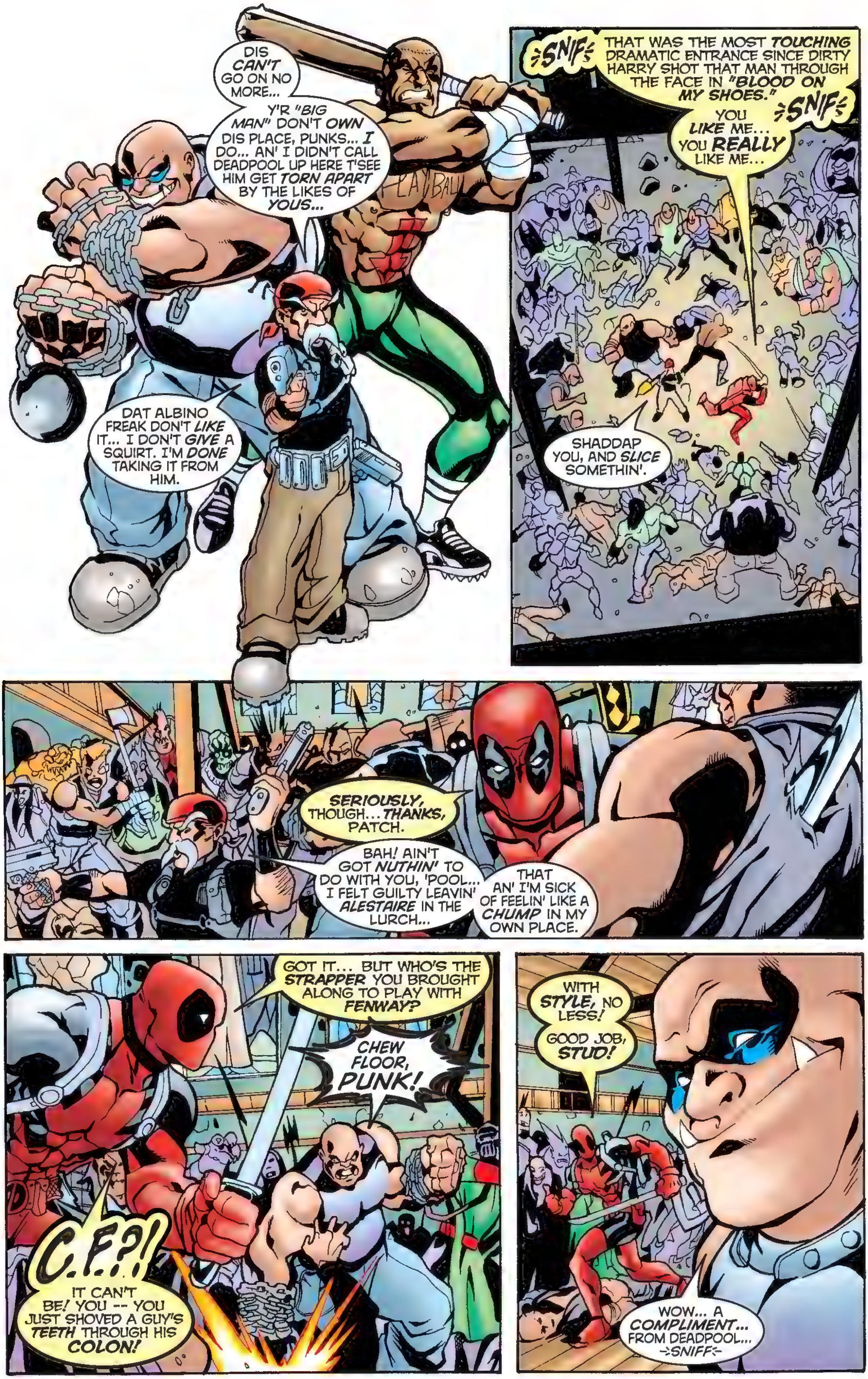

HALF A DAY LATER...
...AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT I'VE HAD A YUK OR TWO IN THERE.
SMELLS SCHREKLICH. WE'LL STAY IN THE CHOPPER, NEIN?
JA.
WAIT! YOU SAID WE WERE IN THIS TOGETHER --
HOLD ON THERE, TEX... I'M NOT DITCHING YOU. IT'S JUST THAT... I LEFT HELLHOUSE ON...UM... IGNOBLE TERMS.
I DON'T WANT YOU WALTZING IN THERE UNTIL I MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S COOL --
I'M DEAD ALREADY. WHAT'S LEFT TO BE AFRAID OF?
I HOPE YOU NEVER FIND OUT...STAY HERE UNTIL I CALL.
AH, NEW BLOOD! GOOD TO SEE THE OL' HELLHOUSE IS ATTRACTING UP AND COMING TALENT. YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM --
HI! HI...YOU AM DEADPOOL?
YEEAH... ME AM. A GOLD STAR FOR YOU AND YOUR DULLARD FRIEND, UH...
SCUMSON. HIM HOOVER TRON.
HOOVER TRON
CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR MOTHERS MUST HAVE LOVED YOU BOTH VERY MUCH.
I'M HERE TO SEE PATCH. GOT A PERSONAL INVITE AND THE KEY TO HIS DRESSING ROOM, SO WHAT SAY YOU STEP ASIDE AND...
YOU AM NOT WELCOMED HERE NO MORES! AM TO BE ON FAT WAY, OR AM TO BE DEAD, PLEEB!
HI! HI, PATCH AM NOT TO BE SEEING YOU. NO ONE AM WANTING TO SEE YOU! PLEEB!

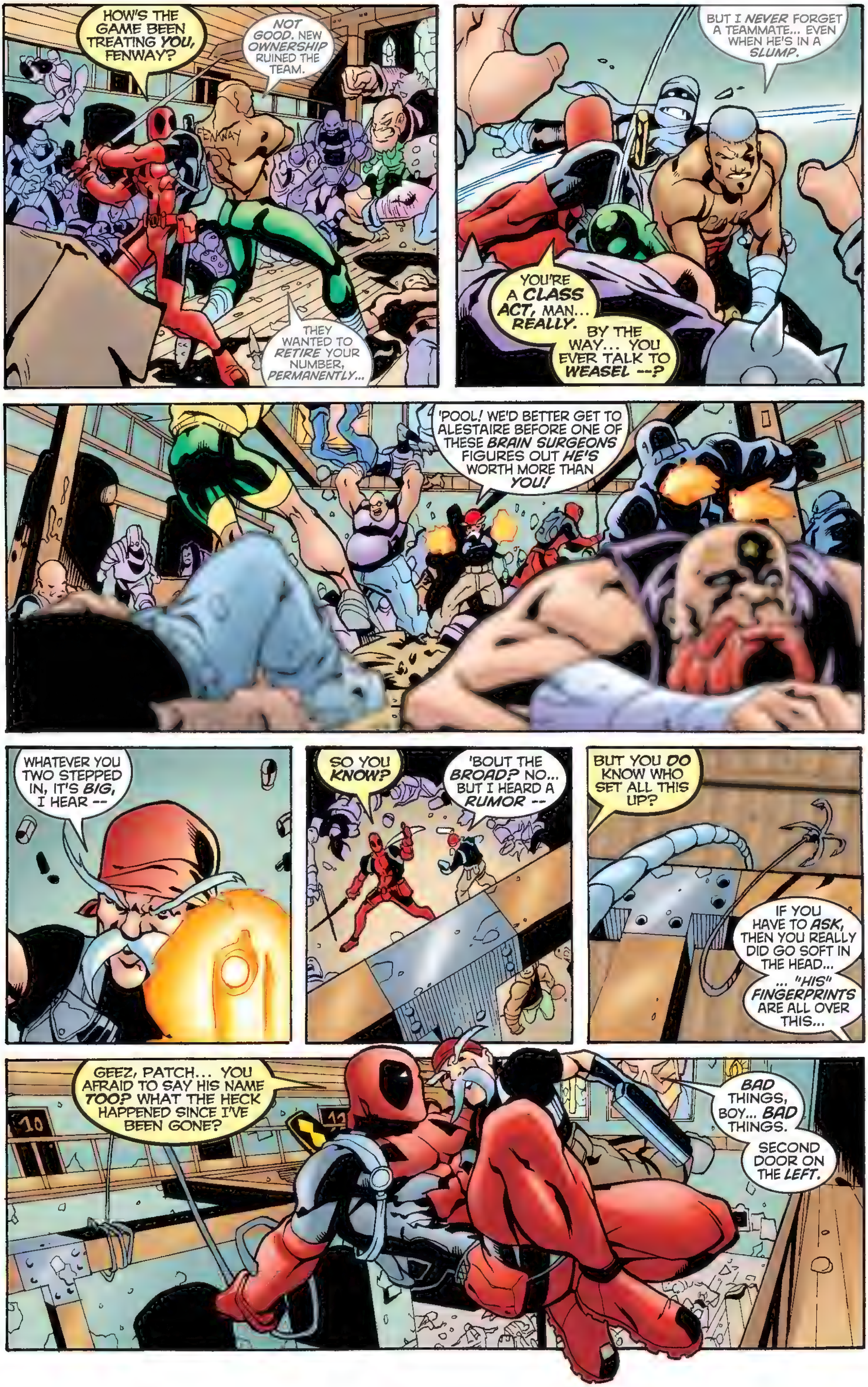

YOU CAN TELL THEM *OVER* AND *OVER*. EVEN HAVE JAMES EARL JONES DO A *PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT*, BUT THEY *STILL* DON'T GET IT...
JUST SAY NO TO *KISSING COUSINS*.
OPEN UP AND SAY *"PLEEB,"* BOYS...
POOOM
I'M BAAAACK!
PLEASE, DON'T ANYONE *GET UP* TO APPLAUD... IT'LL JUST *EMBARRASS* US BOTH...
... JUST THROW *DREW* --
-- BARRYMORES? HEY... YOU'RE NOT A FRIENDLY BUNCH OF MISFITS WHO QUIP AT ONE ANOTHER ALL DAY AND SWILL *BREWSKIS*...
ONE OF YOU IS GONNA YELL *"LET'S GET HIM!"* AREN'T YOU?
LET'S GET HIM!
IT'S A REAL CHORE BEING LIFE'S *WHIPPING BOY* ALL THE TIME...

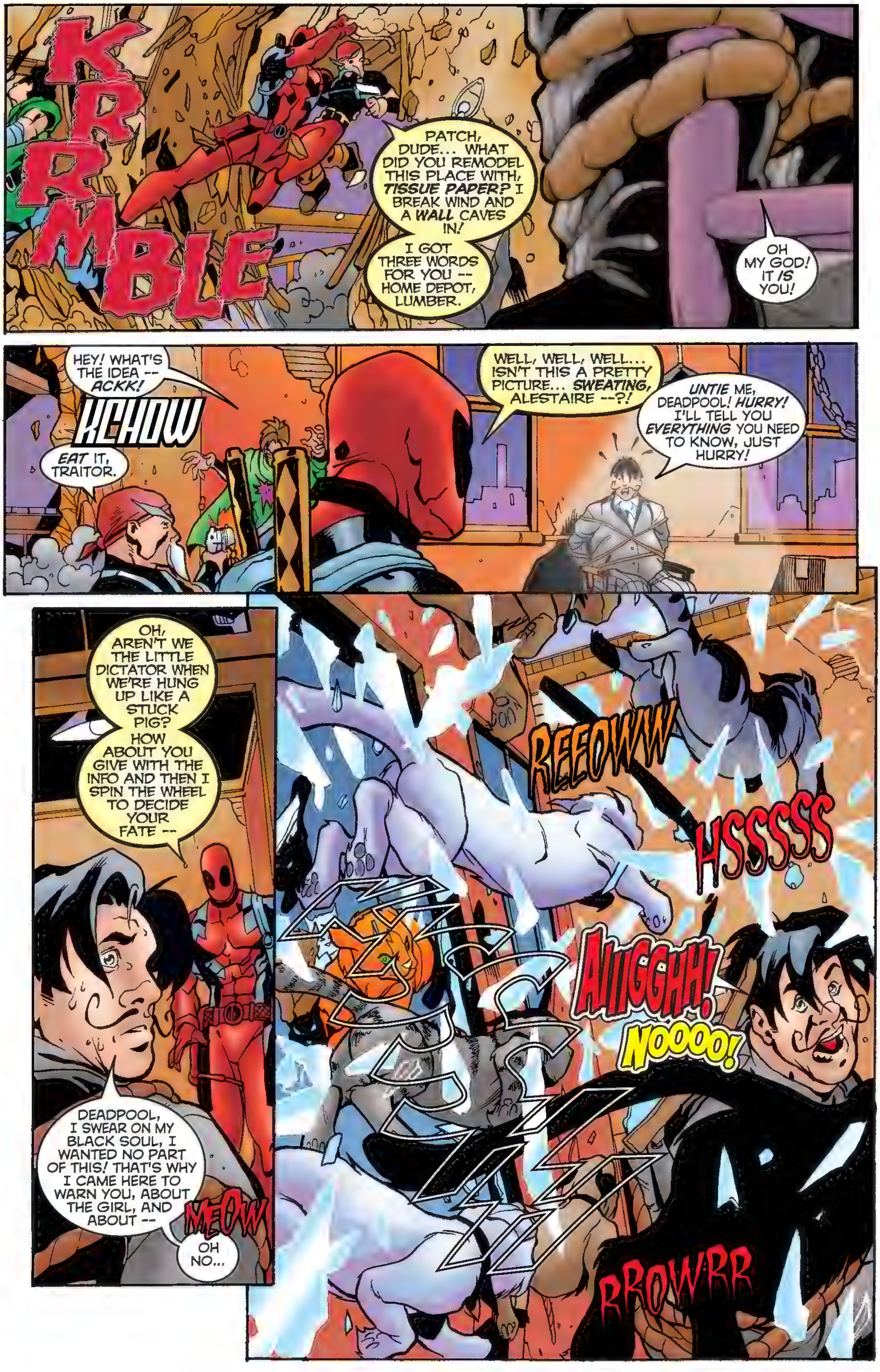

CASA DEADPOOL...
T1 LINE... PATHETIC. I GROW EPIDERMIS FASTER THAN THIS DOWNLOADS --
DEADPOOL WILL HAVE BURNED HELLHOUSE TO THE GROUND AND BE BACK BEFORE I GET ANY NEW INFORMATION --
BDEET
HELLO...? WHAT'S THIS? HARD COPY OF THE MARRIAGE LICENSE... PHOTOS...
CROSS-REFERENCED WITH BLACK OPS INCIDENTS IN THE AREA --
OH MY GOD... NO... THAT... THAT CAN'T BE...
IT JUST CAN'T!
SURPRISE, SUNSHINE.
GUY TURNS HIS BACK ON YE OLDE STOMPING GROUNDS FOR A FEW MONTHS, AND WHAT HAPPENS--?
BRAKKA BRAKKA
THE PLACE TURNS INTO "ALL THE HUMAN FLESH YOU CAN DEVOUR" NIGHT AT THE TRANSYLVANIA STUCKEY'S --
DROOLING GENETIC REJECTS RELEASED FROM THEIR TEST TUBES UNDER AGE FOUR EAT FREE...
BRAKKA
I GUESS THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE MY PARTICULAR BRAND OF LEVITY AROUND TO BALANCE OUT THE DARKNESS...
FOR EXAMPLE...
KRAK
SEE? SHAPED VERTEBRA FOLLOWED BY HOLLOW POINTS THROUGH THE SHOULDER BLADE --
COMEDY GOLD.

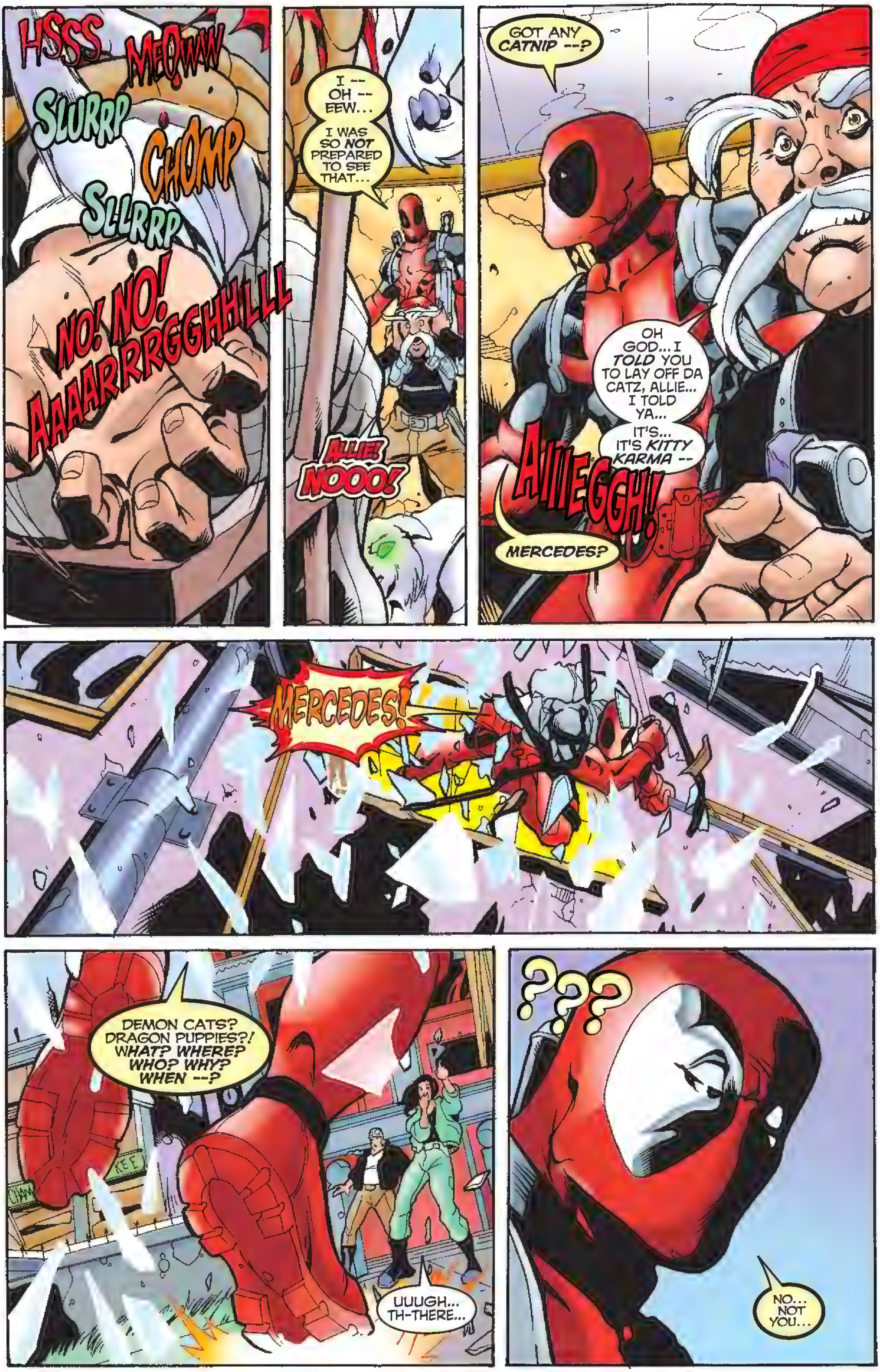

YOU SHOULD HAVE NEVER RETURNED HERE DEADPOOL!
A NEW DAWN HAS RISEN ON HELLHOUSE --
IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL IT? GEE, AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THE PLUMBING THAT BACKED UP --
YOU HAVE NO POWER HERE NOW...
...NOT SINCE THE BIG MAN REPLACED YOU ALL THOSE MONTHS AGO!
HIS TROPHY OF YOUR BATTLE SERVES AS A REMINDER TO US ALL WHO HOLDS THE TRUE POWER IN HELLHOUSE.
A BELT ON THE BONEHOOK IS MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN MY "WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER" AWARD?
AT LEAST ONE THING HASN'T CHANGED... FOLKS ARE STILL AFRAID TO SAY "THE BIG MAN'S" NAME OUT LOUD --
HUURG
OR DID SOMEONE JUST SHOVE NUNCHUKS UP YOUR NOSE, HED TU FAT?
DON'T ANSWER THAT. IT DOESN'T MATTER...
...'CAUSE YOU PRESSED THE MAGIC BUTTON... YOU BROUGHT THE ALBINO INTO THE GAME...
WHOUFF
AND NO ONE --
CLUB
BOTTLE
PAN
BLEED
OKAY... I SLUMP CORRECTED...

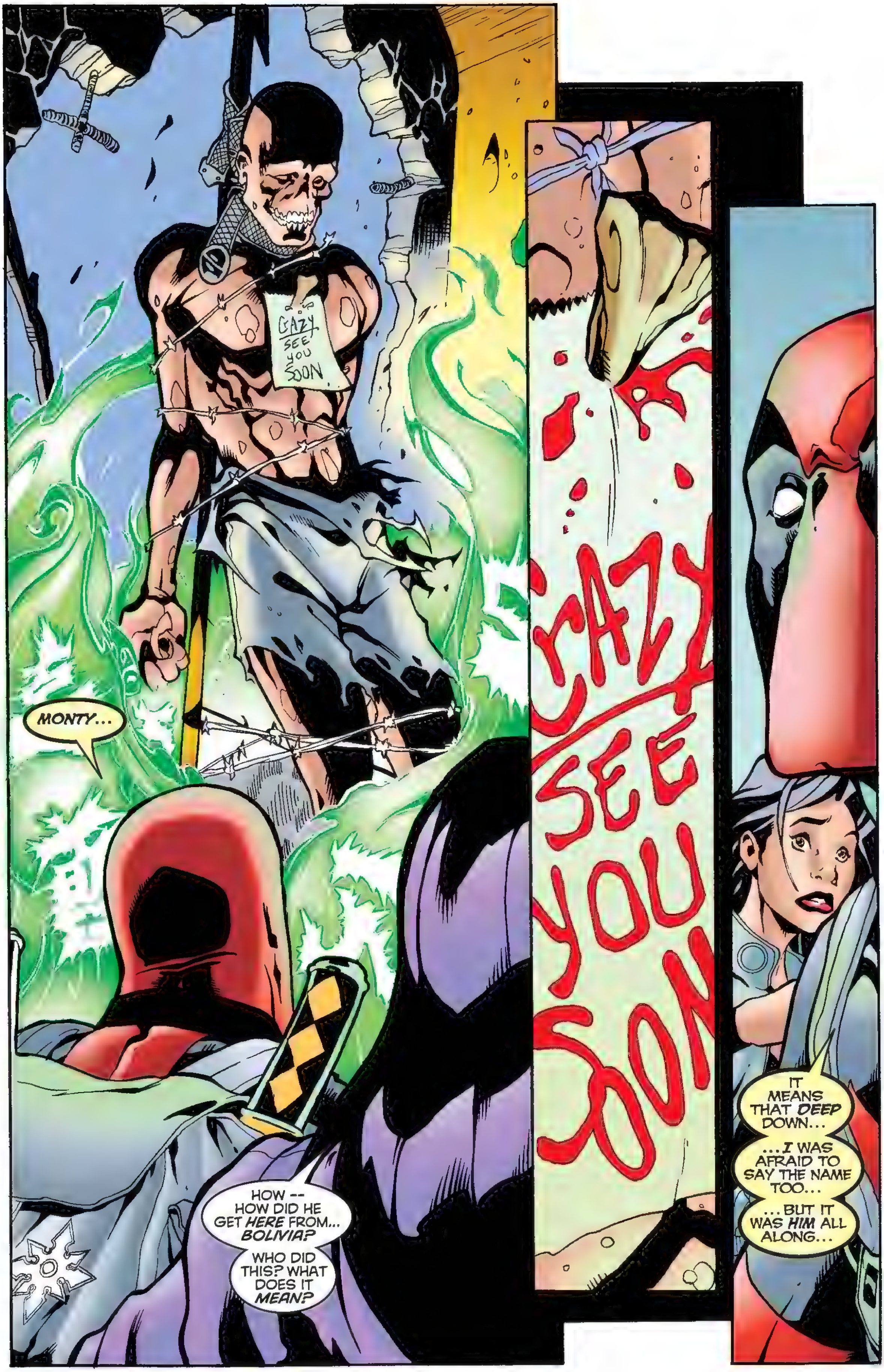

HOW AMAZING IT MUST HAVE BEEN LIVING MIT DEADPOOL THROUGH HIS GRAND ADVENTURES! DID HE EVER TAKE YOU ON A MISSION?
ACTUALLY... IT WASN'T LIKE THIS... WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER.
EVERYTHING WAS DIFFERENT THEN...
BORING, PERHAPS! SINCE I COME WORK FOR DEADPOOL... I SEE THINGS... MEET PEOPLE...
FEELS LIKE I AM ALIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME --
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT WE HAD... THAT WAS LIVING...
POOM
WHAT WAS THAT? WADE --?
MISS MERCEDES! WAIT! DEADPOOL SAID --!
THINGS BLOW UP ALL THE TIME AROUND HIM! NO PROBLEM!
...SO UGLY... SHE STEPS OUTSIDE AND SATELLITES FALL FROM THE SKY --
FWAKK
OKAY... SO IT'S NOT MY BEST... BLAME IT ON THE LACK OF BLOOD TO MY BRAIN...
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY DEADPOOL...
AND WE'RE TAKING HIM OUT. THE BIG GUY IS GONNA BE PSYCHED...
WHANNG
MARK MCGWIRE? HEY, I KNOW THE GUY WHO BOUGHT YOUR BALLS...
NO MORE...

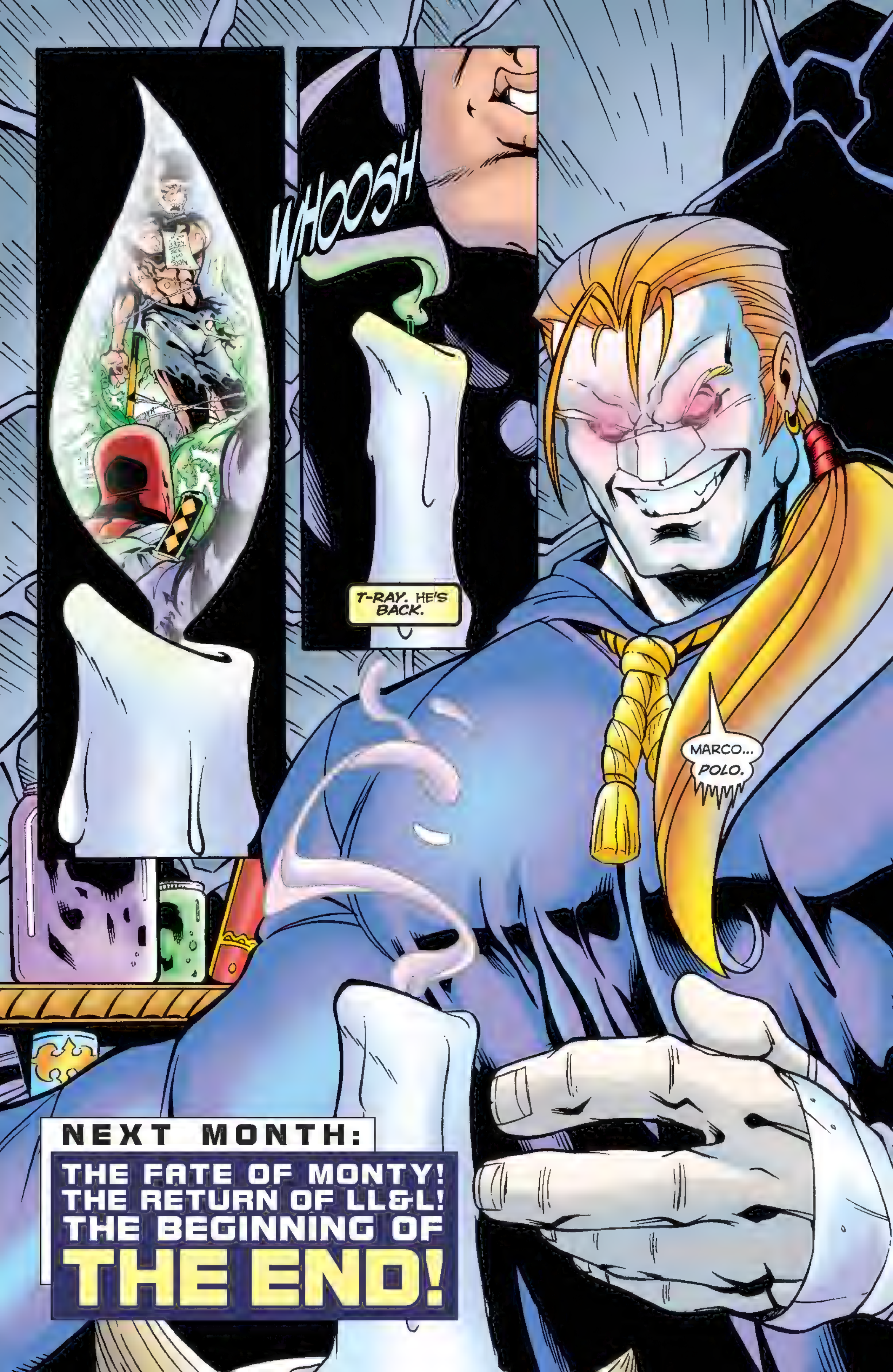

DIS CAN'T GO ON NO MORE...
Y'R "BIG MAN" DON'T OWN DIS PLACE, PUNKS... I DO... AN' I DIDN'T CALL DEADPOOL UP HERE T'SEE HIM GET TORN APART BY THE LIKES OF YOUS...
DAT ALBINO FREAK DON'T LIKE IT... I DON'T GIVE A SQUIRT. I'M DONE TAKING IT FROM HIM.
PLAYBALL
SNIF
THAT WAS THE MOST TOUCHING DRAMATIC ENTRANCE SINCE DIRTY HARRY SHOT THAT MAN THROUGH THE FACE IN "BLOOD ON MY SHOES."
SNIF
YOU LIKE ME... YOU REALLY LIKE ME...
SHADDAP YOU, AND SLICE SOMETHIN'.
SERIOUSLY, THOUGH... THANKS, PATCH.
BAH! AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' TO DO WITH YOU, 'POOL... I FELT GUILTY LEAVIN' ALESTAIRE IN THE LURCH...
THAT AN' I'M SICK OF FEELIN' LIKE A CHUMP IN MY OWN PLACE.
GOT IT... BUT WHO'S THE STRAPPER YOU BROUGHT ALONG TO PLAY WITH FENWAY?
CHEW FLOOR, PUNK!
C.F.?!
IT CAN'T BE! YOU -- YOU JUST SHOVED A GUY'S TEETH THROUGH HIS COLON!
WITH STYLE, NO LESS!
GOOD JOB, STUD!
WOW... A COMPLIMENT... FROM DEADPOOL... SNIFF

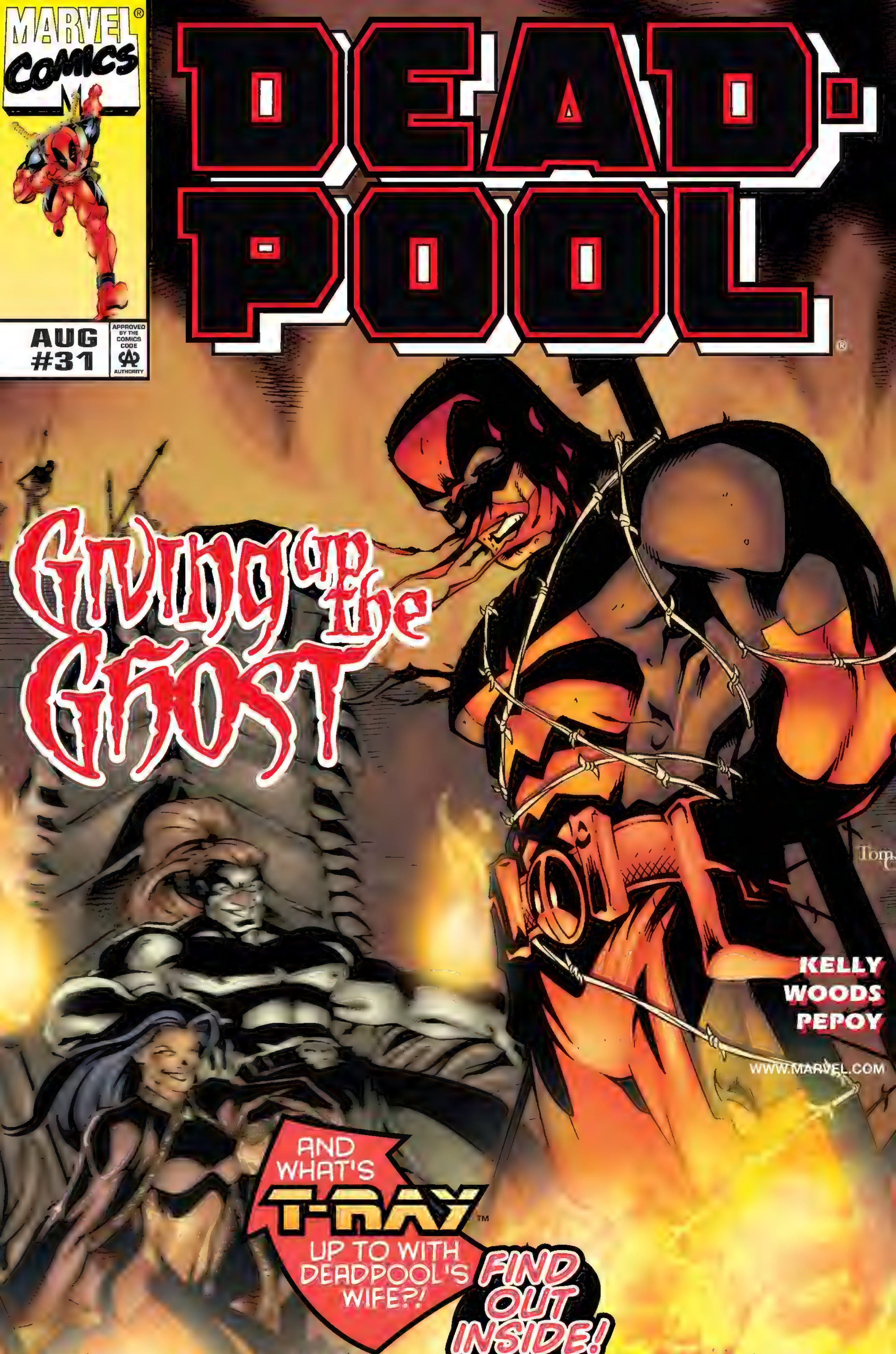

HOW'S THE GAME BEEN TREATING *YOU,* FENWAY?
NOT GOOD. NEW *OWNERSHIP* RUINED THE TEAM.
FENWAY
THEY WANTED TO *RETIRE* YOUR NUMBER, *PERMANENTLY...*
BUT I *NEVER* FORGET A TEAMMATE... EVEN WHEN HE'S IN A *SLUMP.*
YOU'RE A *CLASS ACT,* MAN... *REALLY.*
BY THE WAY... YOU EVER TALK TO *WEASEL --?*
'POOL! WE'D BETTER GET TO ALESTAIRE BEFORE ONE OF THESE *BRAIN SURGEONS* FIGURES OUT *HE'S* WORTH MORE THAN *YOU!*
WHATEVER YOU TWO STEPPED IN, IT'S *BIG,* I HEAR --
SO YOU *KNOW?*
'BOUT THE *BROAD?* NO... BUT I HEARD A *RUMOR --*
BUT YOU *DO* KNOW WHO SET ALL THIS UP?
IF YOU HAVE TO *ASK,* THEN YOU REALLY DID GO SOFT IN THE HEAD...
... *"HIS" FINGERPRINTS* ARE ALL OVER THIS...
GEEZ, PATCH... YOU AFRAID TO SAY HIS NAME *TOO?* WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE?
10
12
BAD THINGS, BOY... *BAD* THINGS.
SECOND DOOR ON THE *LEFT.*


KRRMBLE
PATCH, DUDE... WHAT DID YOU REMODEL THIS PLACE WITH, *TISSUE PAPER?* I BREAK WIND AND A *WALL* CAVES IN!
I GOT THREE WORDS FOR YOU -- HOME DEPOT, LUMBER.
OH MY GOD! IT *IS* YOU!
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA -- *ACKK!*
KCHOW
EAT IT, TRAITOR.
WELL, WELL, WELL... ISN'T THIS A PRETTY PICTURE... *SWEATING,* ALESTAIRE --?!
UNTIE ME, DEADPOOL! *HURRY!* I'LL TELL YOU *EVERYTHING* YOU NEED TO KNOW, JUST HURRY!
OH, AREN'T WE THE LITTLE DICTATOR WHEN WE'RE HUNG UP LIKE A STUCK PIG?
HOW ABOUT YOU GIVE WITH THE INFO AND THEN I SPIN THE WHEEL TO DECIDE YOUR FATE --
DEADPOOL, I SWEAR ON MY BLACK SOUL, I WANTED NO PART OF THIS! THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE TO WARN YOU, ABOUT THE GIRL, AND ABOUT --
MEOW
OH NO...
REEOWW
HSSSSS
AIIIGGHH!
NOOOO!
RROWRR

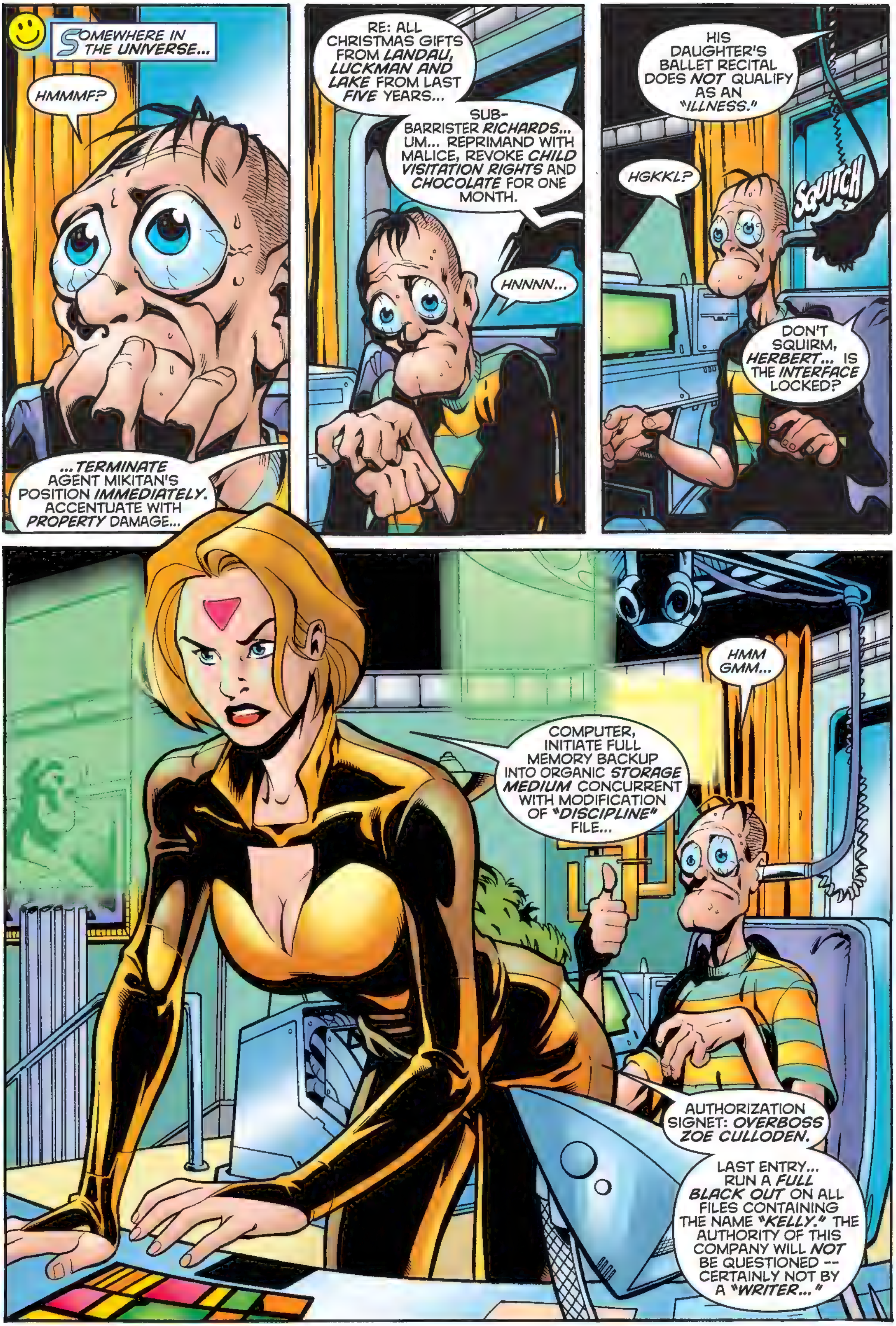

HSSS
MEOWW
SLURRP
CHOMP
SLLRRP
NO! NO! AAAARRRGGHHLLL
I -- OH -- EEW...
I WAS SO *NOT* PREPARED TO SEE THAT...
ALLIE! NOOO!
GOT ANY *CATNIP* --?
OH GOD... I *TOLD* YOU TO LAY OFF DA CATZ, ALLIE... I TOLD YA...
IT'S... IT'S *KITTY KARMA* --
AIIIEGGH!
MERCEDES?
MERCEDES!
DEMON CATS? DRAGON PUPPIES?! *WHAT? WHERE? WHO? WHY? WHEN* --?
UUUGH... TH-THERE...
???
NO... NOT YOU...


CRAZY SEE YOU SOON
MONTY...
HOW -- HOW DID HE GET *HERE* FROM... *BOLIVIA?*
WHO DID THIS? WHAT DOES IT *MEAN?*
CRAZY SEE YOU SOON
IT MEANS THAT *DEEP* DOWN...
...*I* WAS AFRAID TO SAY THE NAME TOO...
...BUT IT WAS *HIM* ALL ALONG...

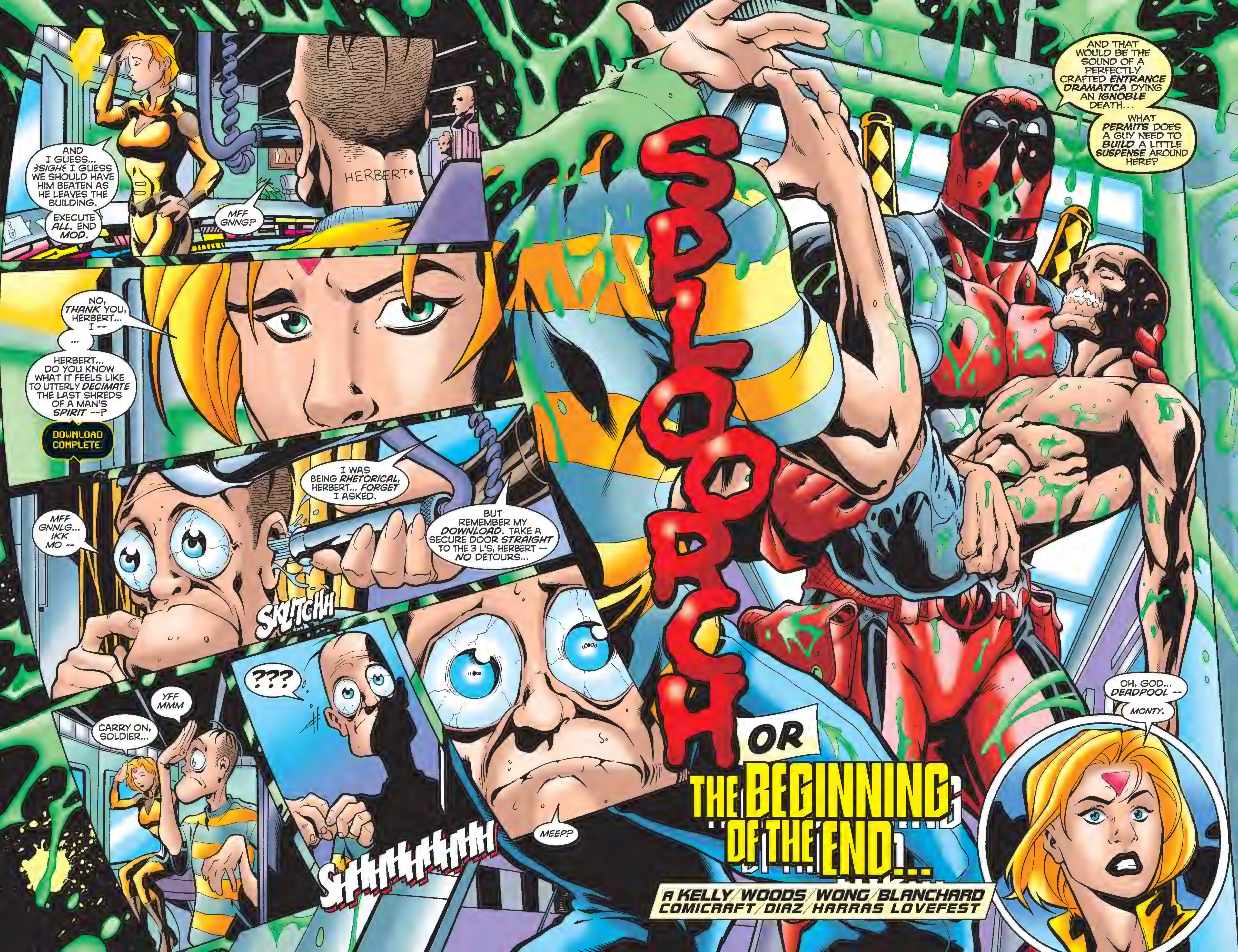

WHOOSH
T-RAY. HE'S BACK.
MARCO... POLO.
NEXT MONTH:
THE FATE OF MONTY! THE RETURN OF LL&L! THE BEGINNING OF THE END!

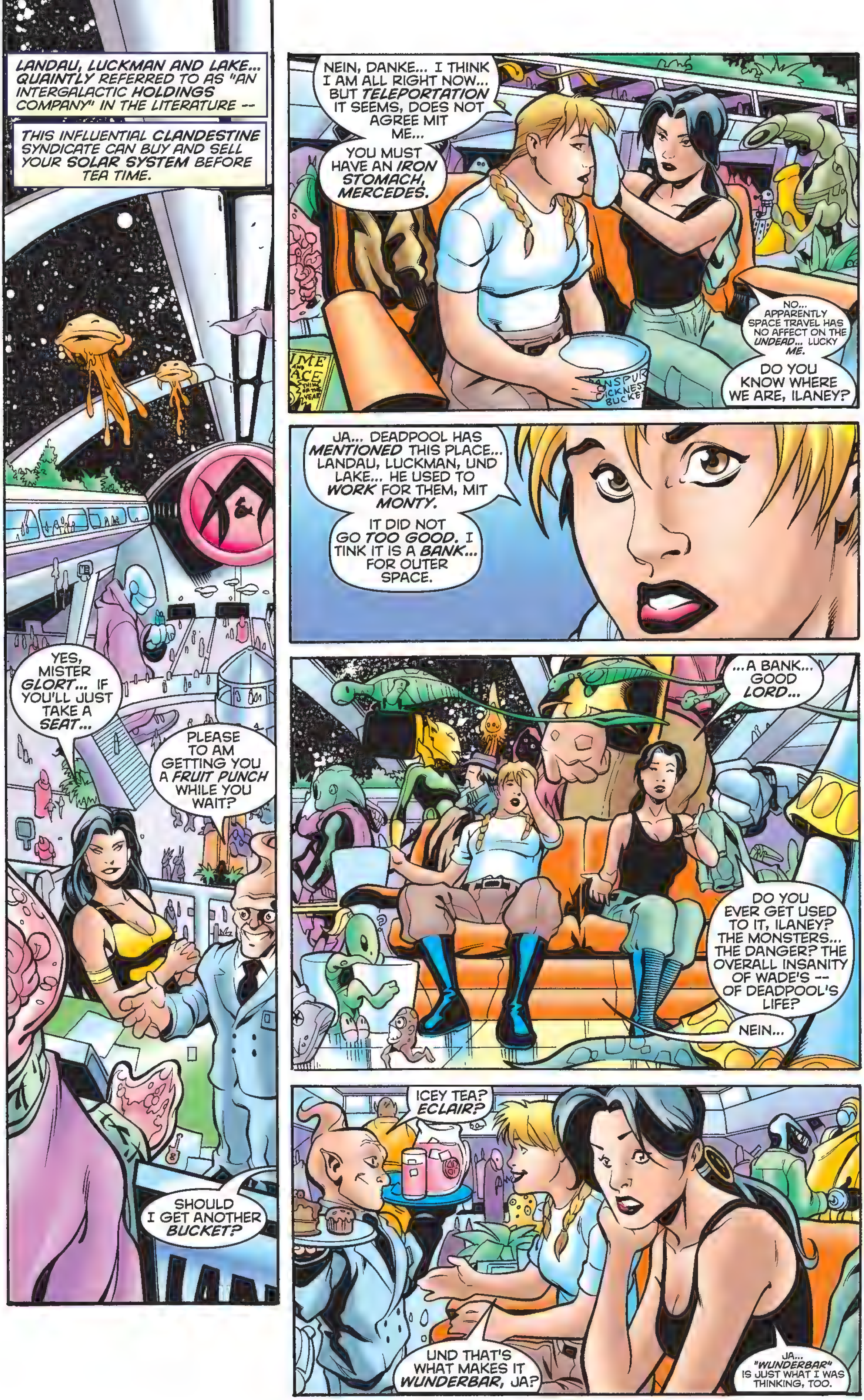

MARVEL COMICS
DEAD-POOL
AUG #31
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
Giving up the Ghost
KELLY
WOODS
PEPOY
WWW.MARVEL.COM
AND WHAT'S T-RAY UP TO WITH DEADPOOL'S WIFE?!
FIND OUT INSIDE!

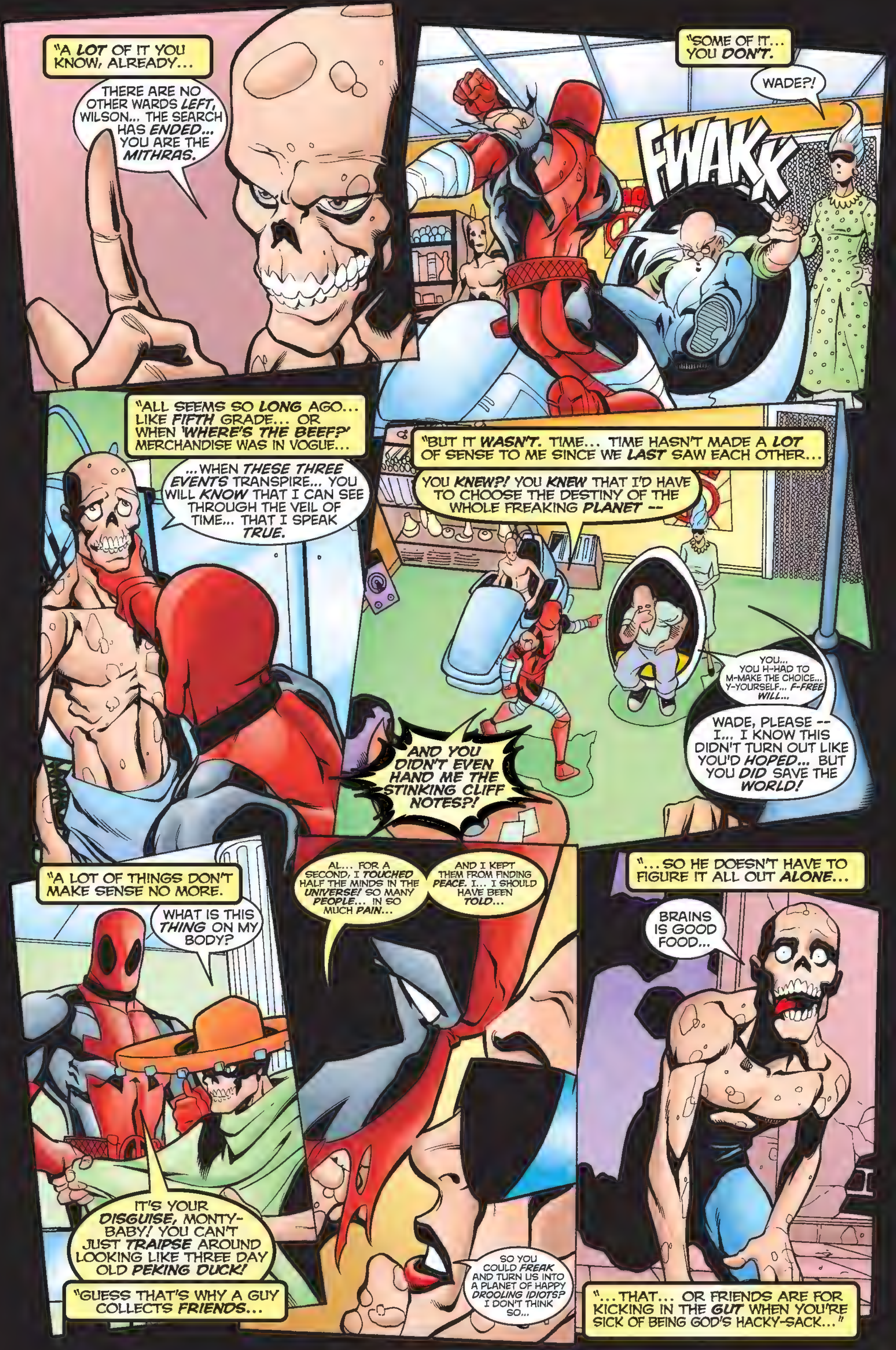
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

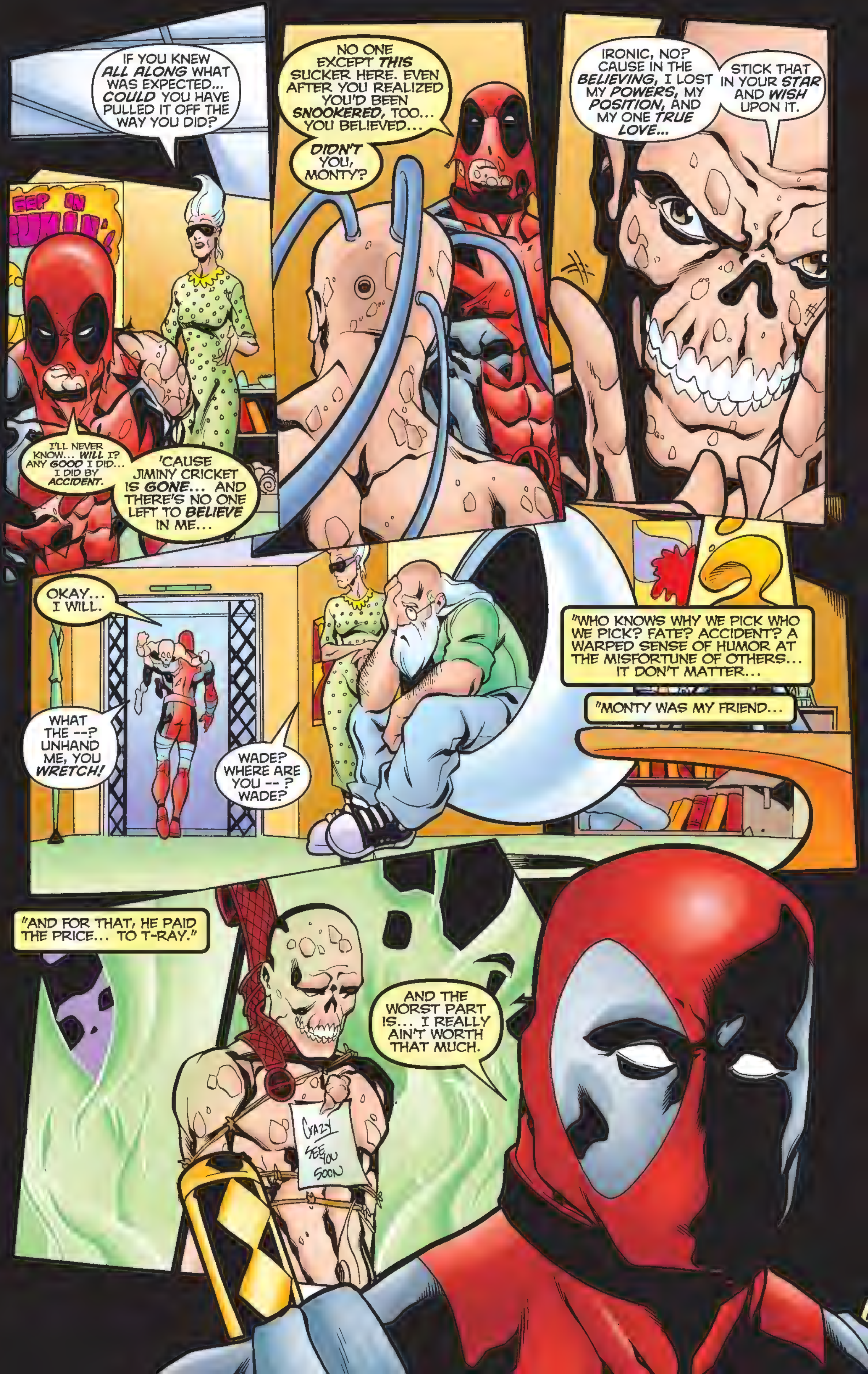

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...
HMMMF?
...TERMINATE AGENT MIKITAN'S POSITION IMMEDIATELY. ACCENTUATE WITH PROPERTY DAMAGE...
RE: ALL CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM LANDAU, LUCKMAN AND LAKE FROM LAST FIVE YEARS...
SUB-BARRISTER RICHARDS... UM... REPRIMAND WITH MALICE, REVOKE CHILD VISITATION RIGHTS AND CHOCOLATE FOR ONE MONTH.
HNNNN...
HIS DAUGHTER'S BALLET RECITAL DOES NOT QUALIFY AS AN "ILLNESS."
HGKKL?
SQUITCH
DON'T SQUIRM, HERBERT... IS THE INTERFACE LOCKED?
HMM GMM...
COMPUTER, INITIATE FULL MEMORY BACKUP INTO ORGANIC STORAGE MEDIUM CONCURRENT WITH MODIFICATION OF "DISCIPLINE" FILE...
AUTHORIZATION SIGNET: OVERBOSS ZOE CULLODEN.
LAST ENTRY... RUN A FULL BLACK OUT ON ALL FILES CONTAINING THE NAME "KELLY." THE AUTHORITY OF THIS COMPANY WILL NOT BE QUESTIONED -- CERTAINLY NOT BY A "WRITER..."

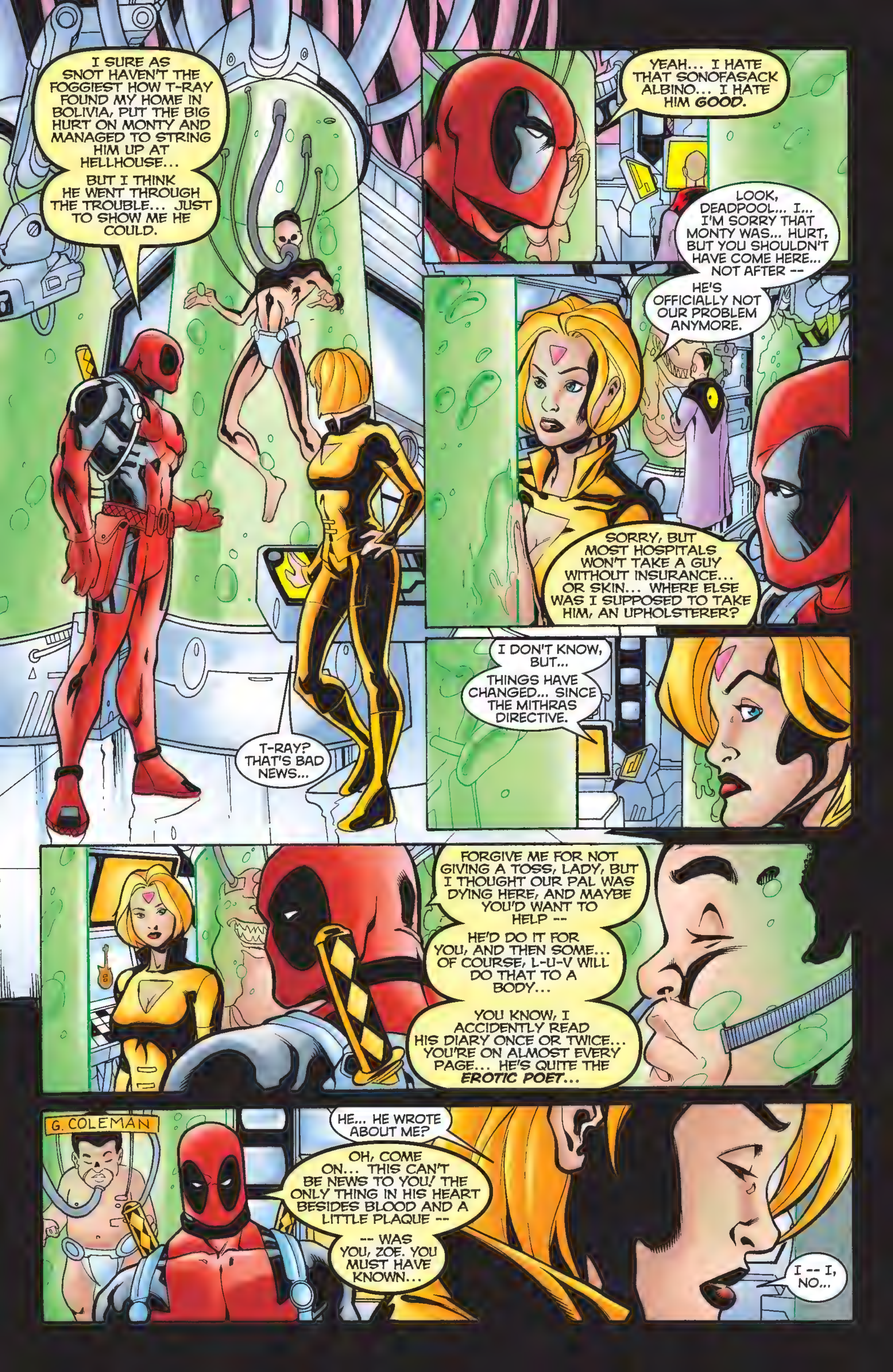
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

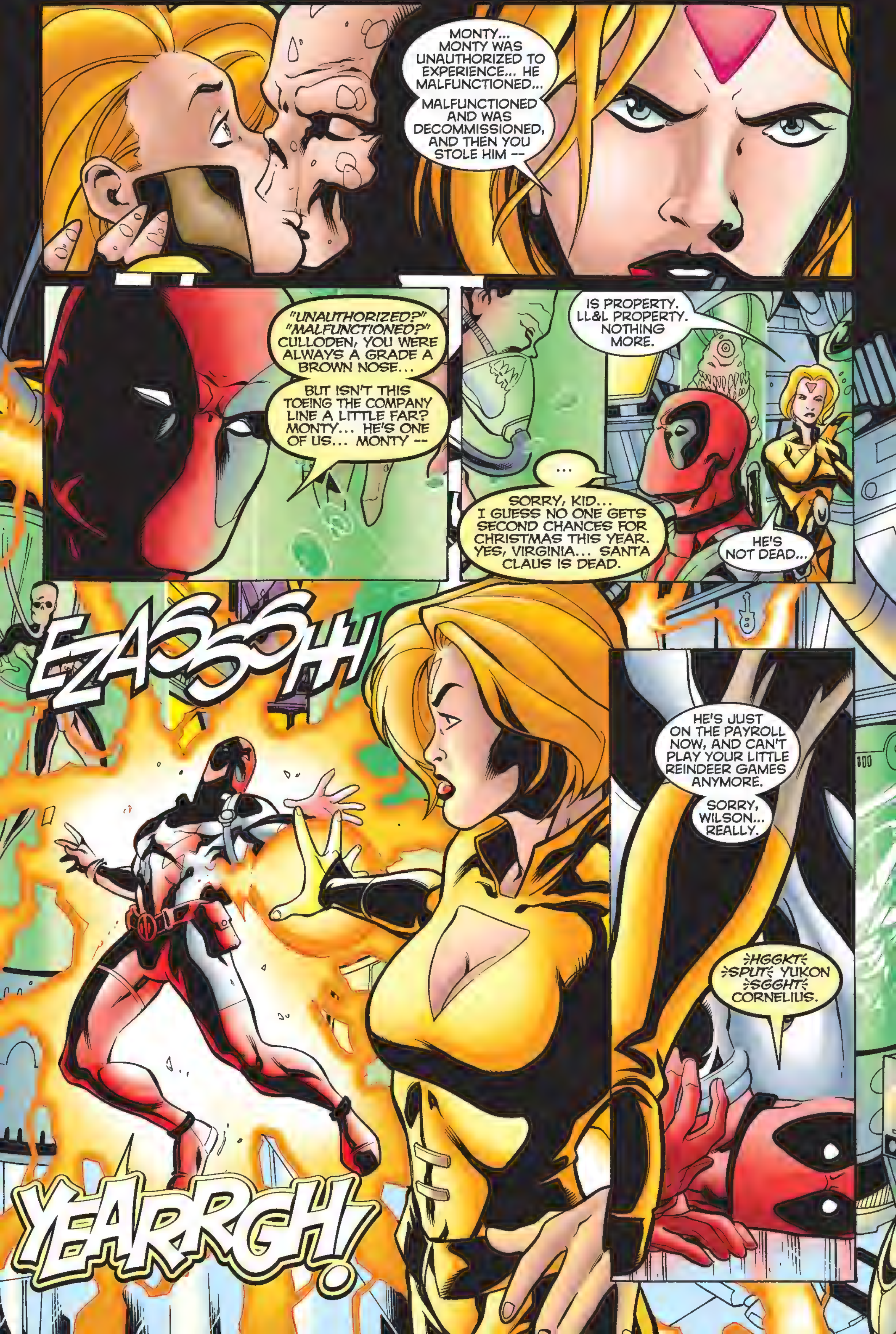

AND I GUESS... ⋟SIGH⋞ I GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE HIM BEATEN AS HE LEAVES THE BUILDING.
EXECUTE ALL. END MOD.
HERBERT
MFF GNNG?
NO, THANK YOU, HERBERT... I --
...
HERBERT... DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO UTTERLY DECIMATE THE LAST SHREDS OF A MAN'S SPIRIT --?
DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.
I WAS BEING RHETORICAL, HERBERT... FORGET I ASKED.
MFF GNNLG... IKK MO --
BUT REMEMBER MY DOWNLOAD. TAKE A SECURE DOOR STRAIGHT TO THE 3 L'S, HERBERT -- NO DETOURS...
SKLITCHH
YFF MMM
CARRY ON, SOLDIER...
???
MEEP?
SHHHHHHHHH
AND THAT WOULD BE THE SOUND OF A PERFECTLY CRAFTED ENTRANCE DRAMATICA DYING AN IGNOBLE DEATH...
WHAT PERMITS DOES A GUY NEED TO BUILD A LITTLE SUSPENSE AROUND HERE?
SPLOORCH
OR
THE BEGINNING OF THE END...
A KELLY/WOODS/WONG/BLANCHARD COMICRAFT/DIAZ/HARRAS LOVEFEST
OH, GOD... DEADPOOL --
MONTY.

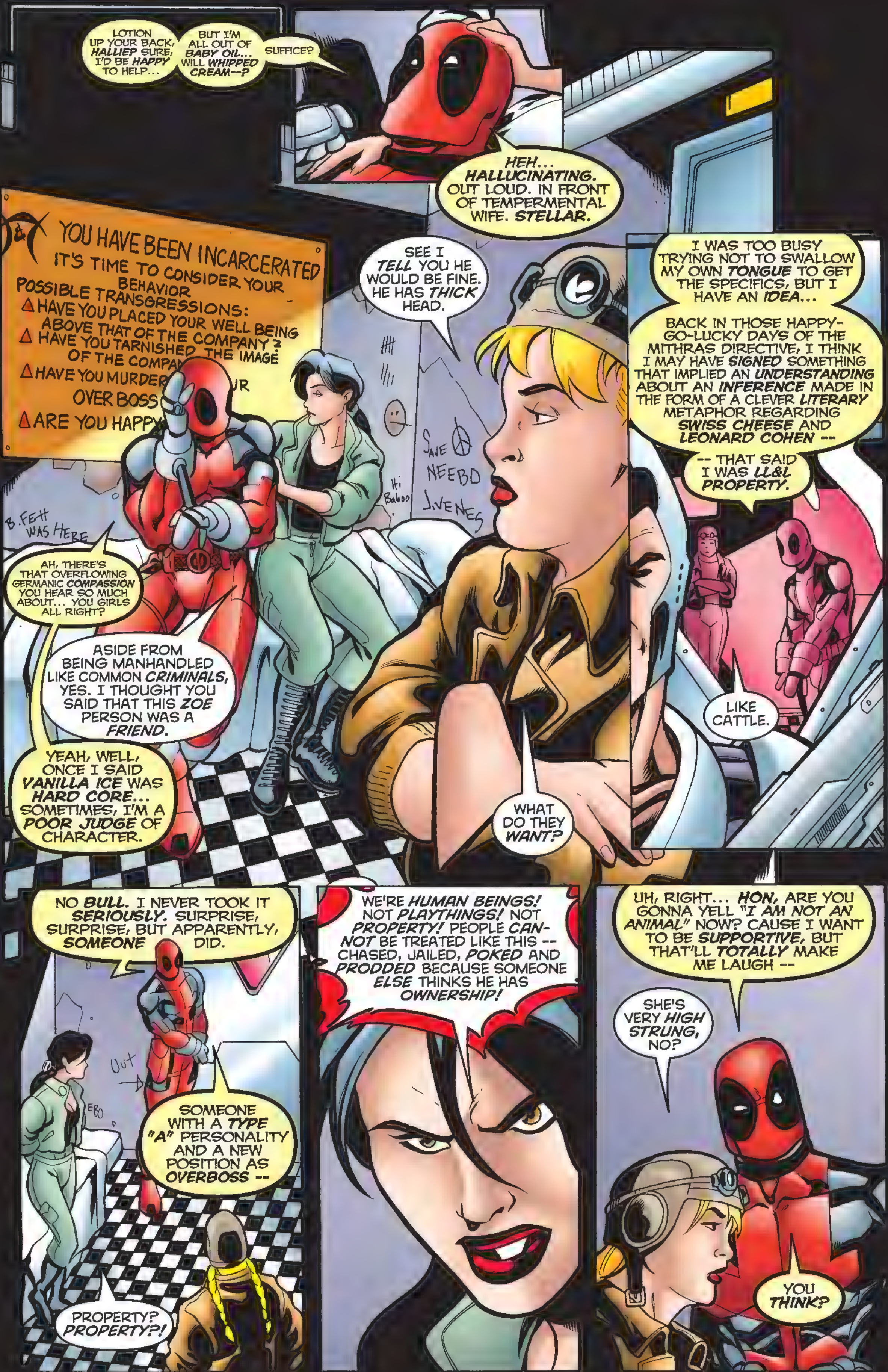

LANDAU, LUCKMAN AND LAKE... QUAINTLY REFERRED TO AS "AN INTERGALACTIC HOLDINGS COMPANY" IN THE LITERATURE --
THIS INFLUENTIAL CLANDESTINE SYNDICATE CAN BUY AND SELL YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM BEFORE TEA TIME.
YES, MISTER GLORT... IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE A SEAT...
PLEASE TO AM GETTING YOU A FRUIT PUNCH WHILE YOU WAIT?
SHOULD I GET ANOTHER BUCKET?
NEIN, DANKE... I THINK I AM ALL RIGHT NOW... BUT TELEPORTATION IT SEEMS, DOES NOT AGREE MIT ME...
YOU MUST HAVE AN IRON STOMACH, MERCEDES.
NO... APPARENTLY SPACE TRAVEL HAS NO AFFECT ON THE UNDEAD... LUCKY ME.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE, ILANEY?
JA... DEADPOOL HAS MENTIONED THIS PLACE... LANDAU, LUCKMAN, UND LAKE... HE USED TO WORK FOR THEM, MIT MONTY.
IT DID NOT GO TOO GOOD. I TINK IT IS A BANK... FOR OUTER SPACE.
...A BANK... GOOD LORD...
DO YOU EVER GET USED TO IT, ILANEY? THE MONSTERS... THE DANGER? THE OVERALL INSANITY OF WADE'S -- OF DEADPOOL'S LIFE?
NEIN...
ICEY TEA? ECLAIR?
UND THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT WUNDERBAR, JA?
JA... "WUNDERBAR" IS JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING, TOO.

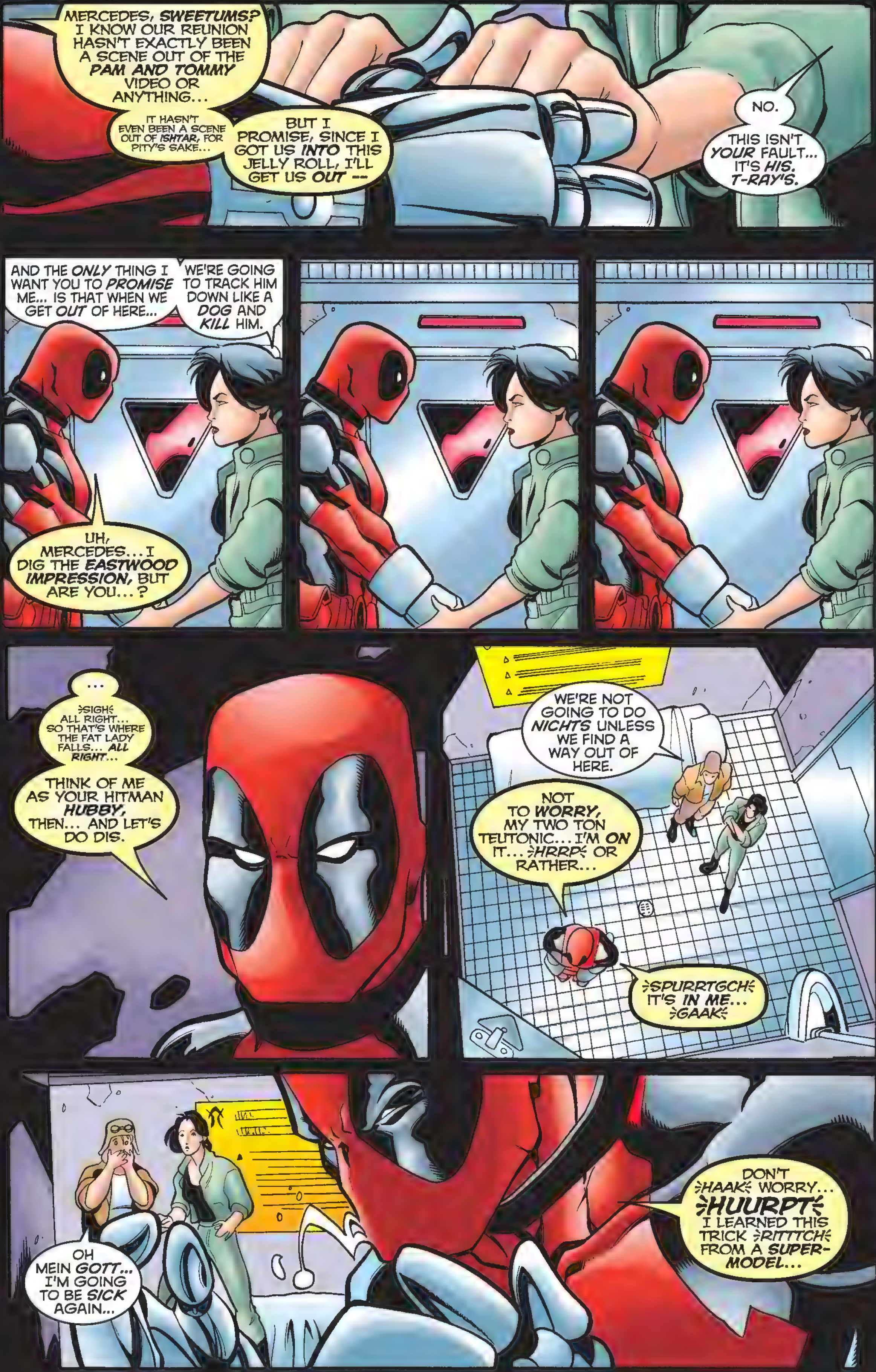

"A LOT OF IT YOU KNOW, ALREADY...
THERE ARE NO OTHER WARDS LEFT, WILSON... THE SEARCH HAS ENDED... YOU ARE THE MITHRAS.
"SOME OF IT... YOU DON'T.
WADE?!
FWAKK
"ALL SEEMS SO LONG AGO... LIKE FIFTH GRADE... OR WHEN 'WHERE'S THE BEEF?' MERCHANDISE WAS IN VOGUE...
...WHEN THESE THREE EVENTS TRANSPIRE... YOU WILL KNOW THAT I CAN SEE THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME... THAT I SPEAK TRUE.
"BUT IT WASN'T. TIME... TIME HASN'T MADE A LOT OF SENSE TO ME SINCE WE LAST SAW EACH OTHER...
YOU KNEW?! YOU KNEW THAT I'D HAVE TO CHOOSE THE DESTINY OF THE WHOLE FREAKING PLANET --
AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAND ME THE STINKING CLIFF NOTES?!
YOU... YOU H-HAD TO M-MAKE THE CHOICE... Y-YOURSELF... F-FREE WILL...
WADE, PLEASE -- I... I KNOW THIS DIDN'T TURN OUT LIKE YOU'D HOPED... BUT YOU DID SAVE THE WORLD!
"A LOT OF THINGS DON'T MAKE SENSE NO MORE.
WHAT IS THIS THING ON MY BODY?
IT'S YOUR DISGUISE, MONTY-BABY! YOU CAN'T JUST TRAIPSE AROUND LOOKING LIKE THREE DAY OLD PEKING DUCK!
"GUESS THAT'S WHY A GUY COLLECTS FRIENDS...
AL... FOR A SECOND, I TOUCHED HALF THE MINDS IN THE UNIVERSE! SO MANY PEOPLE... IN SO MUCH PAIN...
AND I KEPT THEM FROM FINDING PEACE. I... I SHOULD HAVE BEEN TOLD...
SO YOU COULD FREAK AND TURN US INTO A PLANET OF HAPPY DROOLING IDIOTS? I DON'T THINK SO...
"...SO HE DOESN'T HAVE TO FIGURE IT ALL OUT ALONE...
BRAINS IS GOOD FOOD...
"...THAT... OR FRIENDS ARE FOR KICKING IN THE GUT WHEN YOU'RE SICK OF BEING GOD'S HACKY-SACK..."

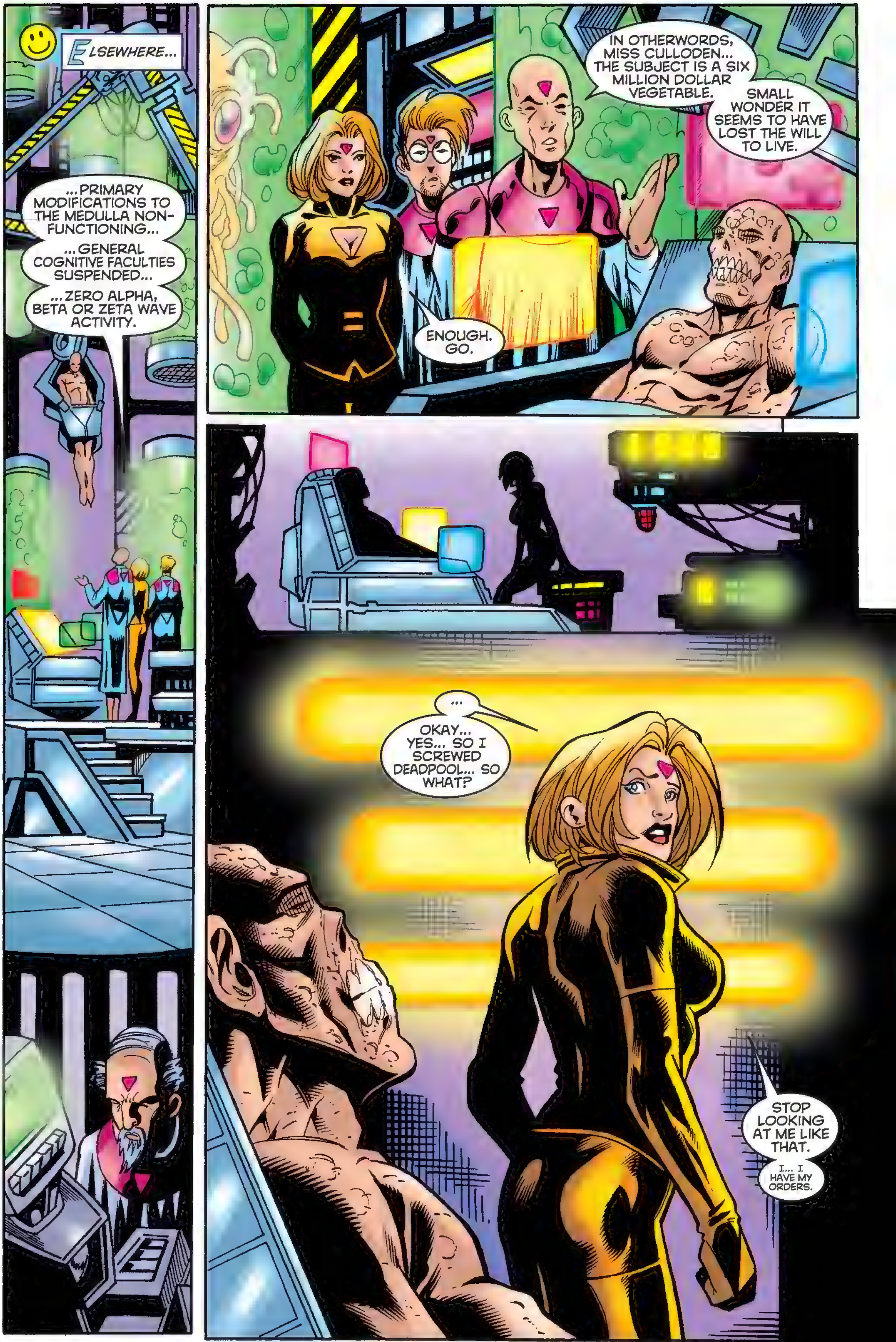

IF YOU KNEW *ALL ALONG* WHAT WAS EXPECTED... *COULD* YOU HAVE PULLED IT OFF THE WAY YOU DID?
I'LL NEVER KNOW... *WILL* I? ANY *GOOD* I DID... I DID BY *ACCIDENT.*
'CAUSE JIMINY CRICKET IS *GONE*... AND THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO *BELIEVE* IN ME...
NO ONE EXCEPT *THIS* SUCKER HERE. EVEN AFTER YOU REALIZED YOU'D BEEN *SNOOKERED,* TOO... YOU BELIEVED...
DIDN'T YOU, MONTY?
IRONIC, NO? CAUSE IN THE *BELIEVING,* I LOST MY *POWERS,* MY *POSITION,* AND MY ONE *TRUE LOVE*...
STICK THAT IN YOUR *STAR* AND *WISH* UPON IT.
OKAY... I WILL.
WHAT THE --? UNHAND ME, YOU *WRETCH!*
WADE? WHERE ARE YOU -- ? WADE?
"WHO KNOWS WHY WE PICK WHO WE PICK? FATE? ACCIDENT? A WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR AT THE MISFORTUNE OF OTHERS... IT DON'T MATTER...
"MONTY WAS MY FRIEND...
"AND FOR THAT, HE PAID THE PRICE... TO T-RAY."
AND THE WORST PART IS... I REALLY AIN'T WORTH THAT MUCH.
CRAZY SEE YOU SOON

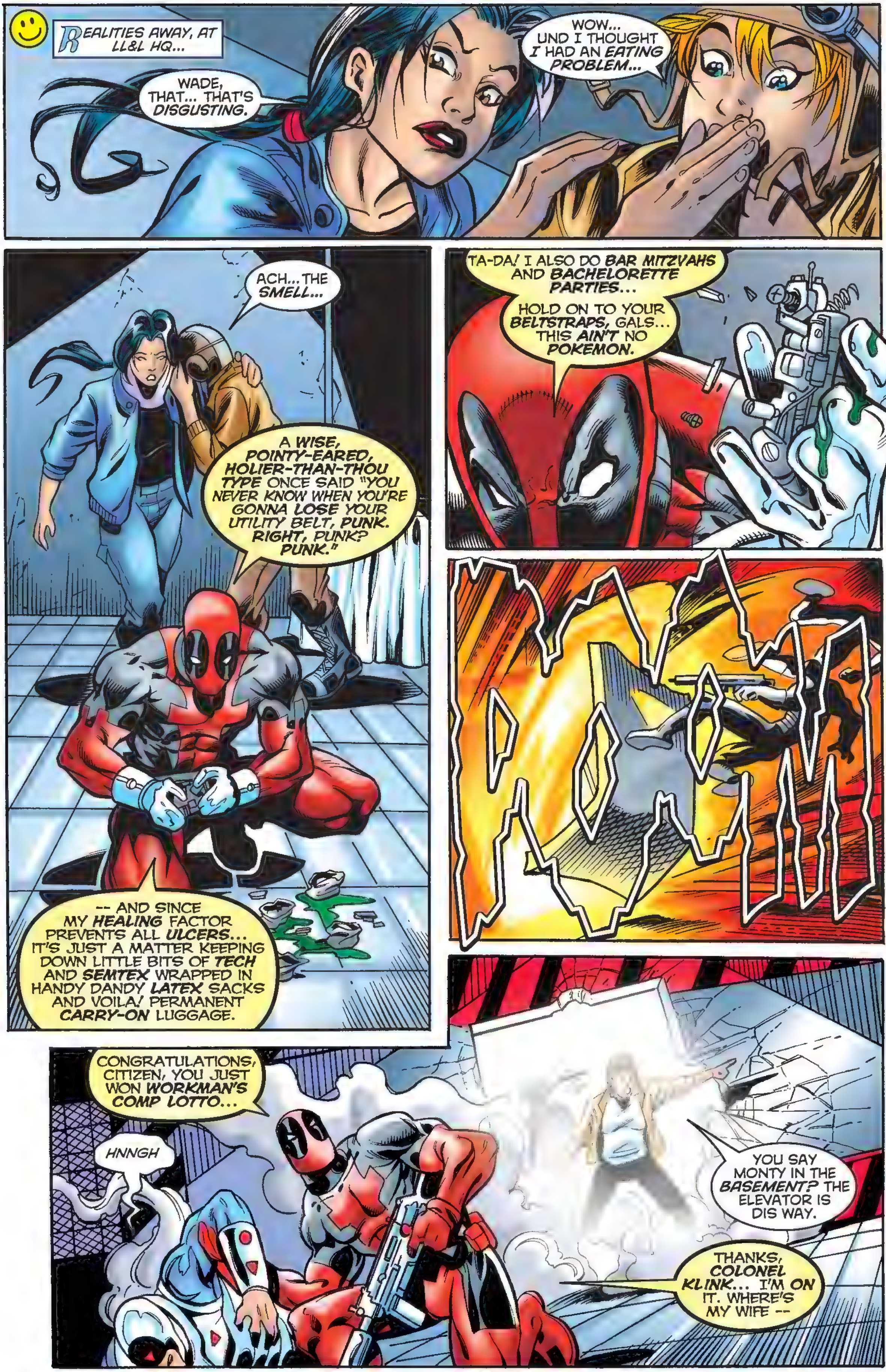

I SURE AS SNOT HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST HOW T-RAY FOUND MY HOME IN BOLIVIA, PUT THE BIG HURT ON MONTY AND MANAGED TO STRING HIM UP AT HELLHOUSE...
BUT I THINK HE WENT THROUGH THE TROUBLE... JUST TO SHOW ME HE COULD.
T-RAY? THAT'S BAD NEWS...
YEAH... I HATE THAT SONOFASACK ALBINO... I HATE HIM *GOOD.*
LOOK, DEADPOOL... I... I'M SORRY THAT MONTY WAS... HURT, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE... NOT AFTER --
HE'S OFFICIALLY NOT OUR PROBLEM ANYMORE.
SORRY, BUT MOST HOSPITALS WON'T TAKE A GUY WITHOUT INSURANCE... OR SKIN... WHERE ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO TAKE HIM, AN UPHOLSTERER?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT...
THINGS HAVE CHANGED... SINCE THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE.
FORGIVE ME FOR NOT GIVING A TOSS, LADY, BUT I THOUGHT OUR PAL WAS DYING HERE, AND MAYBE YOU'D WANT TO HELP --
HE'D DO IT FOR YOU, AND THEN SOME... OF COURSE, L-U-V WILL DO THAT TO A BODY...
YOU KNOW, I ACCIDENTLY READ HIS DIARY ONCE OR TWICE... YOU'RE ON ALMOST EVERY PAGE... HE'S QUITE THE *EROTIC POET...*
G. COLEMAN
HE... HE WROTE ABOUT ME?
OH, COME ON... THIS CAN'T BE NEWS TO YOU! THE ONLY THING IN HIS HEART BESIDES BLOOD AND A LITTLE PLAQUE --
-- WAS YOU, ZOE. YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN...
I -- I, NO...

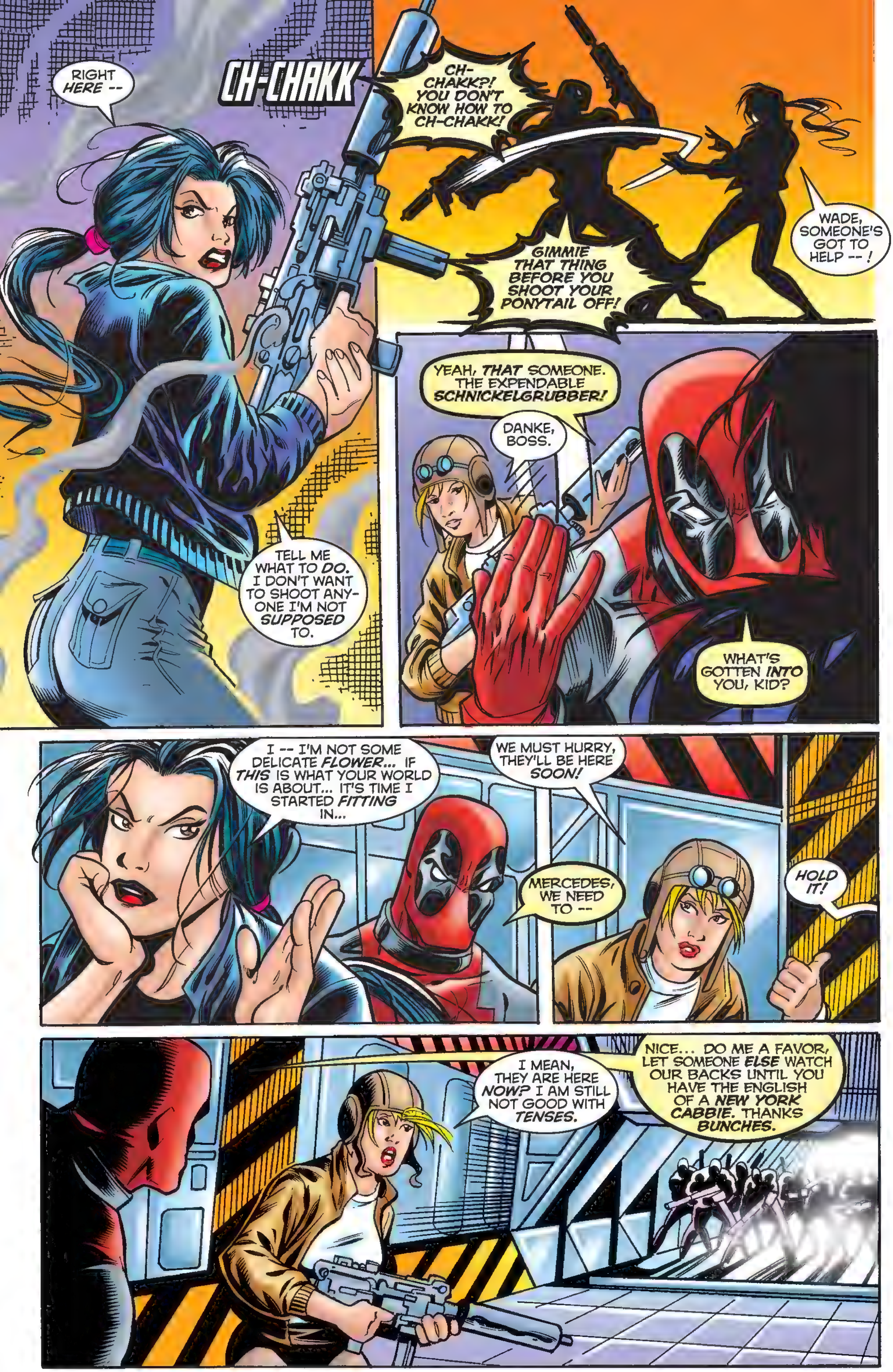

MONTY... MONTY WAS UNAUTHORIZED TO EXPERIENCE... HE MALFUNCTIONED...
MALFUNCTIONED AND WAS DECOMMISSIONED, AND THEN YOU STOLE HIM --
"UNAUTHORIZED?" "MALFUNCTIONED?" CULLODEN, YOU WERE ALWAYS A GRADE A BROWN NOSE...
BUT ISN'T THIS TOEING THE COMPANY LINE A LITTLE FAR? MONTY... HE'S ONE OF US... MONTY --
IS PROPERTY. LL&L PROPERTY. NOTHING MORE.
...
SORRY, KID... I GUESS NO ONE GETS SECOND CHANCES FOR CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR. YES, VIRGINIA... SANTA CLAUS IS DEAD.
HE'S NOT DEAD...
EZASSSHH
HE'S JUST ON THE PAYROLL NOW, AND CAN'T PLAY YOUR LITTLE REINDEER GAMES ANYMORE.
SORRY, WILSON... REALLY.
HGGKT SPUT YUKON SGGHT CORNELIUS.
YEARRGH!

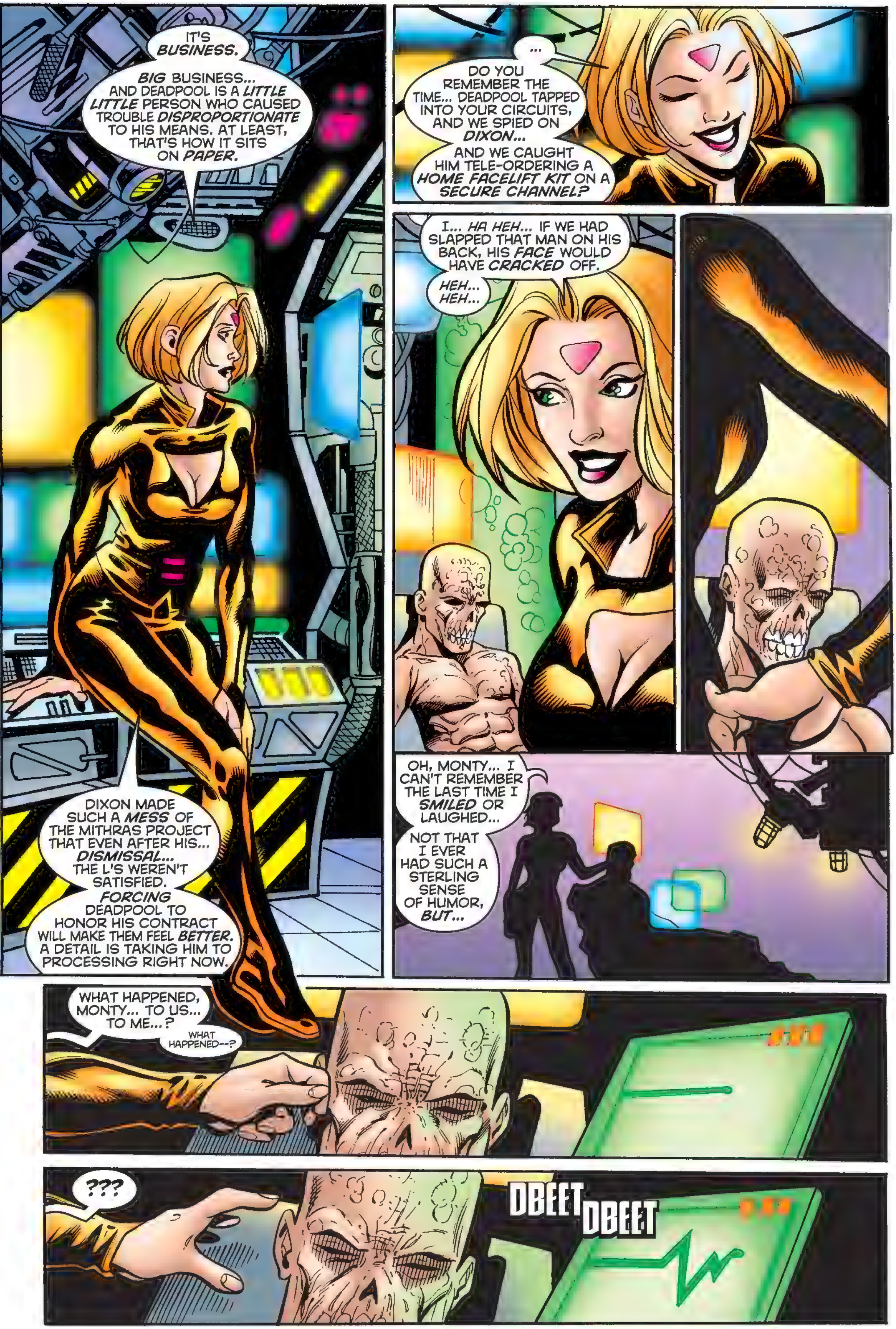

LOTION UP YOUR BACK, *HALLIE?* SURE, I'D BE *HAPPY* TO HELP...
BUT I'M ALL OUT OF *BABY OIL...* WILL *WHIPPED CREAM--?*
SUFFICE?
HEH... *HALLUCINATING.* OUT LOUD. IN FRONT OF TEMPERMENTAL WIFE. *STELLAR.*
YOU HAVE BEEN INCARCERATED
IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER YOUR BEHAVIOR
POSSIBLE TRANSGRESSIONS:
△ HAVE YOU PLACED YOUR WELL BEING ABOVE THAT OF THE COMPANY?
△ HAVE YOU TARNISHED THE IMAGE OF THE COMPA
△ HAVE YOU MURDER UR OVER BOSS
△ ARE YOU HAPPY
SEE I *TELL* YOU HE WOULD BE FINE. HE HAS *THICK* HEAD.
SAVE NEEBO
Hi Baboo
JIVENES
B. FEH WAS HERE
AH, THERE'S THAT OVERFLOWING GERMANIC *COMPASSION* YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT... YOU GIRLS ALL RIGHT?
ASIDE FROM BEING MANHANDLED LIKE COMMON *CRIMINALS,* YES. I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT THIS *ZOE* PERSON WAS A *FRIEND.*
YEAH, WELL, ONCE I SAID *VANILLA ICE* WAS *HARD CORE...* SOMETIMES, I'M A *POOR JUDGE* OF CHARACTER.
WHAT DO THEY *WANT?*
I WAS TOO BUSY TRYING NOT TO SWALLOW MY OWN *TONGUE* TO GET THE SPECIFICS, BUT I HAVE AN *IDEA...*
BACK IN THOSE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY DAYS OF THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE, I THINK I MAY HAVE *SIGNED* SOMETHING THAT IMPLIED AN *UNDERSTANDING* ABOUT AN *INFERENCE* MADE IN THE FORM OF A CLEVER *LITERARY* METAPHOR REGARDING *SWISS CHEESE* AND *LEONARD COHEN* --
-- THAT SAID I WAS *LL&L PROPERTY.*
LIKE CATTLE.
NO *BULL.* I NEVER TOOK IT *SERIOUSLY.* SURPRISE, SURPRISE, BUT APPARENTLY, *SOMEONE* DID.
Out
SOMEONE WITH A *TYPE "A"* PERSONALITY AND A NEW POSITION AS *OVERBOSS* --
PROPERTY? *PROPERTY?!*
WE'RE *HUMAN BEINGS!* NOT *PLAYTHINGS!* NOT *PROPERTY!* PEOPLE *CANNOT* BE TREATED LIKE THIS -- CHASED, JAILED, *POKED* AND *PRODDED* BECAUSE SOMEONE *ELSE* THINKS HE HAS *OWNERSHIP!*
UH, RIGHT... *HON,* ARE YOU GONNA YELL *"I AM NOT AN ANIMAL"* NOW? CAUSE I WANT TO BE *SUPPORTIVE,* BUT THAT'LL *TOTALLY* MAKE ME LAUGH --
SHE'S VERY *HIGH STRUNG,* NO?
YOU *THINK?*

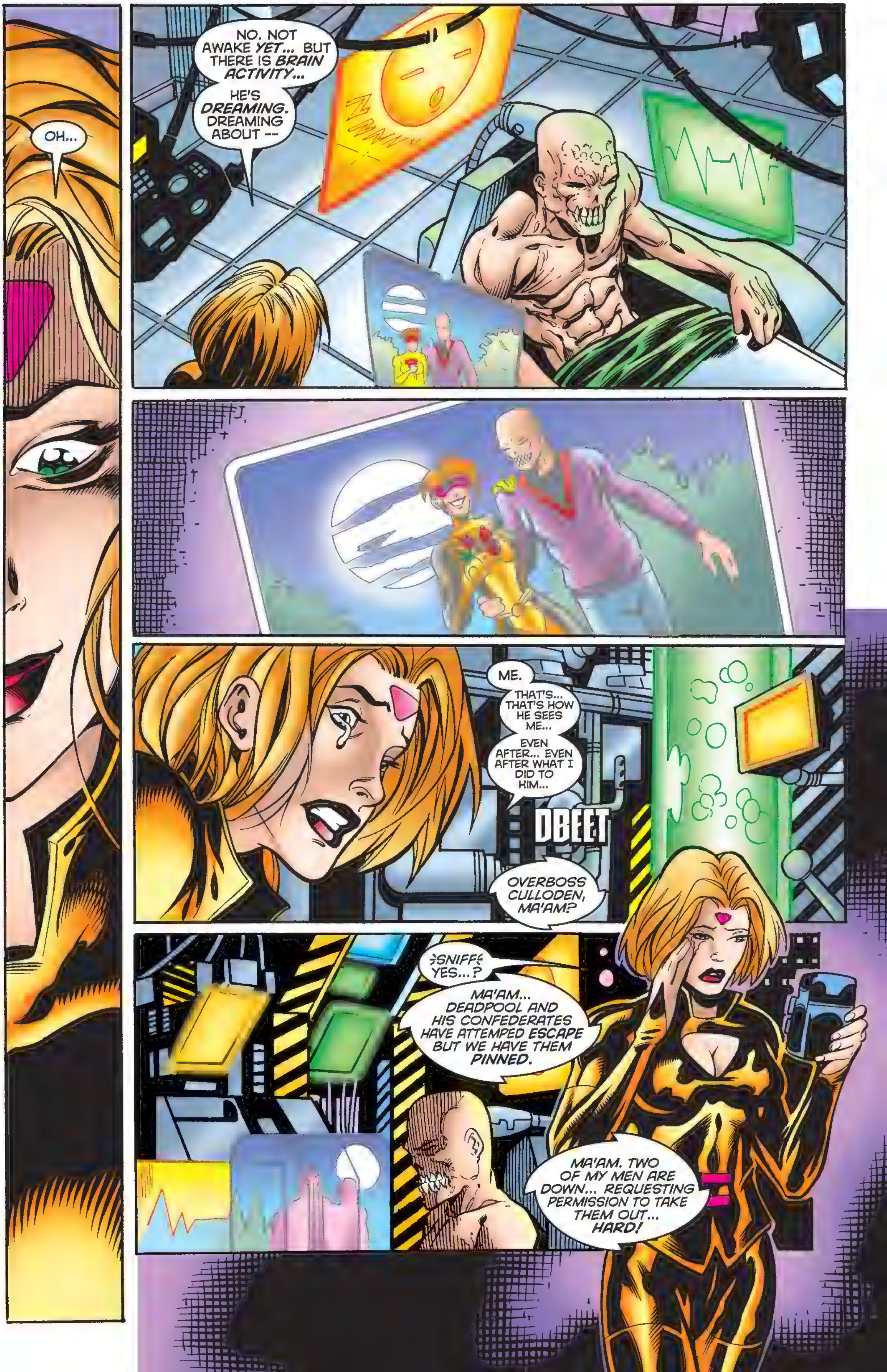

MERCEDES, SWEETUMS? I KNOW OUR REUNION HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN A SCENE OUT OF THE PAM AND TOMMY VIDEO OR ANYTHING...
IT HASN'T EVEN BEEN A SCENE OUT OF ISHTAR, FOR PITY'S SAKE...
BUT I PROMISE, SINCE I GOT US INTO THIS JELLY ROLL, I'LL GET US OUT --
NO.
THIS ISN'T YOUR FAULT... IT'S HIS. T-RAY'S.
AND THE ONLY THING I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME... IS THAT WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE...
WE'RE GOING TO TRACK HIM DOWN LIKE A DOG AND KILL HIM.
UH, MERCEDES... I DIG THE EASTWOOD IMPRESSION, BUT ARE YOU...?
...
SIGH ALL RIGHT... SO THAT'S WHERE THE FAT LADY FALLS... ALL RIGHT...
THINK OF ME AS YOUR HITMAN HUBBY, THEN... AND LET'S DO DIS.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO NICHTS UNLESS WE FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE.
NOT TO WORRY, MY TWO TON TEUTONIC... I'M ON IT... HRRP OR RATHER...
SPURRTGCH IT'S IN ME... GAAK
OH MEIN GOTT... I'M GOING TO BE SICK AGAIN...
DON'T HAAK WORRY... HUURPT I LEARNED THIS TRICK RITTTCH FROM A SUPER-MODEL...

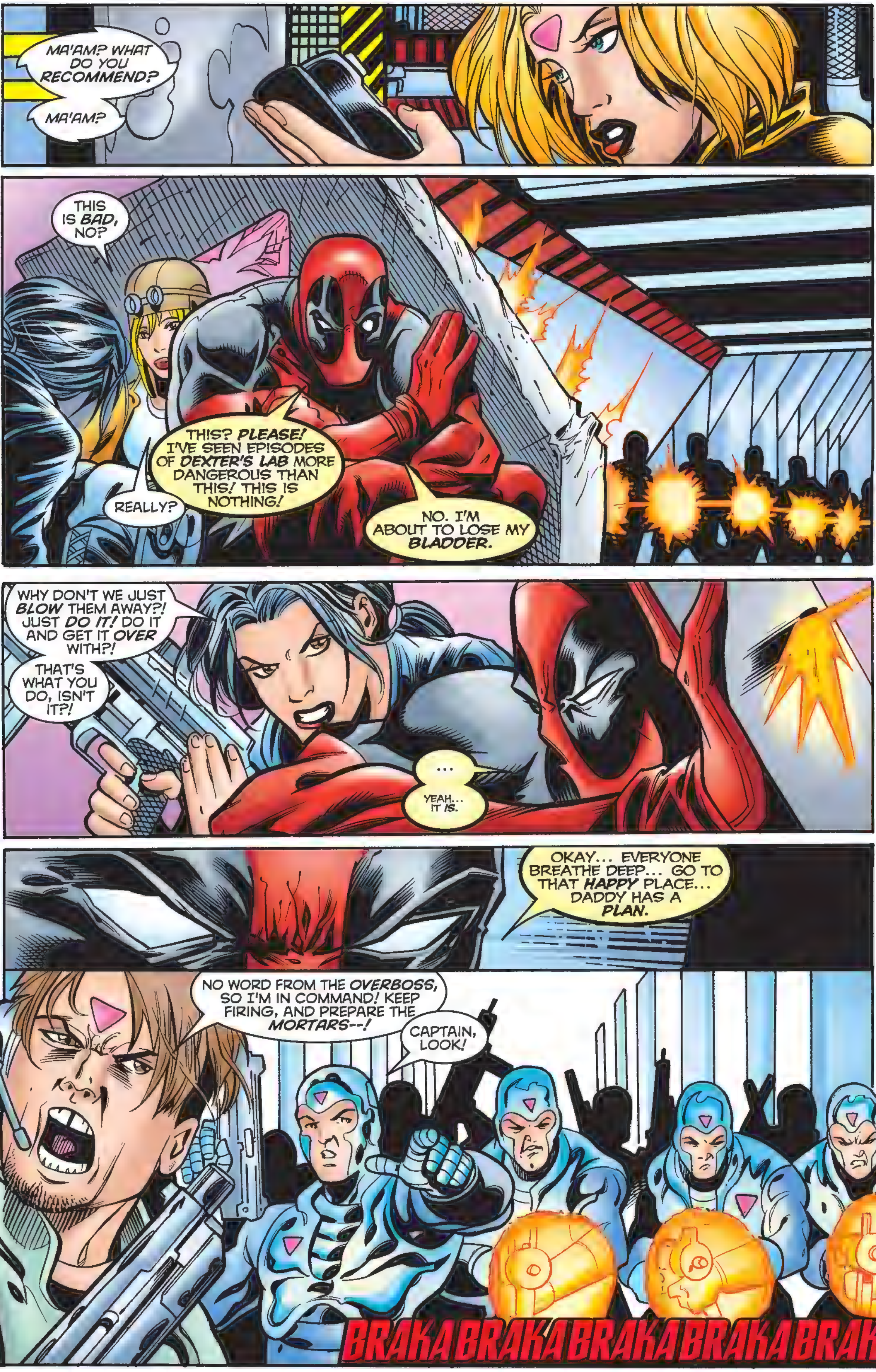

ELSEWHERE...
...PRIMARY MODIFICATIONS TO THE MEDULLA NON-FUNCTIONING...
...GENERAL COGNITIVE FACULTIES SUSPENDED...
...ZERO ALPHA, BETA OR ZETA WAVE ACTIVITY.
IN OTHERWORDS, MISS CULLODEN... THE SUBJECT IS A SIX MILLION DOLLAR VEGETABLE.
SMALL WONDER IT SEEMS TO HAVE LOST THE WILL TO LIVE.
ENOUGH. GO.
...
OKAY... YES... SO I SCREWED DEADPOOL... SO WHAT?
STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT.
I... I HAVE MY ORDERS.

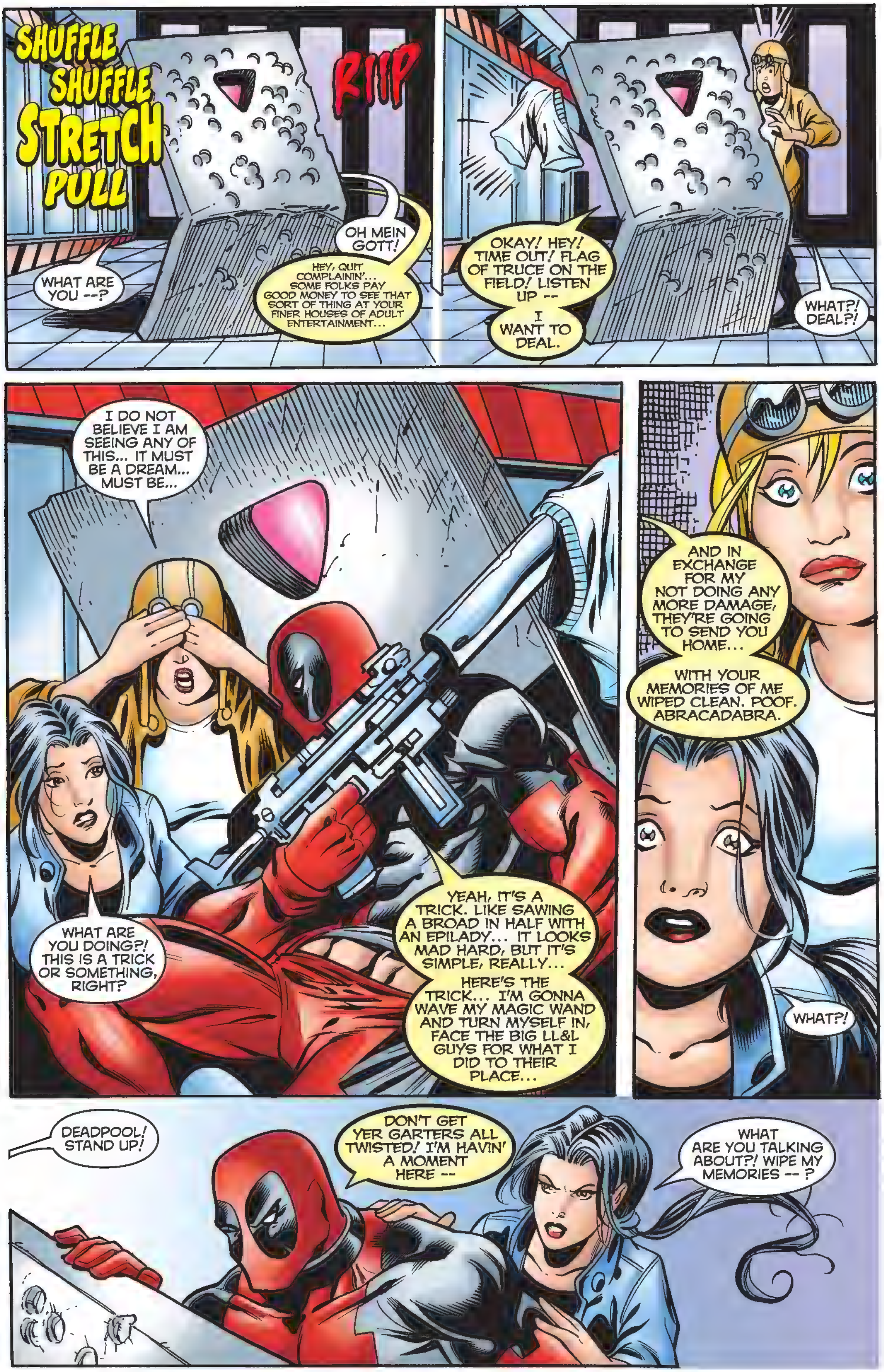

REALITIES AWAY, AT LL&L HQ...
WADE, THAT... THAT'S *DISGUSTING.*
WOW... UND I THOUGHT *I* HAD AN *EATING PROBLEM...*
ACH... THE *SMELL...*
A *WISE, POINTY-EARED, HOLIER-THAN-THOU TYPE* ONCE SAID "YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GONNA *LOSE* YOUR *UTILITY BELT, PUNK. RIGHT,* PUNK? *PUNK."*
-- AND SINCE MY *HEALING* FACTOR PREVENTS ALL *ULCERS...* IT'S JUST A MATTER KEEPING DOWN LITTLE BITS OF *TECH* AND *SEMTEX* WRAPPED IN HANDY DANDY *LATEX* SACKS AND VOILA! PERMANENT *CARRY-ON* LUGGAGE.
TA-DA! I ALSO DO *BAR MITZVAHS* AND *BACHELORETTE PARTIES...*
HOLD ON TO YOUR *BELTSTRAPS,* GALS... THIS *AIN'T* NO *POKEMON.*
BOOM
CONGRATULATIONS, CITIZEN, YOU JUST WON *WORKMAN'S COMP LOTTO...*
HNNGH
YOU SAY MONTY IN THE *BASEMENT?* THE ELEVATOR IS DIS WAY.
THANKS, *COLONEL KLINK...* I'M *ON* IT. WHERE'S MY WIFE --

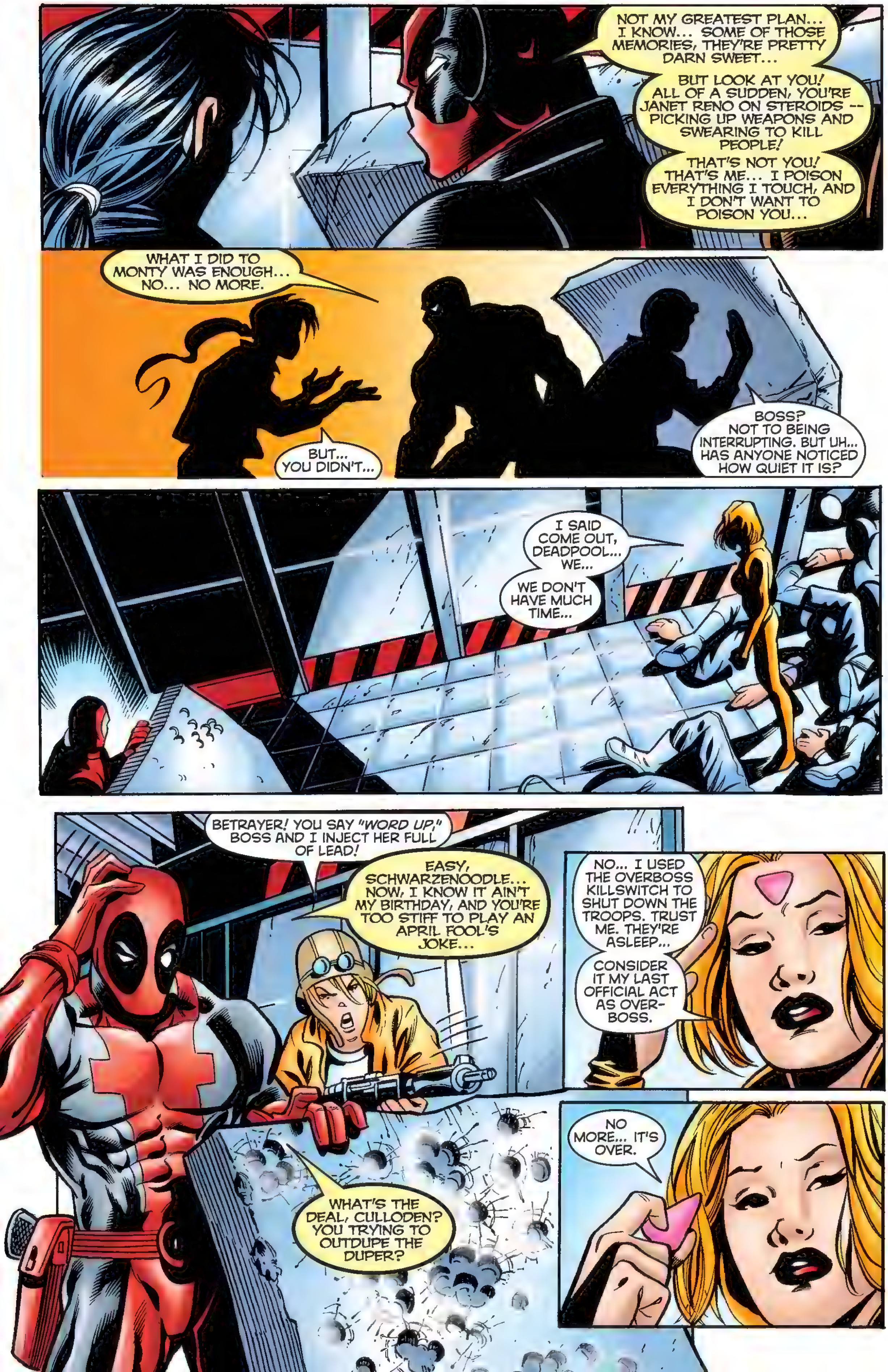

RIGHT HERE --
CH-CHAKK
CH-CHAKK?! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO CH-CHAKK!
TELL ME WHAT TO *DO*. I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT ANYONE I'M NOT *SUPPOSED* TO.
GIMMIE THAT THING BEFORE YOU SHOOT YOUR PONYTAIL OFF!
WADE, SOMEONE'S GOT TO HELP -- !
YEAH, *THAT* SOMEONE. THE EXPENDABLE ***SCHNICKELGRUBBER!***
DANKE, BOSS.
WHAT'S GOTTEN *INTO* YOU, KID?
I -- I'M NOT SOME DELICATE *FLOWER*... IF *THIS* IS WHAT YOUR WORLD IS ABOUT... IT'S TIME I STARTED *FITTING* IN...
WE MUST HURRY, THEY'LL BE HERE *SOON!*
MERCEDES, WE NEED TO --
HOLD IT!
I MEAN, THEY ARE HERE *NOW?* I AM STILL NOT GOOD WITH *TENSES*.
NICE... DO ME A FAVOR, LET SOMEONE *ELSE* WATCH OUR BACKS UNTIL YOU HAVE THE ENGLISH OF A ***NEW YORK CABBIE.*** THANKS ***BUNCHES.***

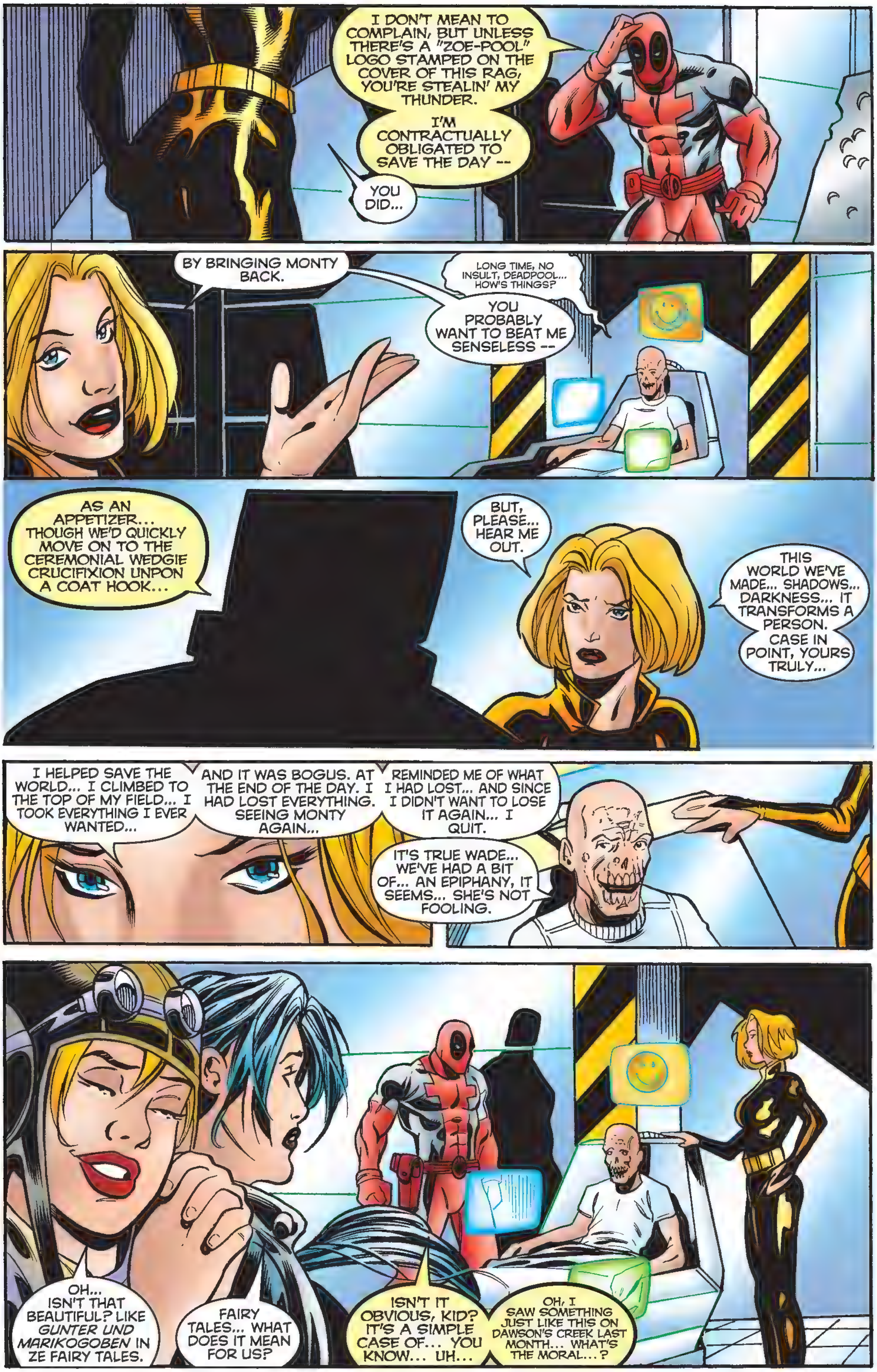

IT'S BUSINESS.
BIG BUSINESS... AND DEADPOOL IS A LITTLE LITTLE PERSON WHO CAUSED TROUBLE DISPROPORTIONATE TO HIS MEANS. AT LEAST, THAT'S HOW IT SITS ON PAPER.
DIXON MADE SUCH A MESS OF THE MITHRAS PROJECT THAT EVEN AFTER HIS... DISMISSAL... THE L'S WEREN'T SATISFIED. FORCING DEADPOOL TO HONOR HIS CONTRACT WILL MAKE THEM FEEL BETTER. A DETAIL IS TAKING HIM TO PROCESSING RIGHT NOW.
...
DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME... DEADPOOL TAPPED INTO YOUR CIRCUITS, AND WE SPIED ON DIXON...
AND WE CAUGHT HIM TELE-ORDERING A HOME FACELIFT KIT ON A SECURE CHANNEL?
I... HA HEH... IF WE HAD SLAPPED THAT MAN ON HIS BACK, HIS FACE WOULD HAVE CRACKED OFF.
HEH... HEH...
OH, MONTY... I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I SMILED OR LAUGHED...
NOT THAT I EVER HAD SUCH A STERLING SENSE OF HUMOR, BUT...
WHAT HAPPENED, MONTY... TO US... TO ME...?
WHAT HAPPENED--?
???
DBEET DBEET

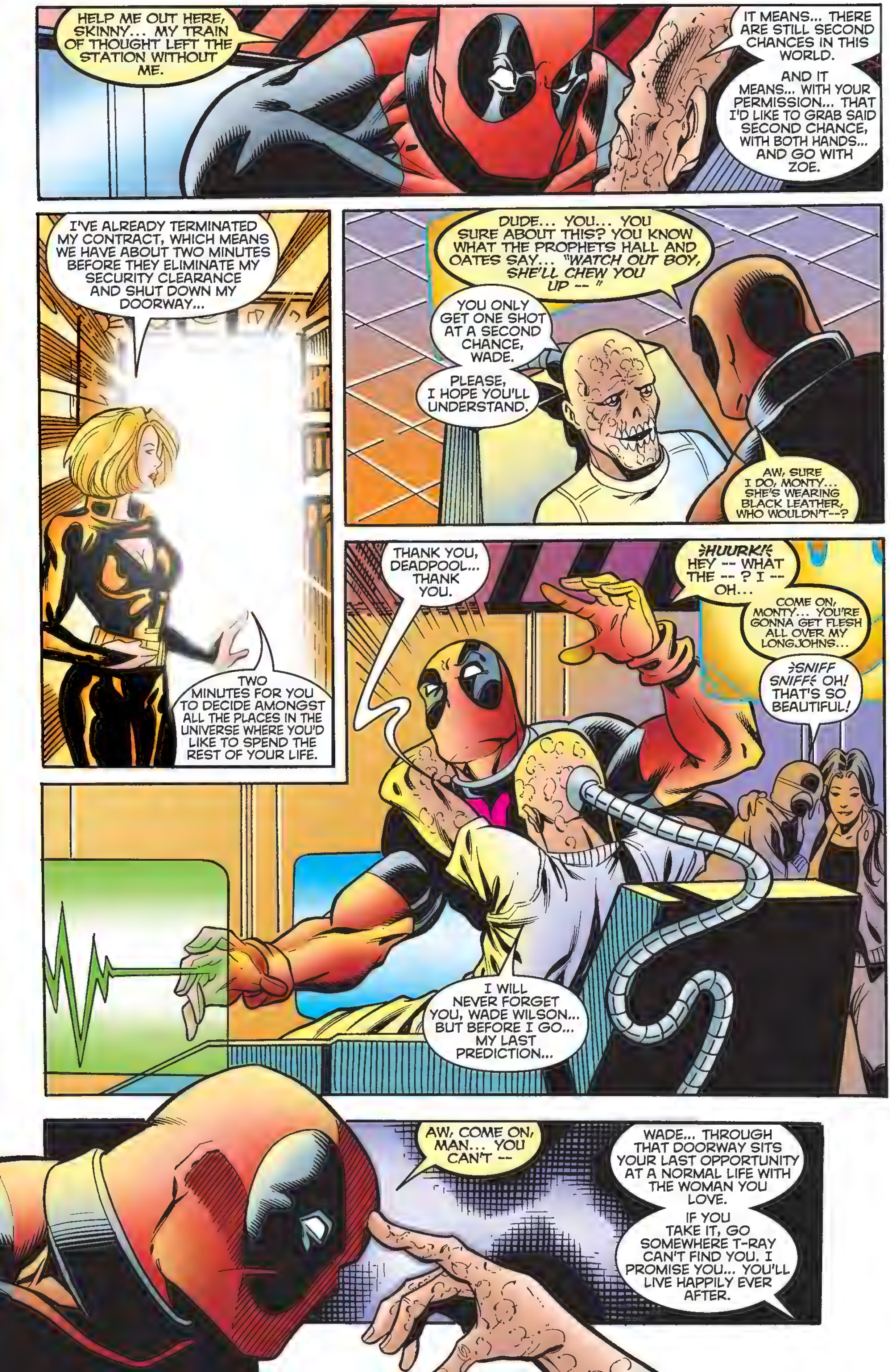

OH...
NO. NOT AWAKE *YET*... BUT THERE IS *BRAIN ACTIVITY*...
HE'S *DREAMING*. DREAMING ABOUT --
ME.
THAT'S... THAT'S HOW HE SEES ME...
EVEN AFTER... EVEN AFTER WHAT I DID TO HIM...
DBEET
OVERBOSS CULLODEN, MA'AM?
SNIFF YES...?
MA'AM... DEADPOOL AND HIS CONFEDERATES HAVE ATTEMPED ESCAPE BUT WE HAVE THEM *PINNED*.
MA'AM. TWO OF MY MEN ARE DOWN... REQUESTING PERMISSION TO TAKE THEM OUT... *HARD!*

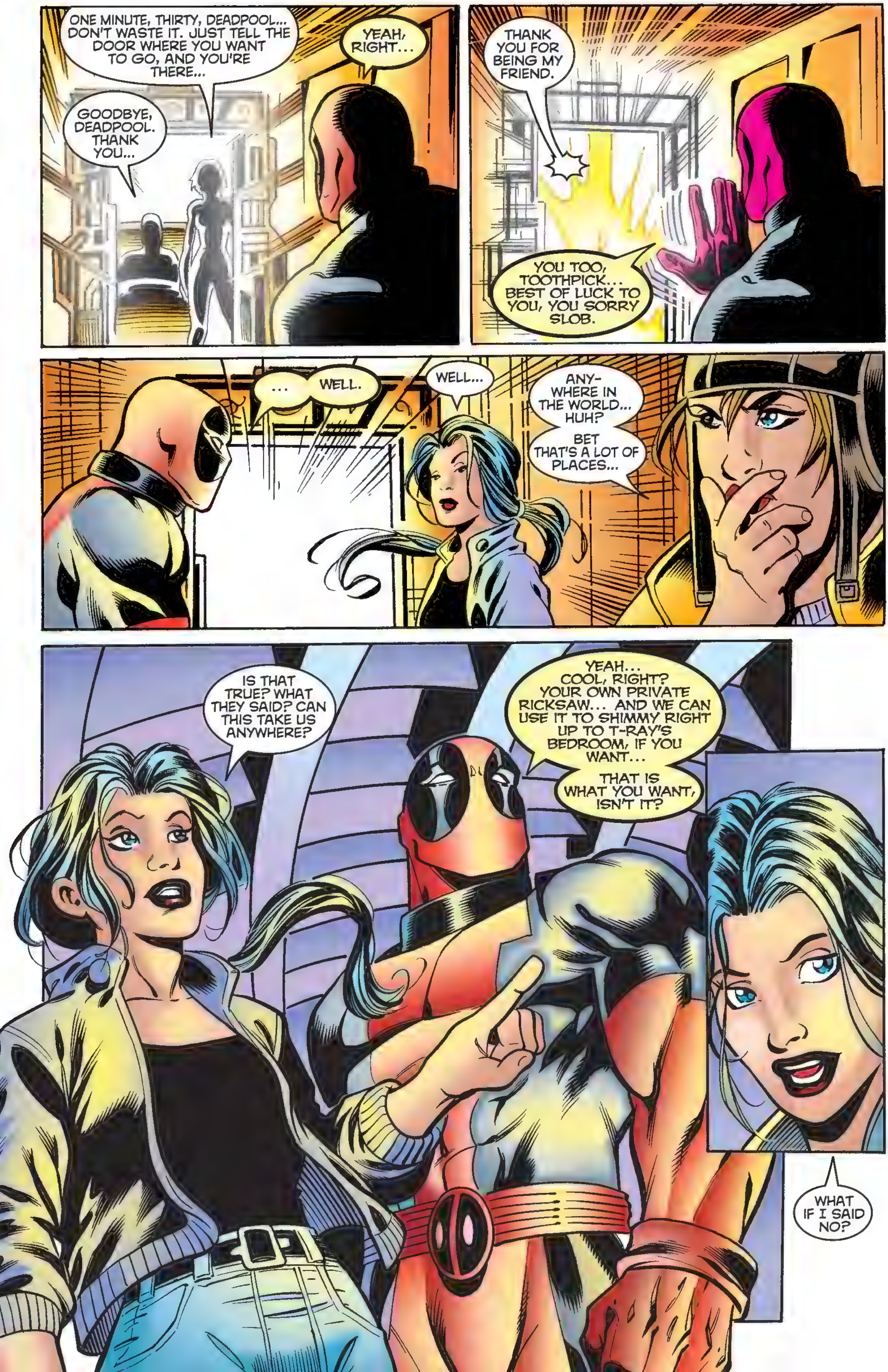

MA'AM? WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?
MA'AM?
THIS IS BAD, NO?
THIS? PLEASE! I'VE SEEN EPISODES OF DEXTER'S LAB MORE DANGEROUS THAN THIS! THIS IS NOTHING!
REALLY?
NO. I'M ABOUT TO LOSE MY BLADDER.
WHY DON'T WE JUST BLOW THEM AWAY?! JUST DO IT! DO IT AND GET IT OVER WITH?!
THAT'S WHAT YOU DO, ISN'T IT?!
...
YEAH... IT IS.
OKAY... EVERYONE BREATHE DEEP... GO TO THAT HAPPY PLACE... DADDY HAS A PLAN.
NO WORD FROM THE OVERBOSS, SO I'M IN COMMAND! KEEP FIRING, AND PREPARE THE MORTARS--!
CAPTAIN, LOOK!
BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

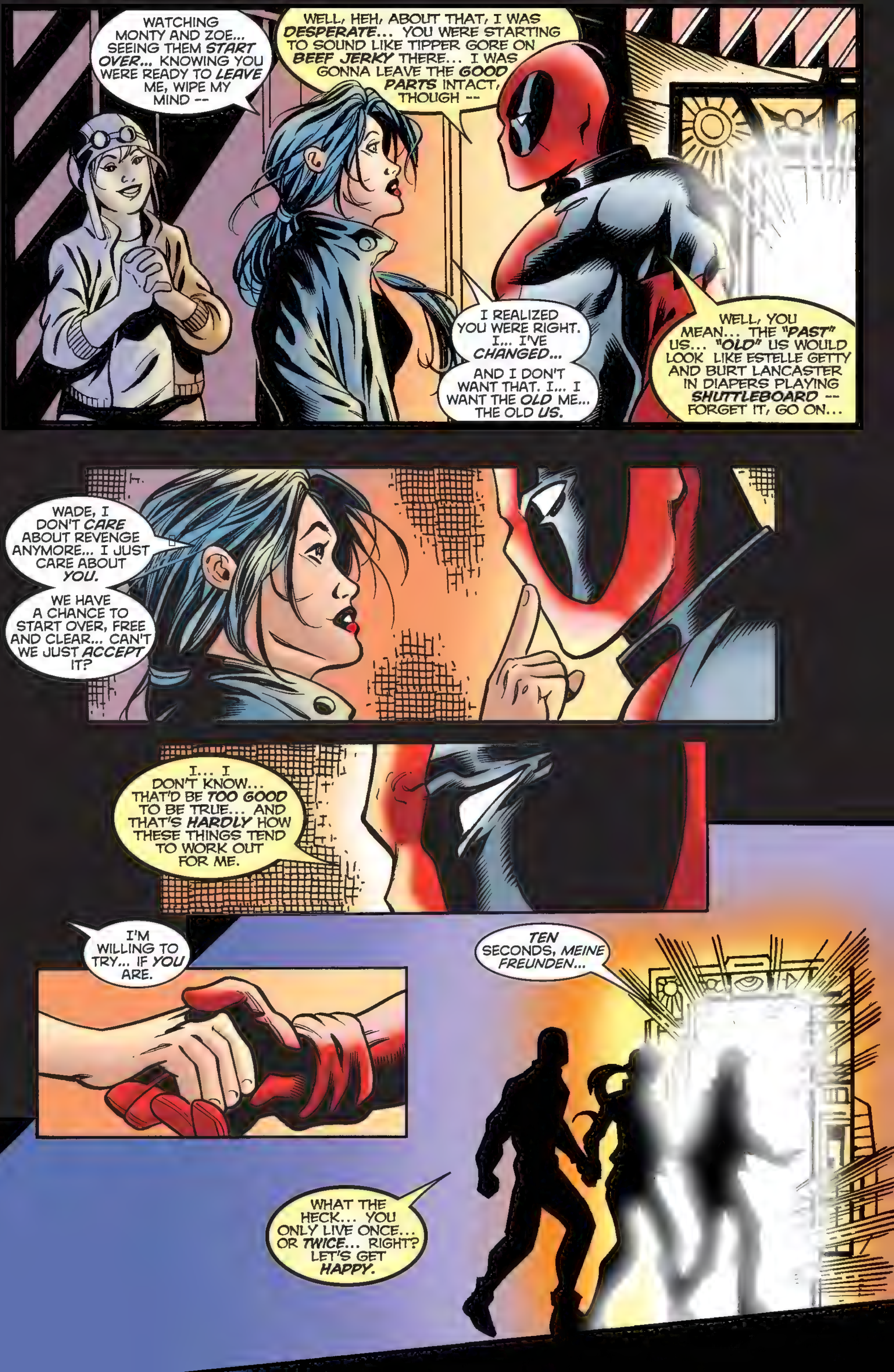

SHUFFLE SHUFFLE STRETCH PULL
WHAT ARE YOU --?
RIIP
OH MEIN GOTT!
HEY, QUIT COMPLAININ'... SOME FOLKS PAY GOOD MONEY TO SEE THAT SORT OF THING AT YOUR FINER HOUSES OF ADULT ENTERTAINMENT...
OKAY! HEY! TIME OUT! FLAG OF TRUCE ON THE FIELD! LISTEN UP --
I WANT TO DEAL.
WHAT?! DEAL?!
I DO NOT BELIEVE I AM SEEING ANY OF THIS... IT MUST BE A DREAM... MUST BE...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! THIS IS A TRICK OR SOMETHING, RIGHT?
YEAH, IT'S A TRICK. LIKE SAWING A BROAD IN HALF WITH AN EPILADY... IT LOOKS MAD HARD, BUT IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY...
HERE'S THE TRICK... I'M GONNA WAVE MY MAGIC WAND AND TURN MYSELF IN, FACE THE BIG LL&L GUYS FOR WHAT I DID TO THEIR PLACE...
AND IN EXCHANGE FOR MY NOT DOING ANY MORE DAMAGE, THEY'RE GOING TO SEND YOU HOME...
WITH YOUR MEMORIES OF ME WIPED CLEAN. POOF. ABRACADABRA.
WHAT?!
DEADPOOL! STAND UP!
DON'T GET YER GARTERS ALL TWISTED! I'M HAVIN' A MOMENT HERE --
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! WIPE MY MEMORIES -- ?

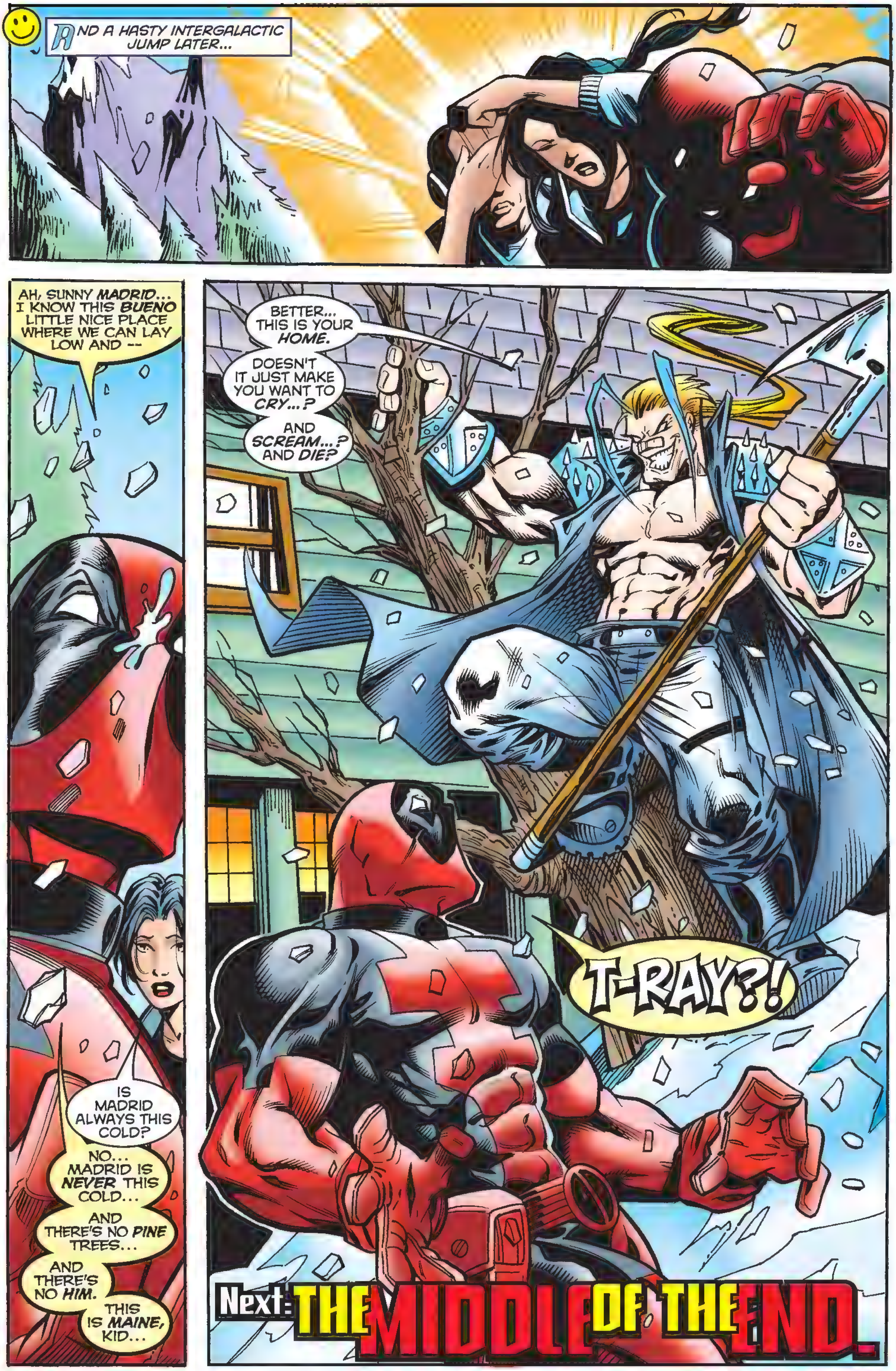

NOT MY GREATEST PLAN... I KNOW... SOME OF THOSE MEMORIES, THEY'RE PRETTY DARN SWEET...
BUT LOOK AT YOU! ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU'RE JANET RENO ON STEROIDS -- PICKING UP WEAPONS AND SWEARING TO KILL PEOPLE!
THAT'S NOT YOU! THAT'S ME... I POISON EVERYTHING I TOUCH, AND I DON'T WANT TO POISON YOU...
WHAT I DID TO MONTY WAS ENOUGH... NO... NO MORE.
BUT... YOU DIDN'T...
BOSS? NOT TO BEING INTERRUPTING. BUT UH... HAS ANYONE NOTICED HOW QUIET IT IS?
I SAID COME OUT, DEADPOOL... WE...
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME...
BETRAYER! YOU SAY "WORD UP," BOSS AND I INJECT HER FULL OF LEAD!
EASY, SCHWARZENOODLE... NOW, I KNOW IT AIN'T MY BIRTHDAY, AND YOU'RE TOO STIFF TO PLAY AN APRIL FOOL'S JOKE...
WHAT'S THE DEAL, CULLODEN? YOU TRYING TO OUTDUPE THE DUPER?
NO... I USED THE OVERBOSS KILLSWITCH TO SHUT DOWN THE TROOPS. TRUST ME. THEY'RE ASLEEP...
CONSIDER IT MY LAST OFFICIAL ACT AS OVER-BOSS.
NO MORE... IT'S OVER.

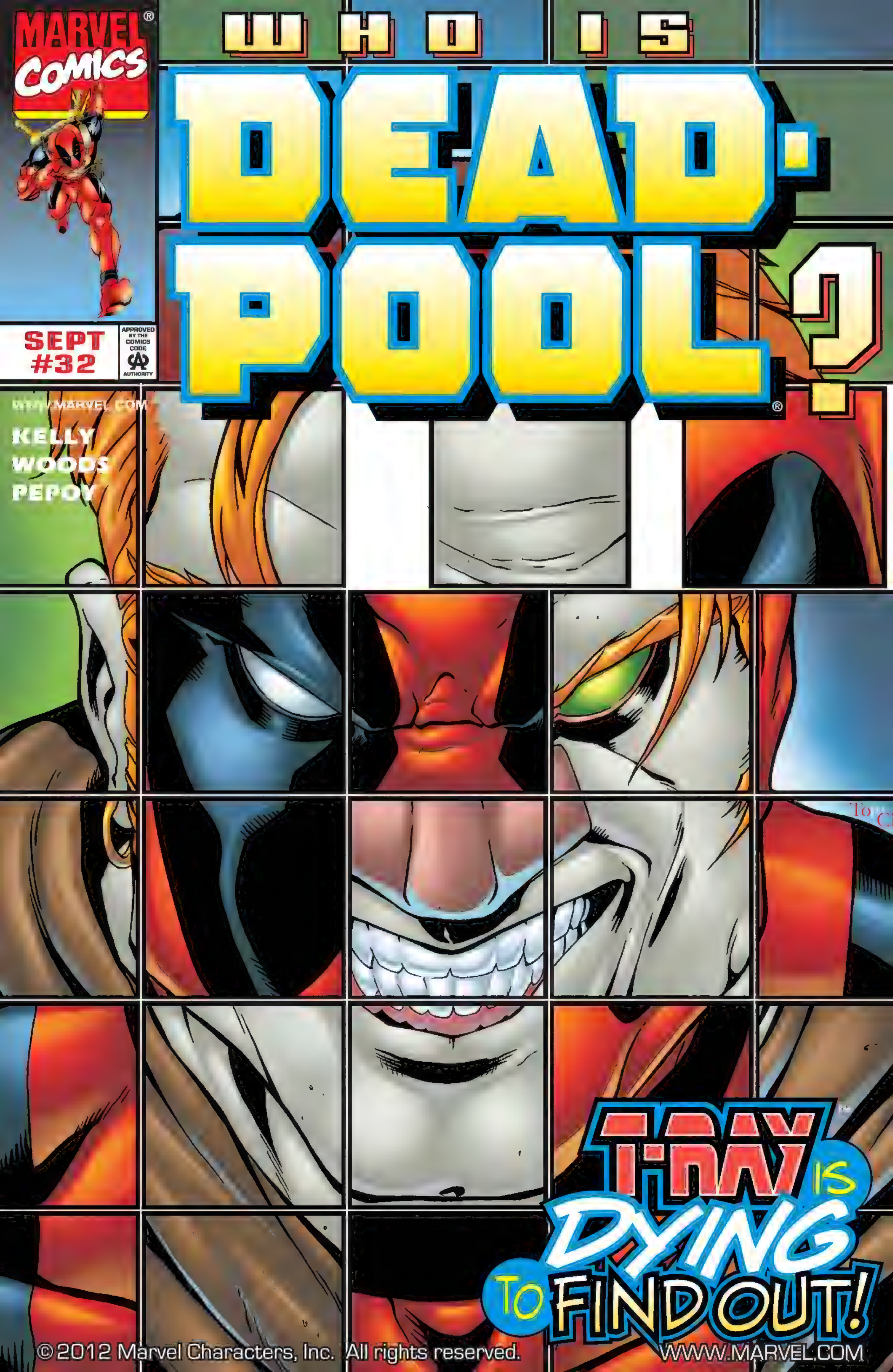

I DON'T MEAN TO COMPLAIN, BUT UNLESS THERE'S A "ZOE-POOL" LOGO STAMPED ON THE COVER OF THIS RAG, YOU'RE STEALIN' MY THUNDER.
I'M CONTRACTUALLY OBLIGATED TO SAVE THE DAY --
YOU DID...
BY BRINGING MONTY BACK.
LONG TIME, NO INSULT, DEADPOOL... HOW'S THINGS?
YOU PROBABLY WANT TO BEAT ME SENSELESS --
AS AN APPETIZER... THOUGH WE'D QUICKLY MOVE ON TO THE CEREMONIAL WEDGIE CRUCIFIXION UPON A COAT HOOK...
BUT, PLEASE... HEAR ME OUT.
THIS WORLD WE'VE MADE... SHADOWS... DARKNESS... IT TRANSFORMS A PERSON.
CASE IN POINT, YOURS TRULY...
I HELPED SAVE THE WORLD... I CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF MY FIELD... I TOOK EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED...
AND IT WAS BOGUS. AT THE END OF THE DAY. I HAD LOST EVERYTHING. SEEING MONTY AGAIN...
REMINDED ME OF WHAT I HAD LOST... AND SINCE I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE IT AGAIN... I QUIT.
IT'S TRUE WADE... WE'VE HAD A BIT OF... AN EPIPHANY, IT SEEMS... SHE'S NOT FOOLING.
OH... ISN'T THAT BEAUTIFUL? LIKE *GUNTER UND MARIKOGOBEN* IN ZE FAIRY TALES.
FAIRY TALES... WHAT DOES IT MEAN FOR US?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, KID? IT'S A SIMPLE CASE OF... YOU KNOW... UH...
OH, I SAW SOMETHING JUST LIKE THIS ON DAWSON'S CREEK LAST MONTH... WHAT'S THE MORAL...?


HELP ME OUT HERE, SKINNY... MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT LEFT THE STATION WITHOUT ME.
IT MEANS... THERE ARE STILL SECOND CHANCES IN THIS WORLD.
AND IT MEANS... WITH YOUR PERMISSION... THAT I'D LIKE TO GRAB SAID SECOND CHANCE, WITH BOTH HANDS... AND GO WITH ZOE.
I'VE ALREADY TERMINATED MY CONTRACT, WHICH MEANS WE HAVE ABOUT TWO MINUTES BEFORE THEY ELIMINATE MY SECURITY CLEARANCE AND SHUT DOWN MY DOORWAY...
TWO MINUTES FOR YOU TO DECIDE AMONGST ALL THE PLACES IN THE UNIVERSE WHERE YOU'D LIKE TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
DUDE... YOU... YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? YOU KNOW WHAT THE PROPHETS HALL AND OATES SAY... *"WATCH OUT BOY, SHE'LL CHEW YOU UP --"*
YOU ONLY GET ONE SHOT AT A SECOND CHANCE, WADE.
PLEASE, I HOPE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.
AW, SURE I DO, MONTY... SHE'S WEARING BLACK LEATHER, WHO WOULDN'T--?
THANK YOU, DEADPOOL... THANK YOU.
HUURK! HEY -- WHAT THE -- ? I -- OH...
COME ON, MONTY... YOU'RE GONNA GET FLESH ALL OVER MY LONGJOHNS...
SNIFF SNIFF OH! THAT'S SO BEAUTIFUL!
I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU, WADE WILSON... BUT BEFORE I GO... MY LAST PREDICTION...
AW, COME ON, MAN... YOU CAN'T --
WADE... THROUGH THAT DOORWAY SITS YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY AT A NORMAL LIFE WITH THE WOMAN YOU LOVE.
IF YOU TAKE IT, GO SOMEWHERE T-RAY CAN'T FIND YOU. I PROMISE YOU... YOU'LL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

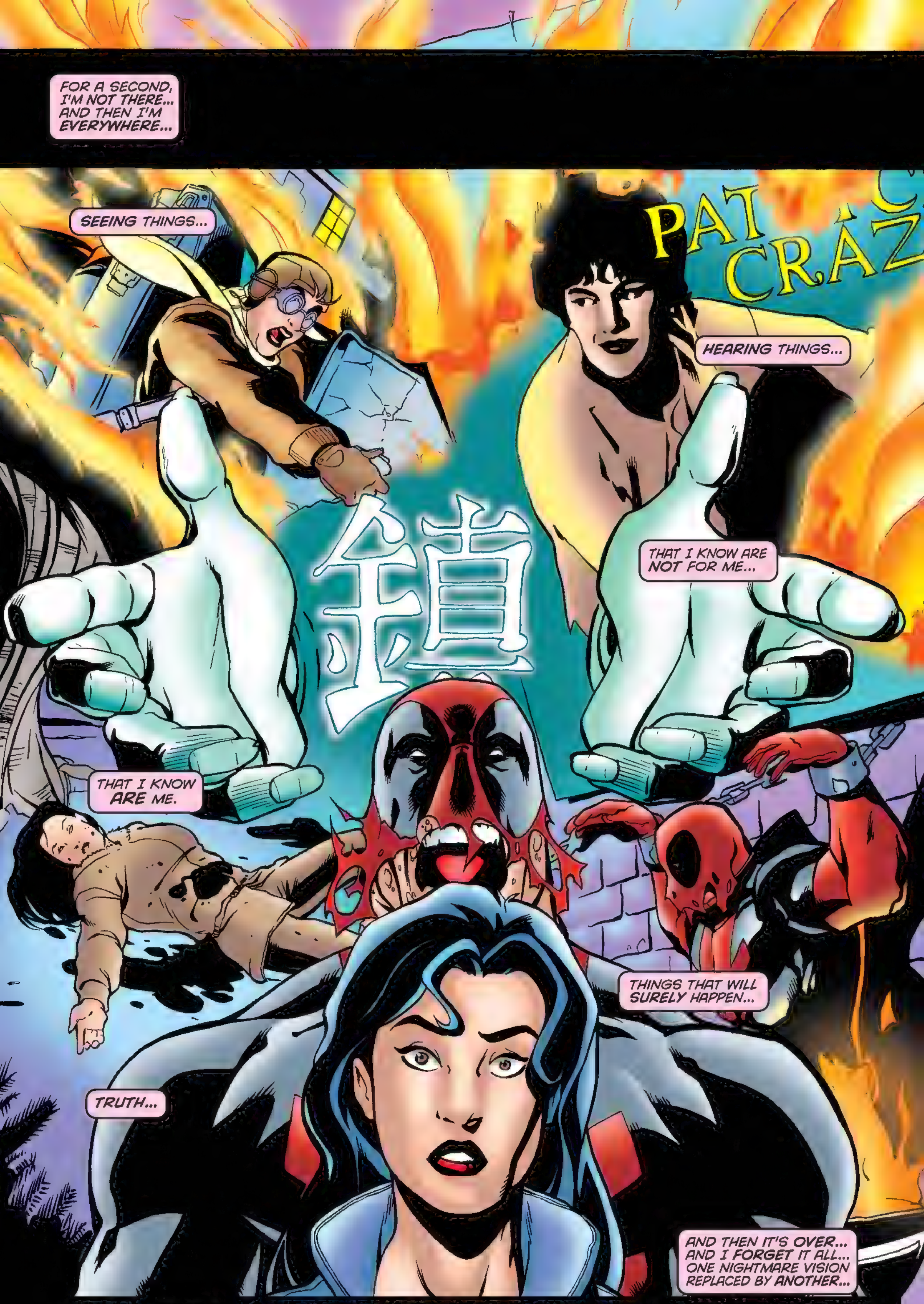

ONE MINUTE, THIRTY, DEADPOOL... DON'T WASTE IT. JUST TELL THE DOOR WHERE YOU WANT TO GO, AND YOU'RE THERE...
GOODBYE, DEADPOOL. THANK YOU...
YEAH, RIGHT...
THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND.
YOU TOO, TOOTHPICK... BEST OF LUCK TO YOU, YOU SORRY SLOB.
... WELL.
WELL...
ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD... HUH?
BET THAT'S A LOT OF PLACES...
IS THAT TRUE? WHAT THEY SAID? CAN THIS TAKE US ANYWHERE?
YEAH... COOL, RIGHT? YOUR OWN PRIVATE RICKSAW... AND WE CAN USE IT TO SHIMMY RIGHT UP TO T-RAY'S BEDROOM, IF YOU WANT...
THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?
WHAT IF I SAID NO?


WATCHING MONTY AND ZOE... SEEING THEM START OVER... KNOWING YOU WERE READY TO LEAVE ME, WIPE MY MIND --
WELL, HEH, ABOUT THAT, I WAS DESPERATE... YOU WERE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE TIPPER GORE ON BEEF JERKY THERE... I WAS GONNA LEAVE THE GOOD PARTS INTACT, THOUGH --
I REALIZED YOU WERE RIGHT. I... I'VE CHANGED...
AND I DON'T WANT THAT. I... I WANT THE OLD ME... THE OLD US.
WELL, YOU MEAN... THE "PAST" US... "OLD" US WOULD LOOK LIKE ESTELLE GETTY AND BURT LANCASTER IN DIAPERS PLAYING SHUTTLEBOARD -- FORGET IT, GO ON...
WADE, I DON'T CARE ABOUT REVENGE ANYMORE... I JUST CARE ABOUT YOU.
WE HAVE A CHANCE TO START OVER, FREE AND CLEAR... CAN'T WE JUST ACCEPT IT?
I... I DON'T KNOW... THAT'D BE TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE... AND THAT'S HARDLY HOW THESE THINGS TEND TO WORK OUT FOR ME.
I'M WILLING TO TRY... IF YOU ARE.
TEN SECONDS, MEINE FREUNDEN...
WHAT THE HECK... YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE... OR TWICE... RIGHT? LET'S GET HAPPY.

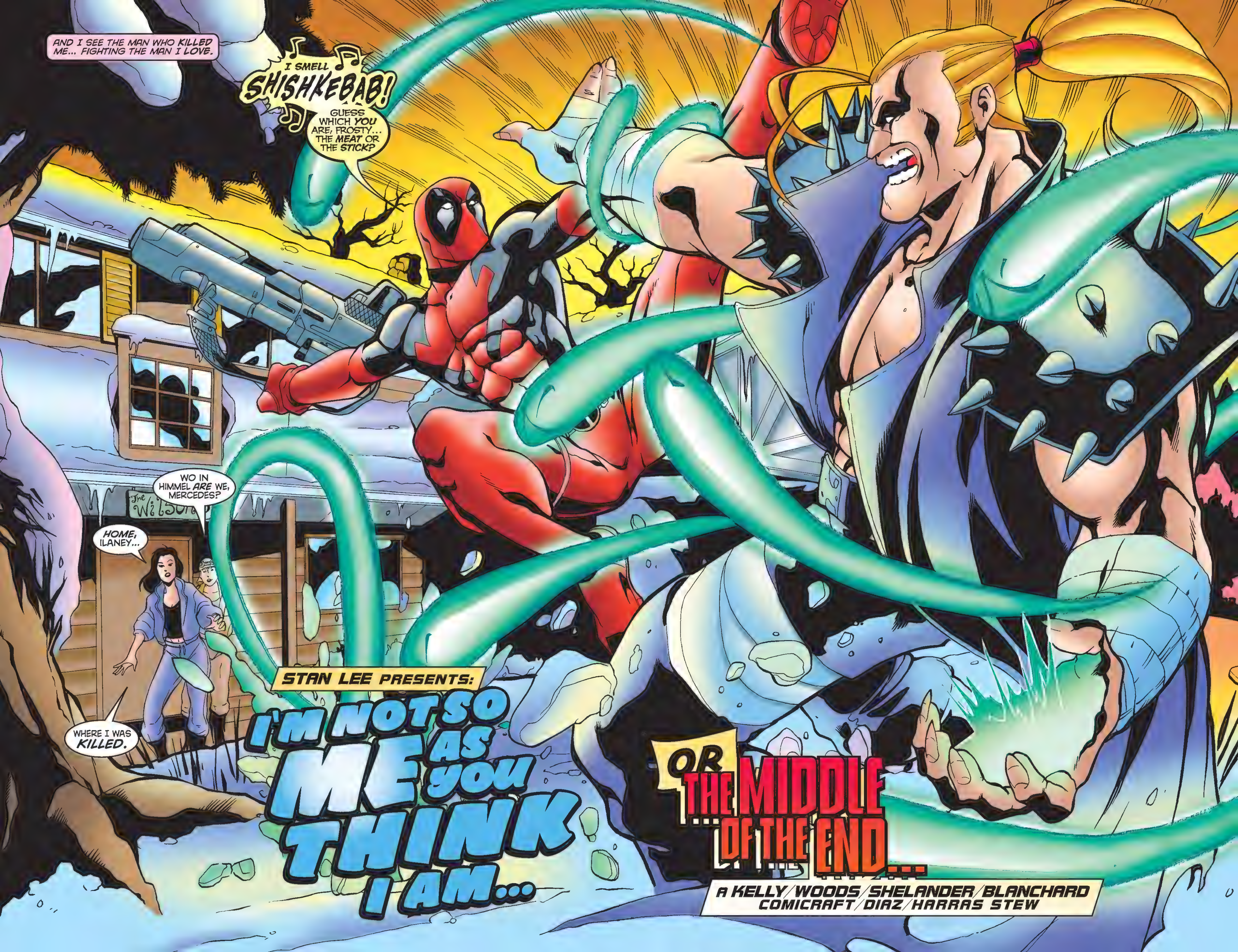

AND A HASTY INTERGALACTIC JUMP LATER...
AH, SUNNY *MADRID*... I KNOW THIS *BUENO* LITTLE NICE PLACE WHERE WE CAN LAY LOW AND --
IS MADRID ALWAYS THIS COLD?
NO... MADRID IS *NEVER* THIS COLD...
AND THERE'S NO *PINE* TREES...
AND THERE'S NO *HIM*.
THIS IS *MAINE*, KID...
BETTER... THIS IS YOUR *HOME*.
DOESN'T IT JUST MAKE YOU WANT TO *CRY*...?
AND *SCREAM*...? AND *DIE*?
T-RAY?!
Next: THE MIDDLE OF THE END.

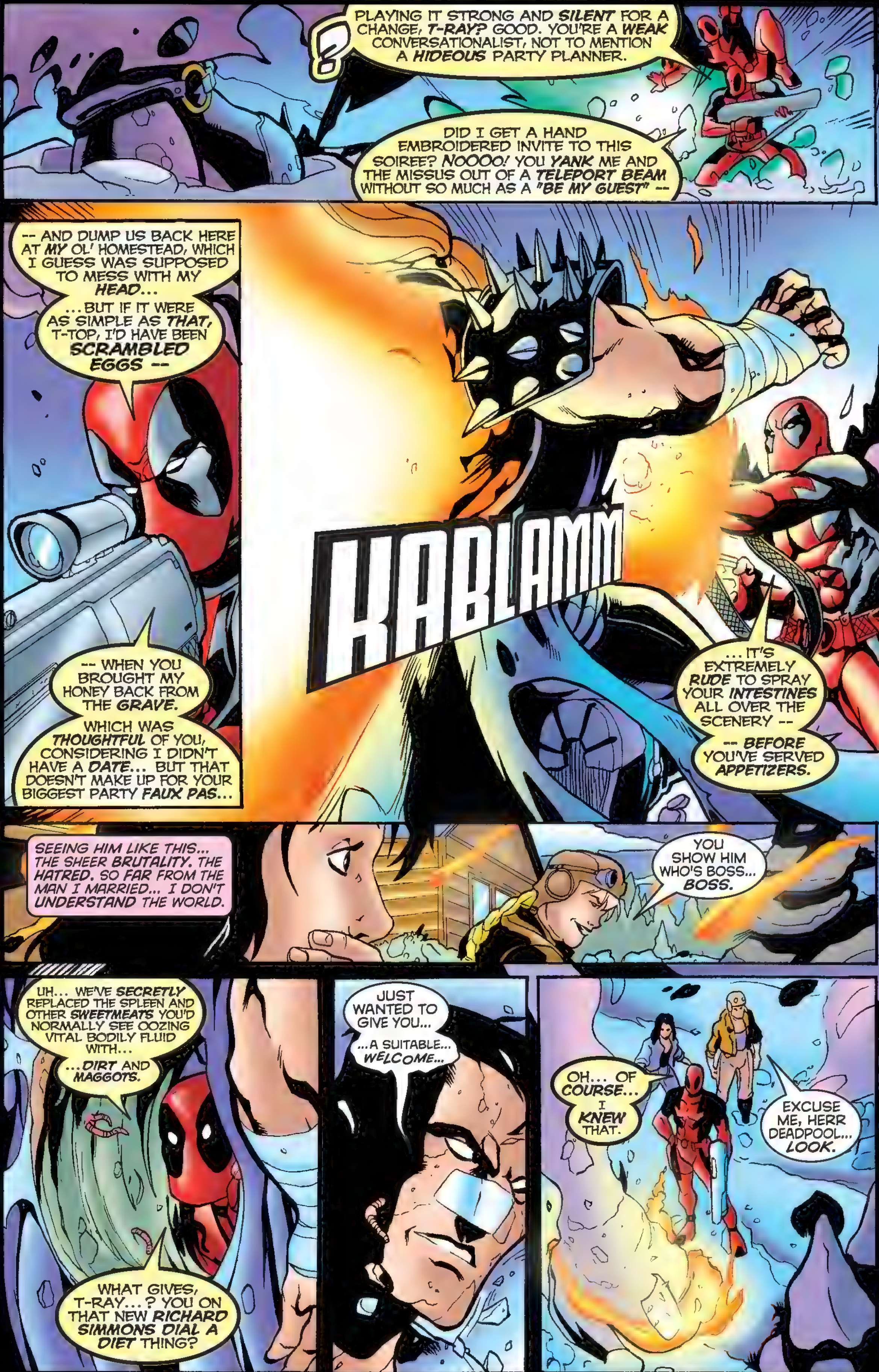

MARVEL COMICS
WHO IS
DEAD-POOL?
SEPT #32
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
WWW.MARVEL.COM
KELLY
WOODS
PEPOY
T-RAY IS DYING TO FIND OUT!
WWW.MARVEL.COM

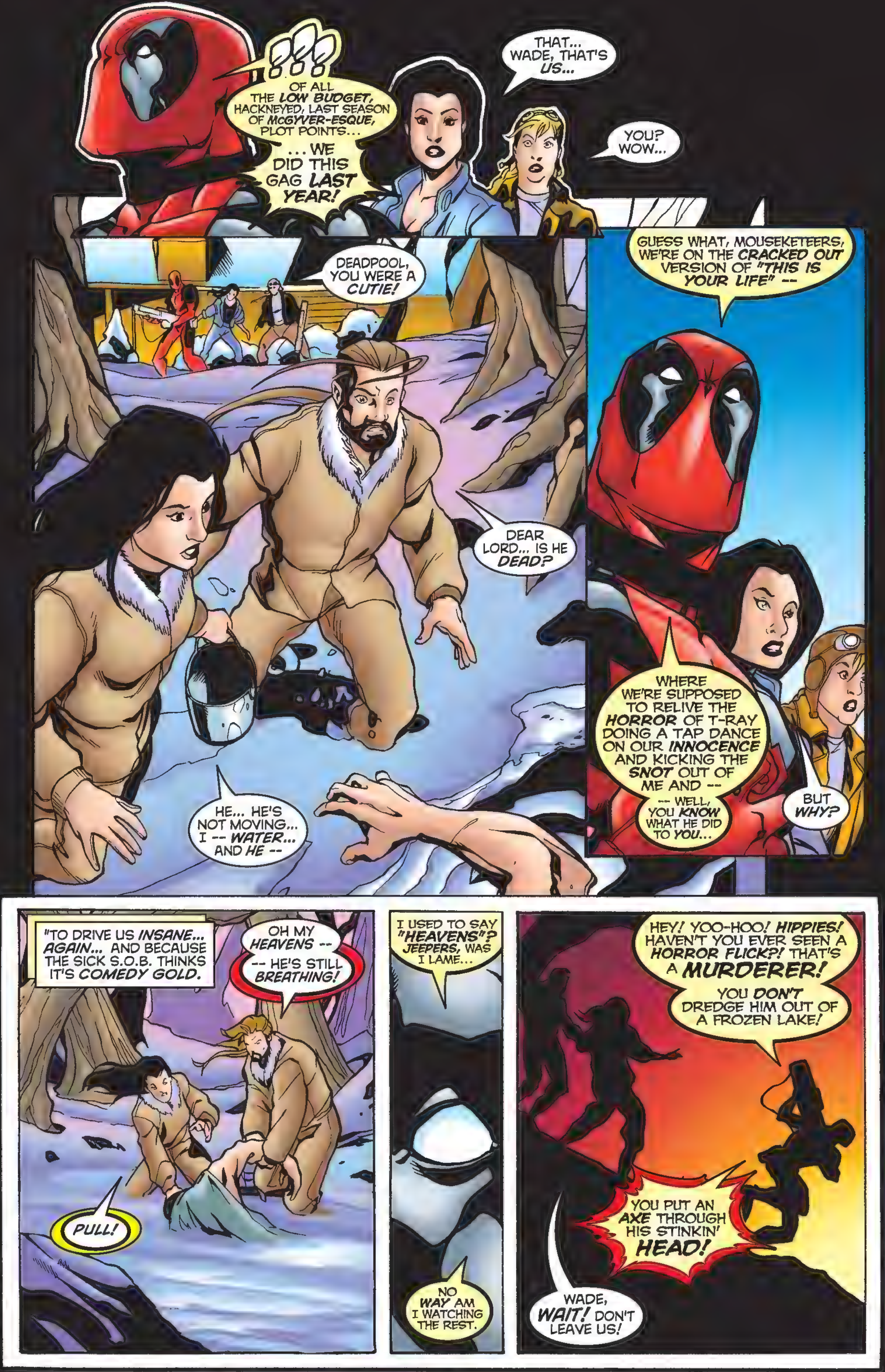
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

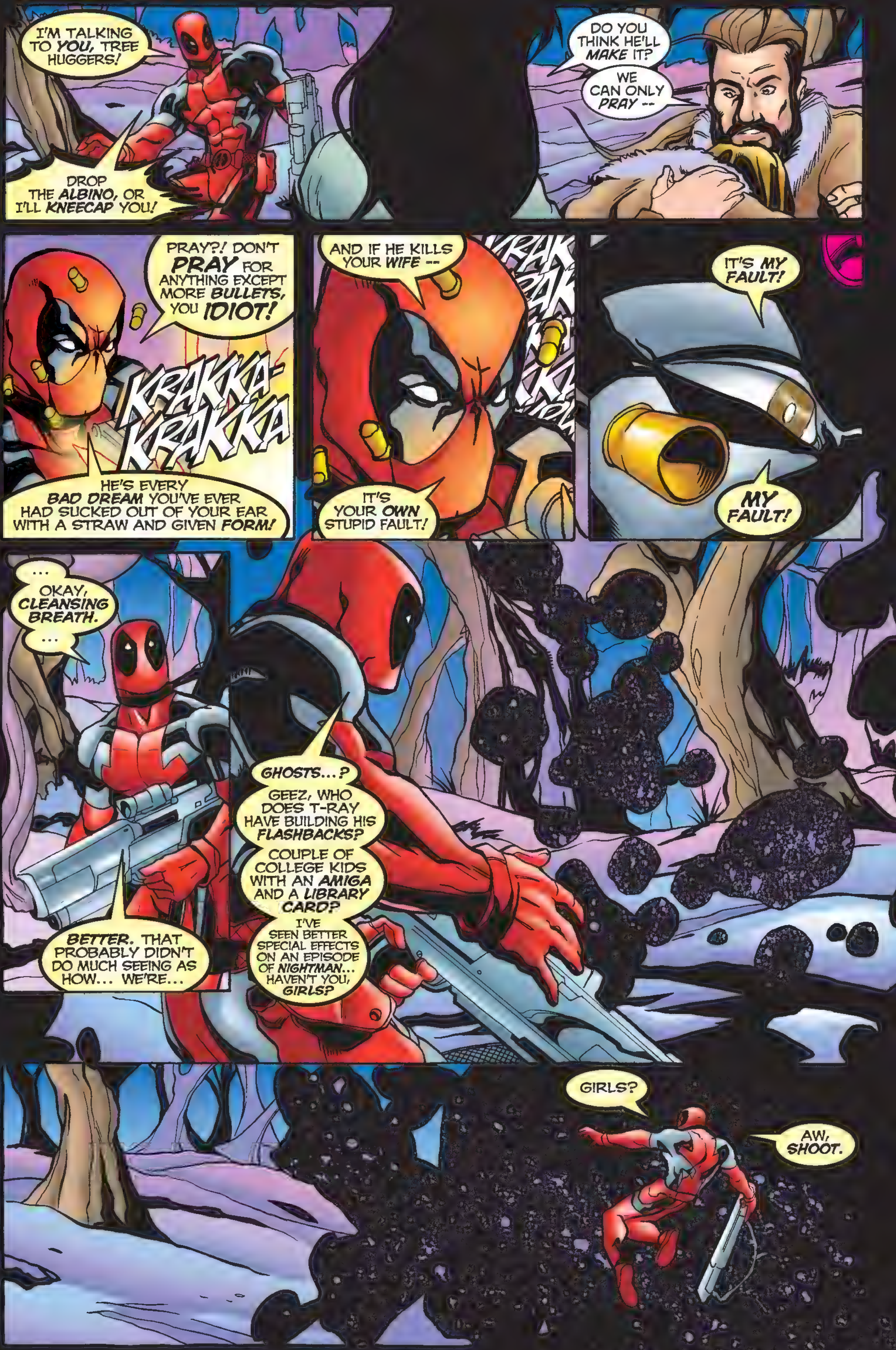

FOR A SECOND, I'M NOT THERE... AND THEN I'M EVERYWHERE...
SEEING THINGS...
PAT
CRAZ
HEARING THINGS...
鎮
THAT I KNOW ARE NOT FOR ME...
THAT I KNOW ARE ME.
THINGS THAT WILL SURELY HAPPEN...
TRUTH...
AND THEN IT'S OVER... AND I FORGET IT ALL... ONE NIGHTMARE VISION REPLACED BY ANOTHER...

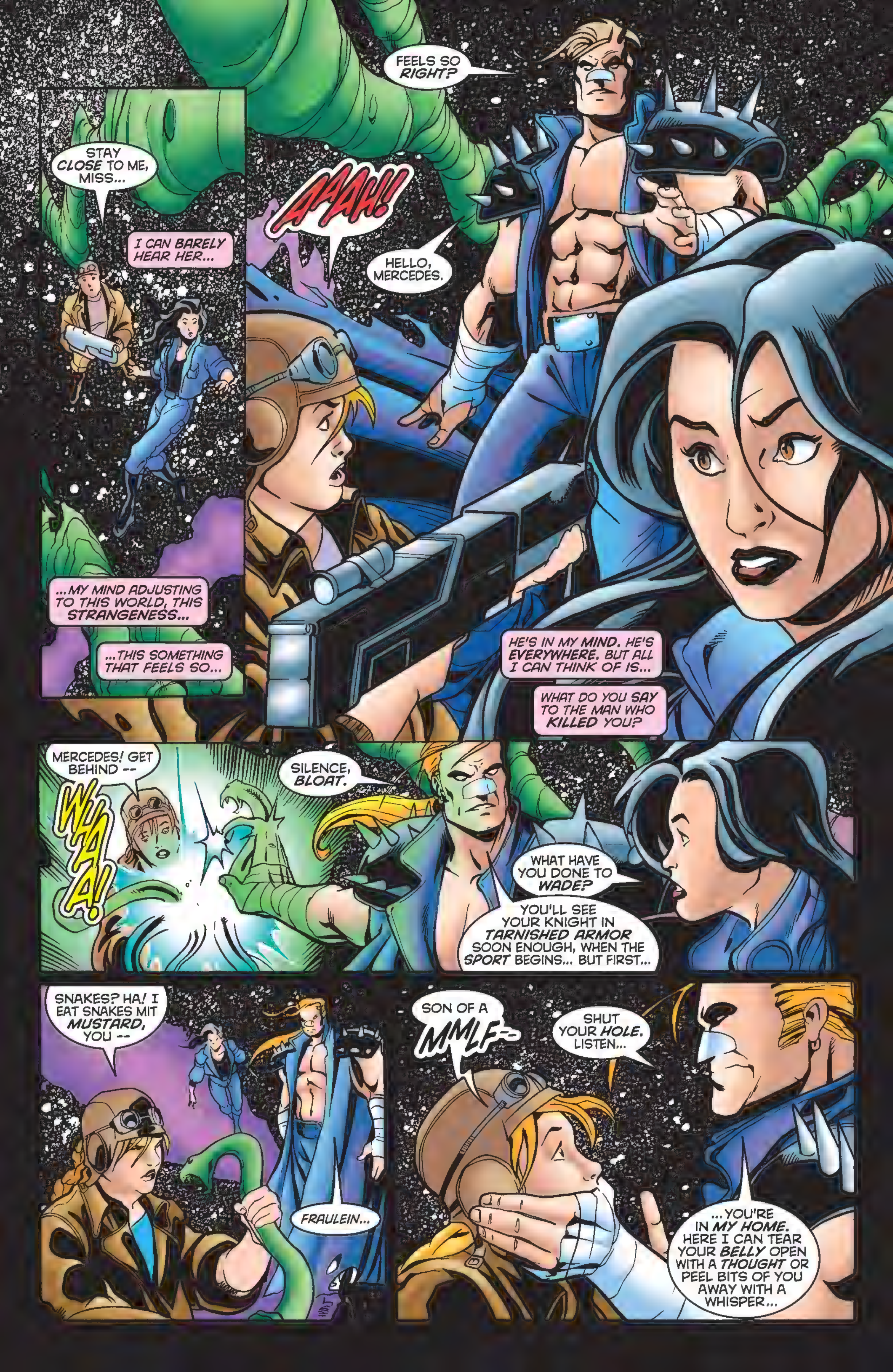
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

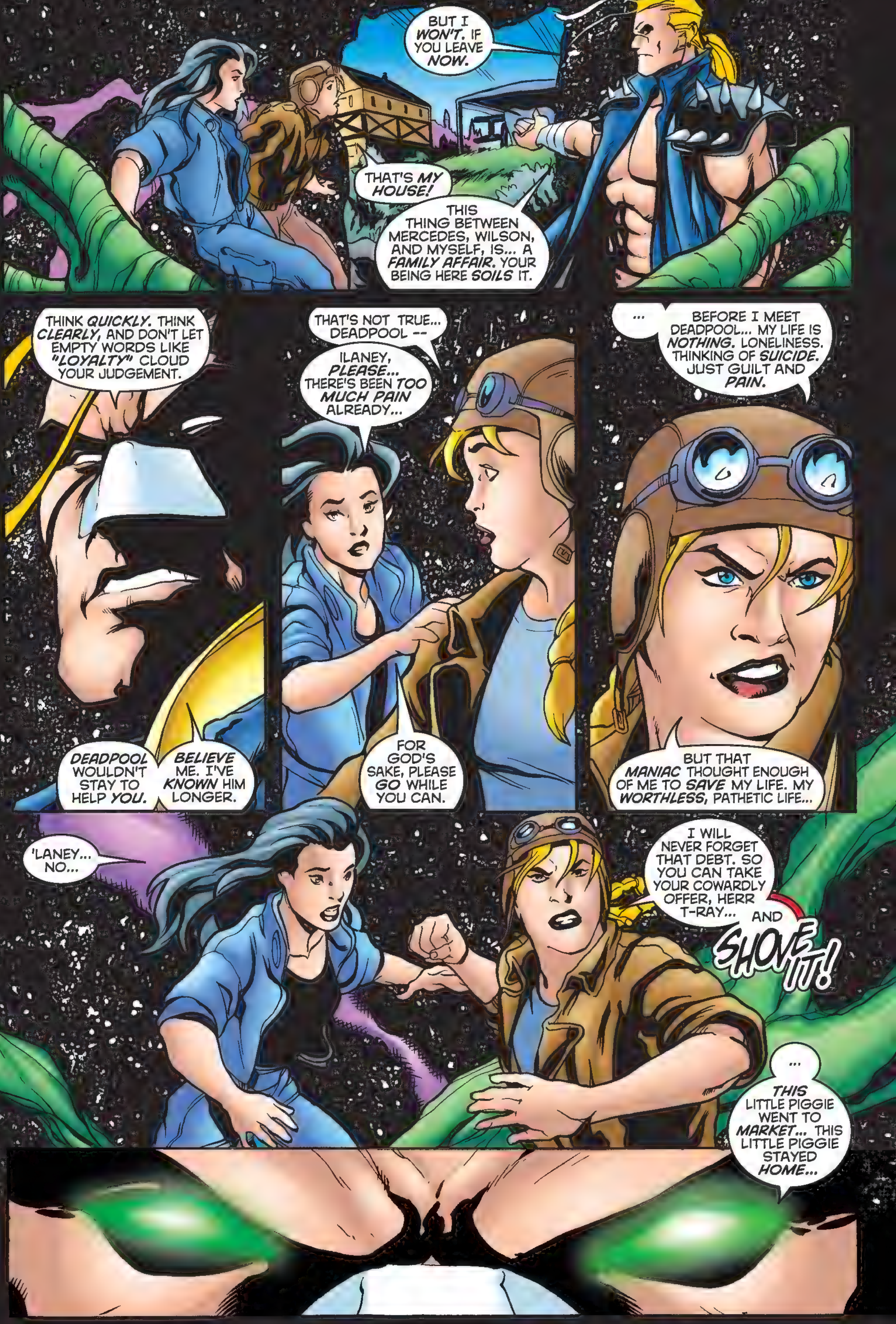

AND I SEE THE MAN WHO KILLED ME... FIGHTING THE MAN I LOVE.
I SMELL SHISHKEBAB!
GUESS WHICH YOU ARE, FROSTY... THE MEAT OR THE STICK?
WO IN HIMMEL ARE WE, MERCEDES?
HOME, ILANEY...
WHERE I WAS KILLED.
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
I'M NOT SO ME AS YOU THINK I AM...
OR THE MIDDLE... OF THE END...
A KELLY/WOODS/SHELANDER/BLANCHARD COMICRAFT/DIAZ/HARRAS STEW

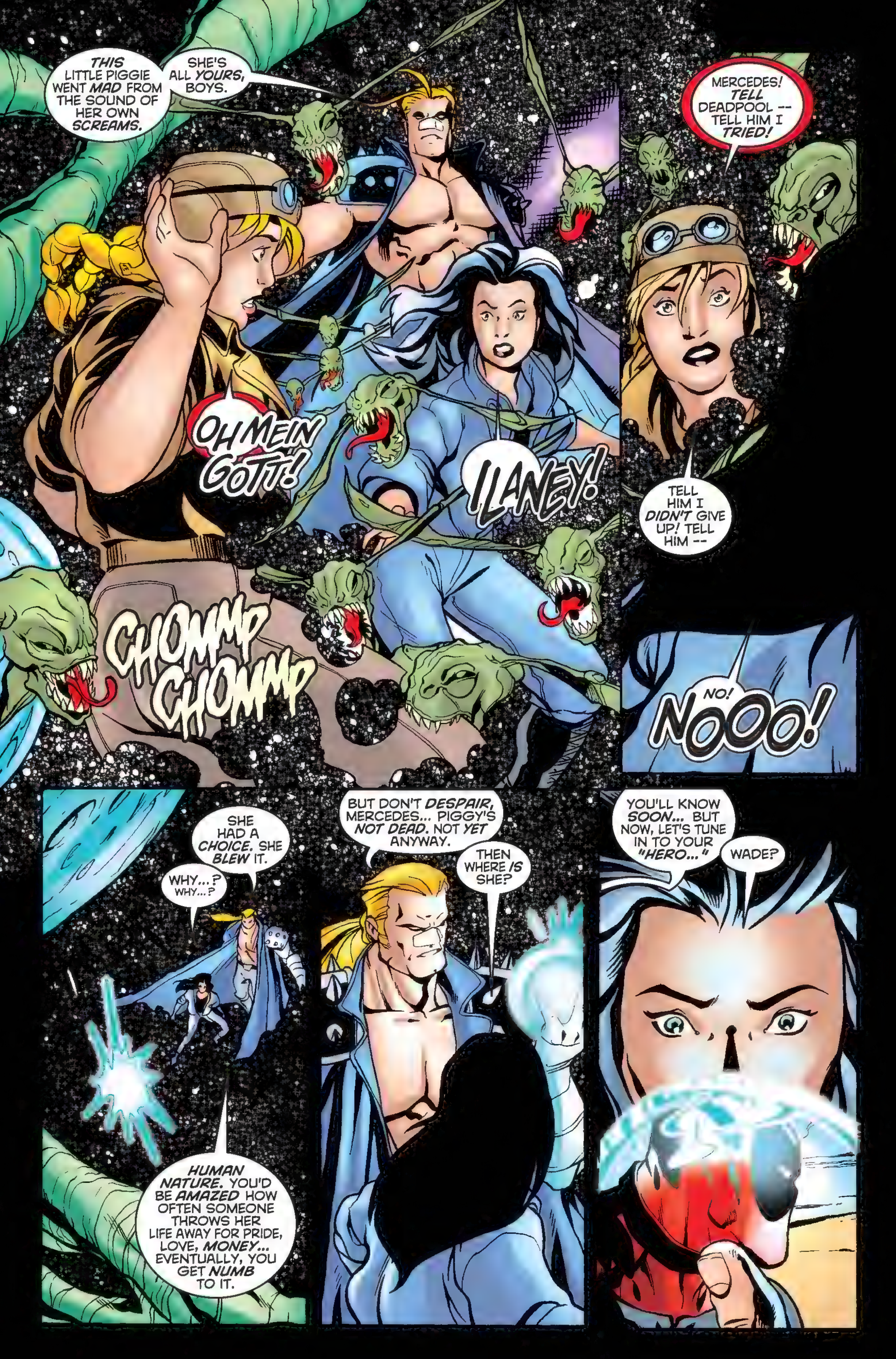

PLAYING IT STRONG AND SILENT FOR A CHANGE, T-RAY? GOOD. YOU'RE A WEAK CONVERSATIONALIST, NOT TO MENTION A HIDEOUS PARTY PLANNER.
DID I GET A HAND EMBROIDERED INVITE TO THIS SOIREE? NOOOO! YOU YANK ME AND THE MISSUS OUT OF A TELEPORT BEAM WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A "BE MY GUEST" --
-- AND DUMP US BACK HERE AT MY OL' HOMESTEAD, WHICH I GUESS WAS SUPPOSED TO MESS WITH MY HEAD...
...BUT IF IT WERE AS SIMPLE AS THAT, T-TOP, I'D HAVE BEEN SCRAMBLED EGGS --
-- WHEN YOU BROUGHT MY HONEY BACK FROM THE GRAVE.
WHICH WAS THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, CONSIDERING I DIDN'T HAVE A DATE... BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE UP FOR YOUR BIGGEST PARTY FAUX PAS...
KABLAMM
...IT'S EXTREMELY RUDE TO SPRAY YOUR INTESTINES ALL OVER THE SCENERY --
-- BEFORE YOU'VE SERVED APPETIZERS.
SEEING HIM LIKE THIS... THE SHEER BRUTALITY. THE HATRED. SO FAR FROM THE MAN I MARRIED... I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WORLD.
YOU SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS... BOSS.
UH... WE'VE SECRETLY REPLACED THE SPLEEN AND OTHER SWEETMEATS YOU'D NORMALLY SEE OOZING VITAL BODILY FLUID WITH...
...DIRT AND MAGGOTS.
WHAT GIVES, T-RAY...? YOU ON THAT NEW RICHARD SIMMONS DIAL A DIET THING?
JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU...
...A SUITABLE... WELCOME...
OH... OF COURSE... I KNEW THAT.
EXCUSE ME, HERR DEADPOOL... LOOK.

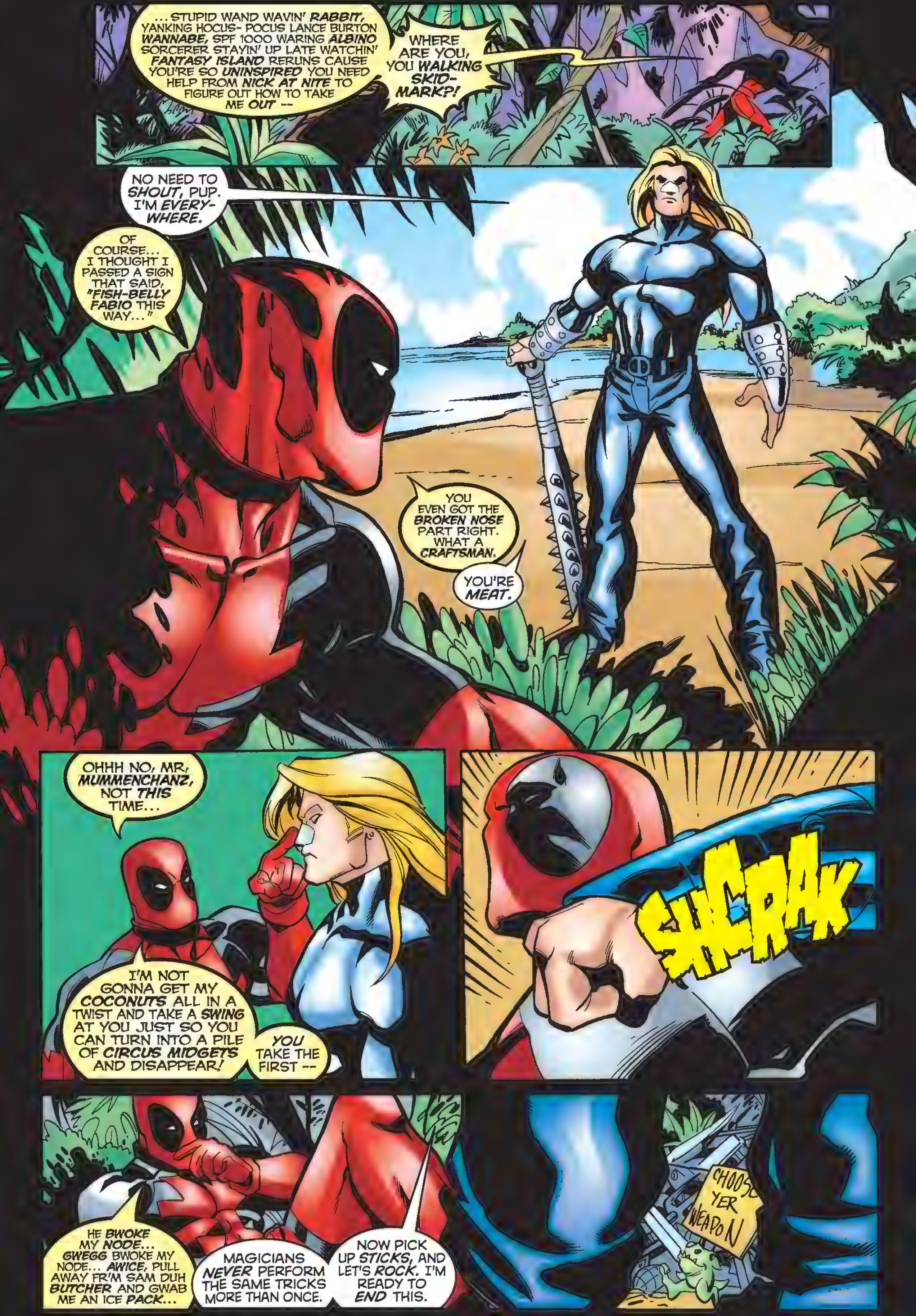

???
OF ALL THE *LOW BUDGET*, HACKNEYED, LAST SEASON OF *McGYVER-ESQUE*, PLOT POINTS...
...WE DID THIS GAG *LAST YEAR!*
THAT... WADE, THAT'S *US...*
YOU? WOW...
DEADPOOL, YOU WERE A *CUTIE!*
DEAR LORD... IS HE *DEAD?*
HE... HE'S NOT MOVING... I -- *WATER...* AND *HE* --
GUESS WHAT, MOUSEKETEERS, WE'RE ON THE *CRACKED OUT* VERSION OF *"THIS IS YOUR LIFE"* --
WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO RELIVE THE *HORROR* OF T-RAY DOING A TAP DANCE ON OUR *INNOCENCE* AND KICKING THE *SNOT* OUT OF ME AND --
-- WELL, YOU *KNOW* WHAT HE DID TO *YOU...*
BUT *WHY?*
"TO DRIVE US *INSANE... AGAIN...* AND BECAUSE THE SICK S.O.B. THINKS IT'S *COMEDY GOLD.*
OH MY *HEAVENS* --
-- HE'S STILL *BREATHING!*
PULL!
I USED TO SAY *"HEAVENS"? JEEPERS,* WAS I LAME...
NO *WAY* AM I WATCHING THE REST.
HEY! YOO-HOO! *HIPPIES!* HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A *HORROR FLICK?!* THAT'S A *MURDERER!*
YOU *DON'T* DREDGE HIM OUT OF A FROZEN LAKE!
YOU PUT AN *AXE* THROUGH HIS STINKIN' *HEAD!*
WADE, *WAIT!* DON'T LEAVE US!

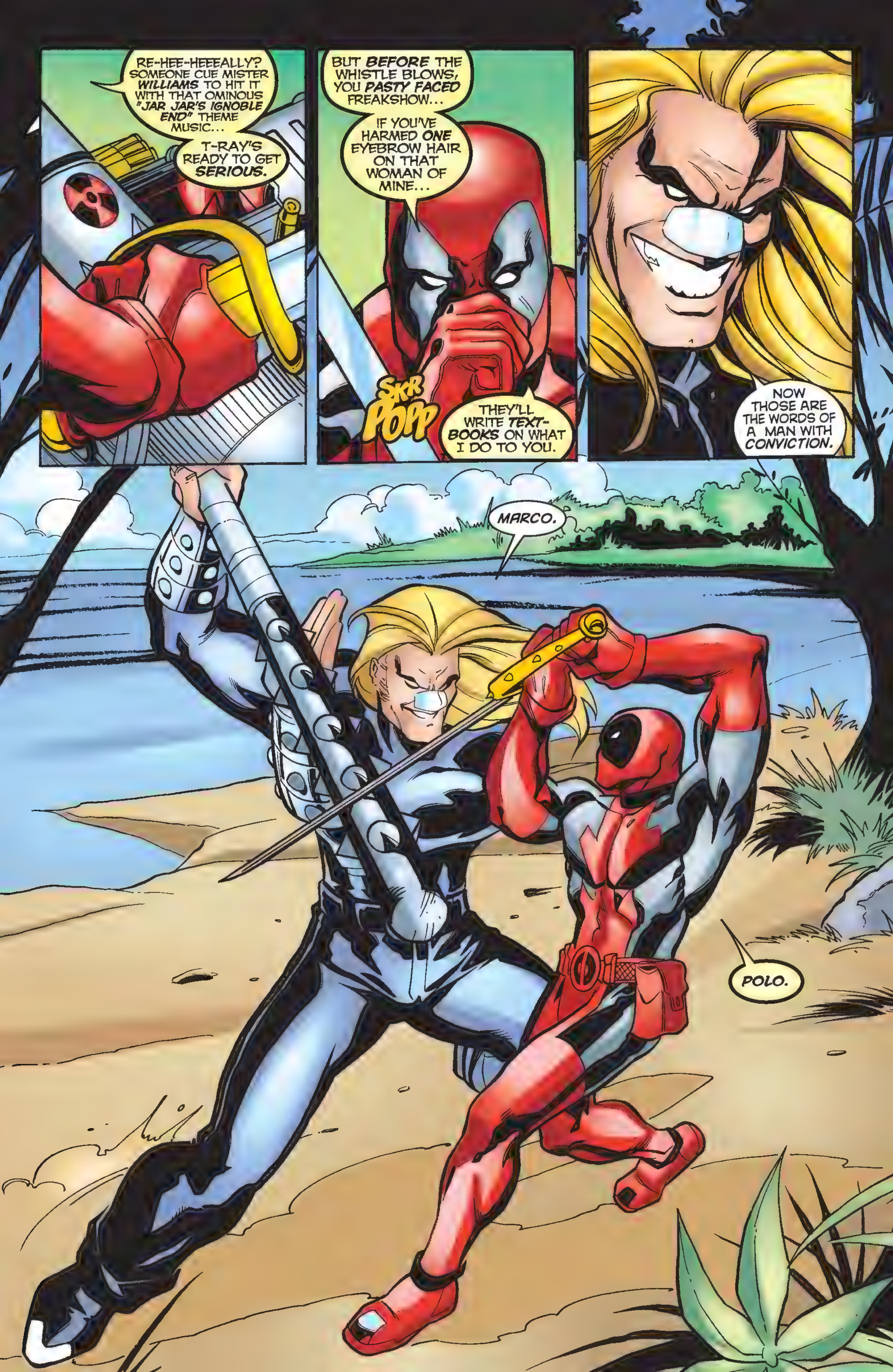

I'M TALKING TO *YOU*, TREE HUGGERS!
DROP THE *ALBINO*, OR I'LL *KNEECAP* YOU!
DO YOU THINK HE'LL *MAKE* IT?
WE CAN ONLY *PRAY* --
PRAY?! DON'T *PRAY* FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT MORE *BULLETS*, YOU *IDIOT!*
KRAKKA-KRAKKA
HE'S EVERY *BAD DREAM* YOU'VE EVER HAD SUCKED OUT OF YOUR EAR WITH A STRAW AND GIVEN *FORM!*
AND IF HE KILLS YOUR *WIFE* --
IT'S YOUR *OWN* STUPID FAULT!
IT'S *MY FAULT!*
MY FAULT!
... OKAY, *CLEANSING BREATH.* ...
BETTER. THAT PROBABLY DIDN'T DO MUCH SEEING AS HOW... WE'RE...
GHOSTS...?
GEEZ, WHO DOES T-RAY HAVE BUILDING HIS *FLASHBACKS?*
COUPLE OF COLLEGE KIDS WITH AN *AMIGA* AND A *LIBRARY CARD?*
I'VE SEEN BETTER SPECIAL EFFECTS ON AN EPISODE OF *NIGHTMAN*... HAVEN'T YOU, *GIRLS?*
GIRLS?
AW, *SHOOT.*

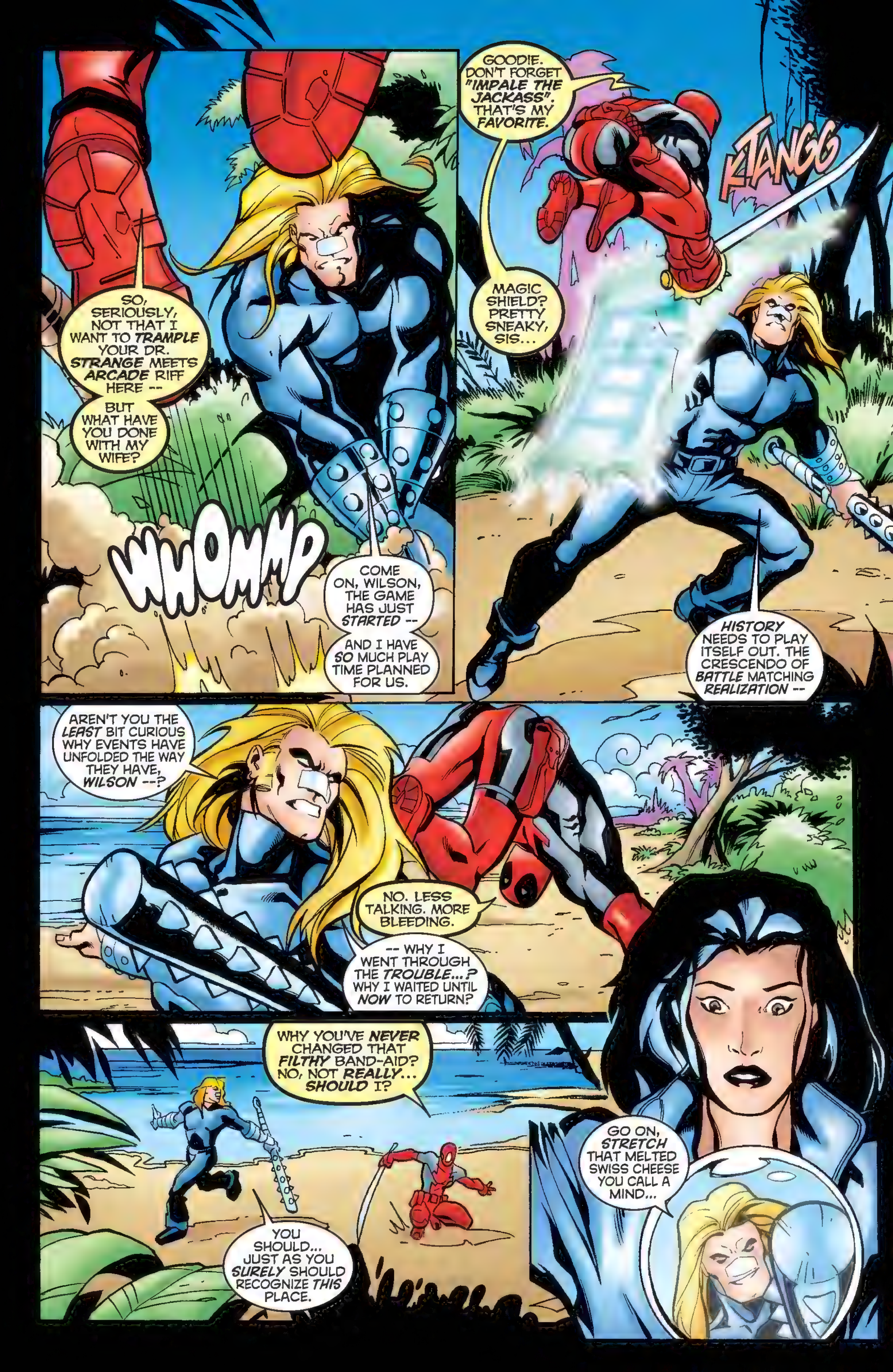

STAY CLOSE TO ME, MISS...
I CAN BARELY HEAR HER...
...MY MIND ADJUSTING TO THIS WORLD, THIS STRANGENESS...
...THIS SOMETHING THAT FEELS SO...
FEELS SO RIGHT?
AAAH!
HELLO, MERCEDES.
HE'S IN MY MIND. HE'S EVERYWHERE. BUT ALL I CAN THINK OF IS...
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THE MAN WHO KILLED YOU?
MERCEDES! GET BEHIND --
WHAA!
SILENCE, BLOAT.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO WADE?
YOU'LL SEE YOUR KNIGHT IN TARNISHED ARMOR SOON ENOUGH, WHEN THE SPORT BEGINS... BUT FIRST...
SNAKES? HA! I EAT SNAKES MIT MUSTARD, YOU --
FRAULEIN...
SON OF A MMLF--
SHUT YOUR HOLE. LISTEN...
...YOU'RE IN MY HOME. HERE I CAN TEAR YOUR BELLY OPEN WITH A THOUGHT OR PEEL BITS OF YOU AWAY WITH A WHISPER...

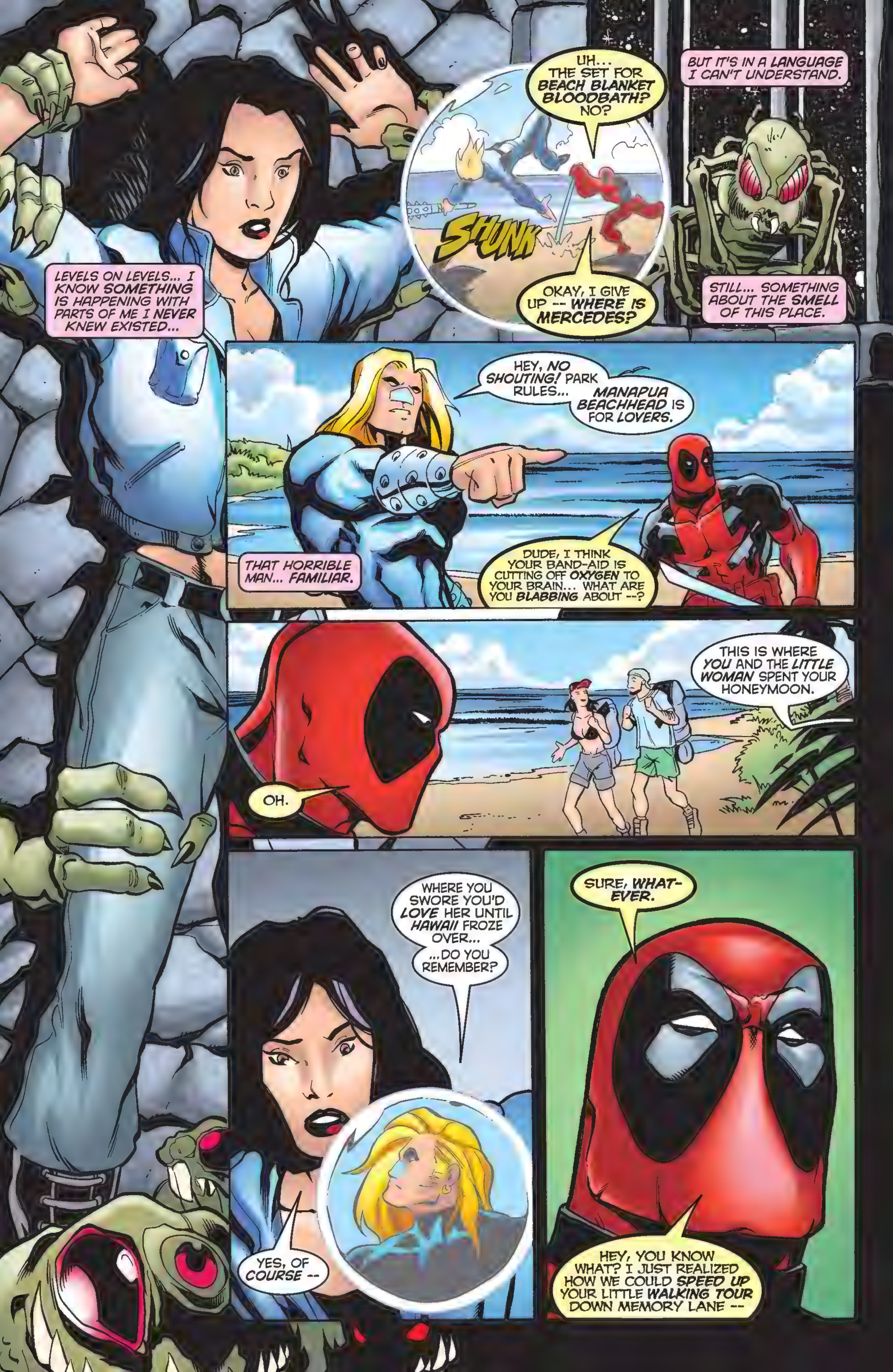

BUT I WON'T. IF YOU LEAVE NOW.
THAT'S MY HOUSE!
THIS THING BETWEEN MERCEDES, WILSON, AND MYSELF, IS... A FAMILY AFFAIR. YOUR BEING HERE SOILS IT.
THINK QUICKLY. THINK CLEARLY, AND DON'T LET EMPTY WORDS LIKE "LOYALTY" CLOUD YOUR JUDGEMENT.
DEADPOOL WOULDN'T STAY TO HELP YOU.
BELIEVE ME. I'VE KNOWN HIM LONGER.
THAT'S NOT TRUE... DEADPOOL --
ILANEY, PLEASE... THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH PAIN ALREADY...
FOR GOD'S SAKE, PLEASE GO WHILE YOU CAN.
...
BEFORE I MEET DEADPOOL... MY LIFE IS NOTHING. LONELINESS. THINKING OF SUICIDE. JUST GUILT AND PAIN.
BUT THAT MANIAC THOUGHT ENOUGH OF ME TO SAVE MY LIFE. MY WORTHLESS, PATHETIC LIFE...
'LANEY... NO...
I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT DEBT. SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR COWARDLY OFFER, HERR T-RAY... AND SHOVE IT!
...
THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT TO MARKET... THIS LITTLE PIGGIE STAYED HOME...

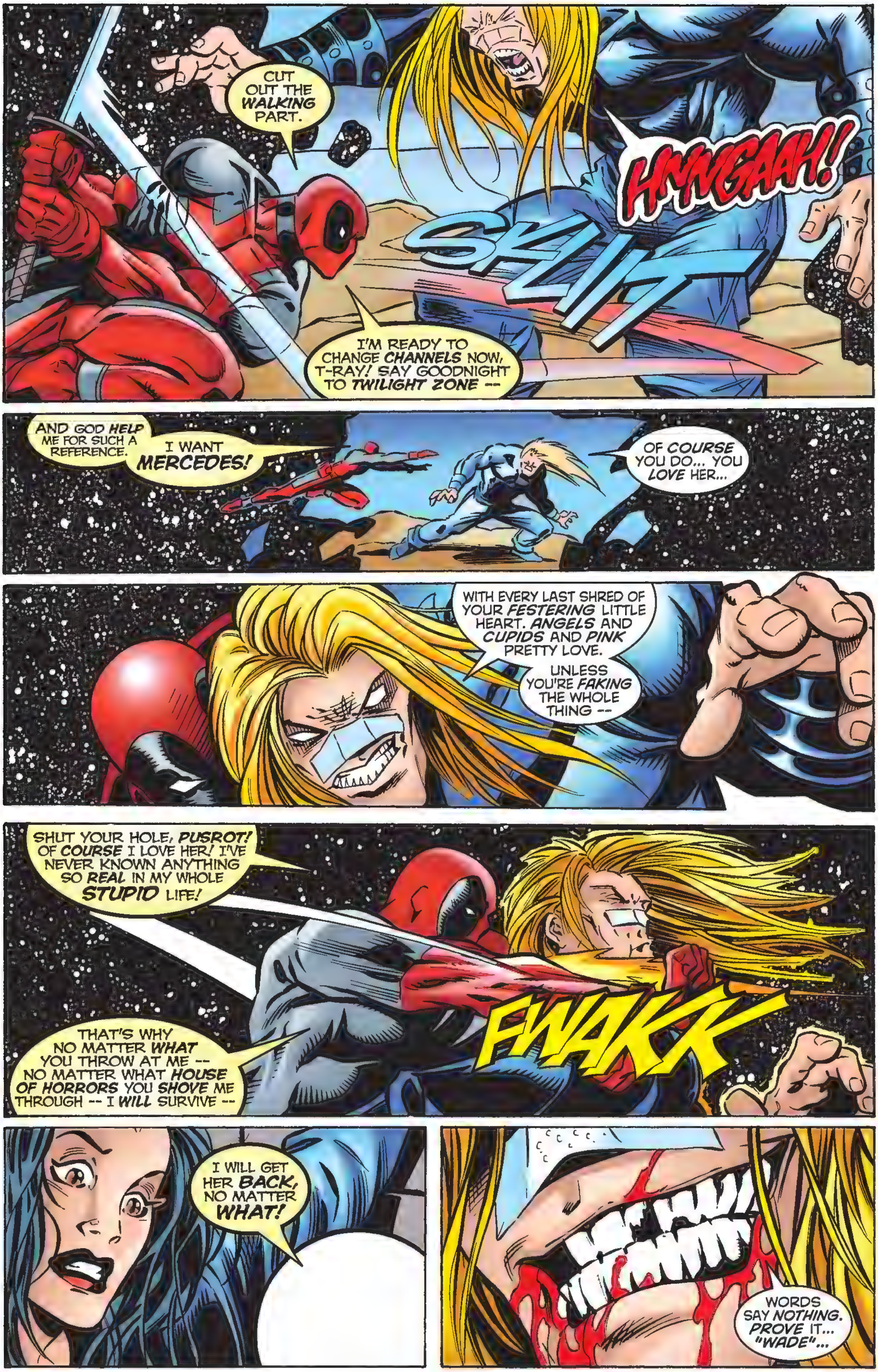

THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT MAD FROM THE SOUND OF HER OWN SCREAMS.
SHE'S ALL YOURS, BOYS.
OH MEIN GOTT!
ILANEY!
CHOMMP CHOMMP
MERCEDES! TELL DEADPOOL -- TELL HIM I TRIED!
TELL HIM I DIDN'T GIVE UP! TELL HIM --
NO! NOOO!
WHY...? WHY...?
SHE HAD A CHOICE. SHE BLEW IT.
HUMAN NATURE. YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW OFTEN SOMEONE THROWS HER LIFE AWAY FOR PRIDE, LOVE, MONEY... EVENTUALLY, YOU GET NUMB TO IT.
BUT DON'T DESPAIR, MERCEDES... PIGGY'S NOT DEAD. NOT YET ANYWAY.
THEN WHERE IS SHE?
YOU'LL KNOW SOON... BUT NOW, LET'S TUNE IN TO YOUR "HERO..."
WADE?

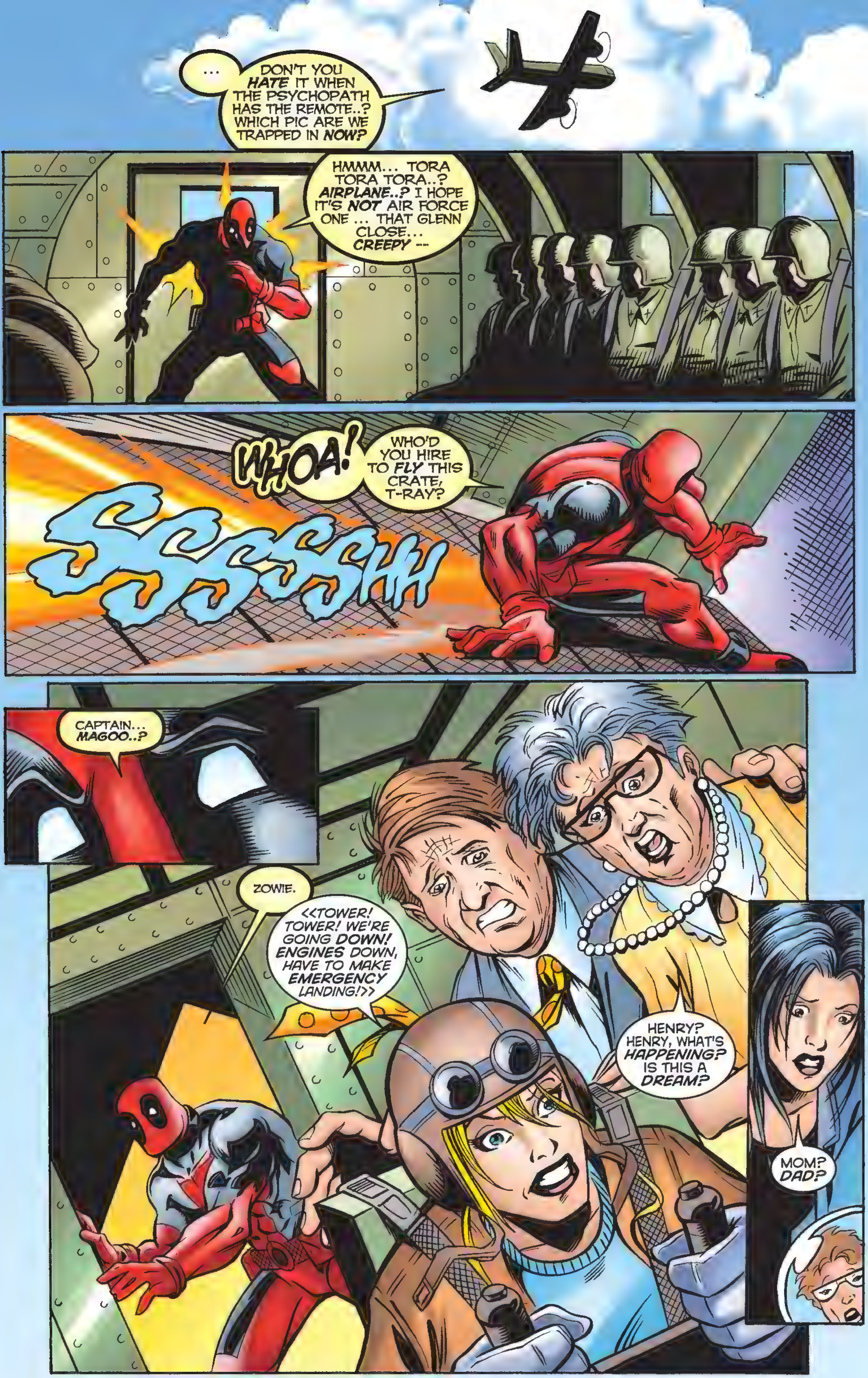

...STUPID WAND WAVIN' RABBIT, YANKING HOCUS- POCUS LANCE BURTON WANNABE, SPF 1000 WARING ALBINO SORCERER STAYIN' UP LATE WATCHIN' FANTASY ISLAND RERUNS CAUSE YOU'RE SO UNINSPIRED YOU NEED HELP FROM NICK AT NITE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO TAKE ME OUT --
WHERE ARE YOU, YOU WALKING SKID-MARK?!
NO NEED TO SHOUT, PUP. I'M EVERYWHERE.
OF COURSE... I THOUGHT I PASSED A SIGN THAT SAID, "FISH-BELLY FABIO THIS WAY..."
YOU EVEN GOT THE BROKEN NOSE PART RIGHT. WHAT A CRAFTSMAN.
YOU'RE MEAT.
OHHH NO, MR. MUMMENCHANZ, NOT THIS TIME...
I'M NOT GONNA GET MY COCONUTS ALL IN A TWIST AND TAKE A SWING AT YOU JUST SO YOU CAN TURN INTO A PILE OF CIRCUS MIDGETS AND DISAPPEAR!
YOU TAKE THE FIRST --
SHCRAK
HE BWOKE MY NODE... GWEGG BWOKE MY NODE... AWICE, PULL AWAY FR'M SAM DUH BUTCHER AND GWAB ME AN ICE PACK...
MAGICIANS NEVER PERFORM THE SAME TRICKS MORE THAN ONCE.
NOW PICK UP STICKS, AND LET'S ROCK. I'M READY TO END THIS.
CHOOSE YER WEAPON

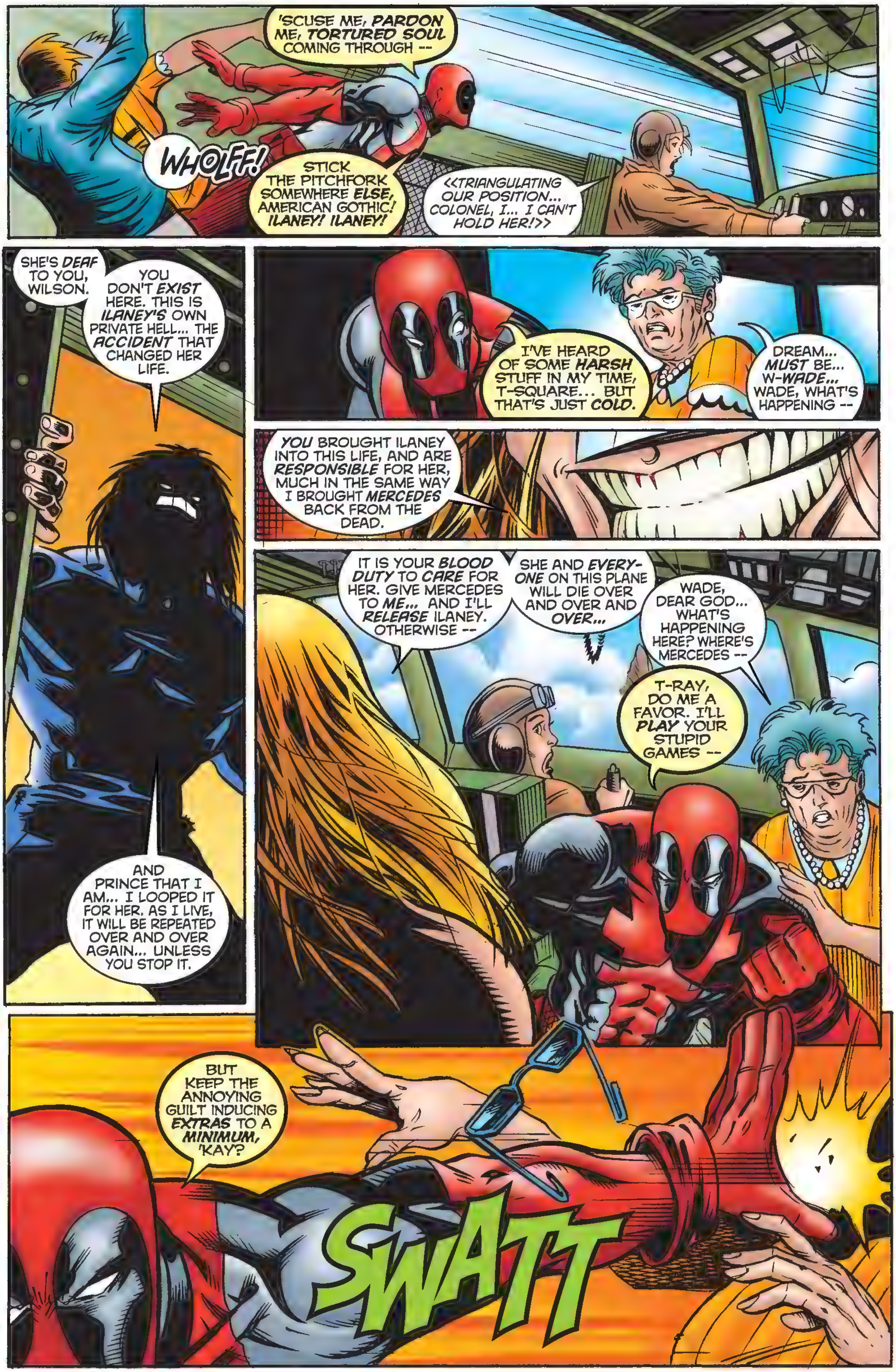

RE-HEE-HEEEALLY? SOMEONE CUE MISTER WILLIAMS TO HIT IT WITH THAT OMINOUS "JAR JAR'S IGNOBLE END" THEME MUSIC...
T-RAY'S READY TO GET SERIOUS.
BUT BEFORE THE WHISTLE BLOWS, YOU PASTY FACED FREAKSHOW...
IF YOU'VE HARMED ONE EYEBROW HAIR ON THAT WOMAN OF MINE...
SKR POPP
THEY'LL WRITE TEXTBOOKS ON WHAT I DO TO YOU.
NOW THOSE ARE THE WORDS OF A MAN WITH CONVICTION.
MARCO.
POLO.

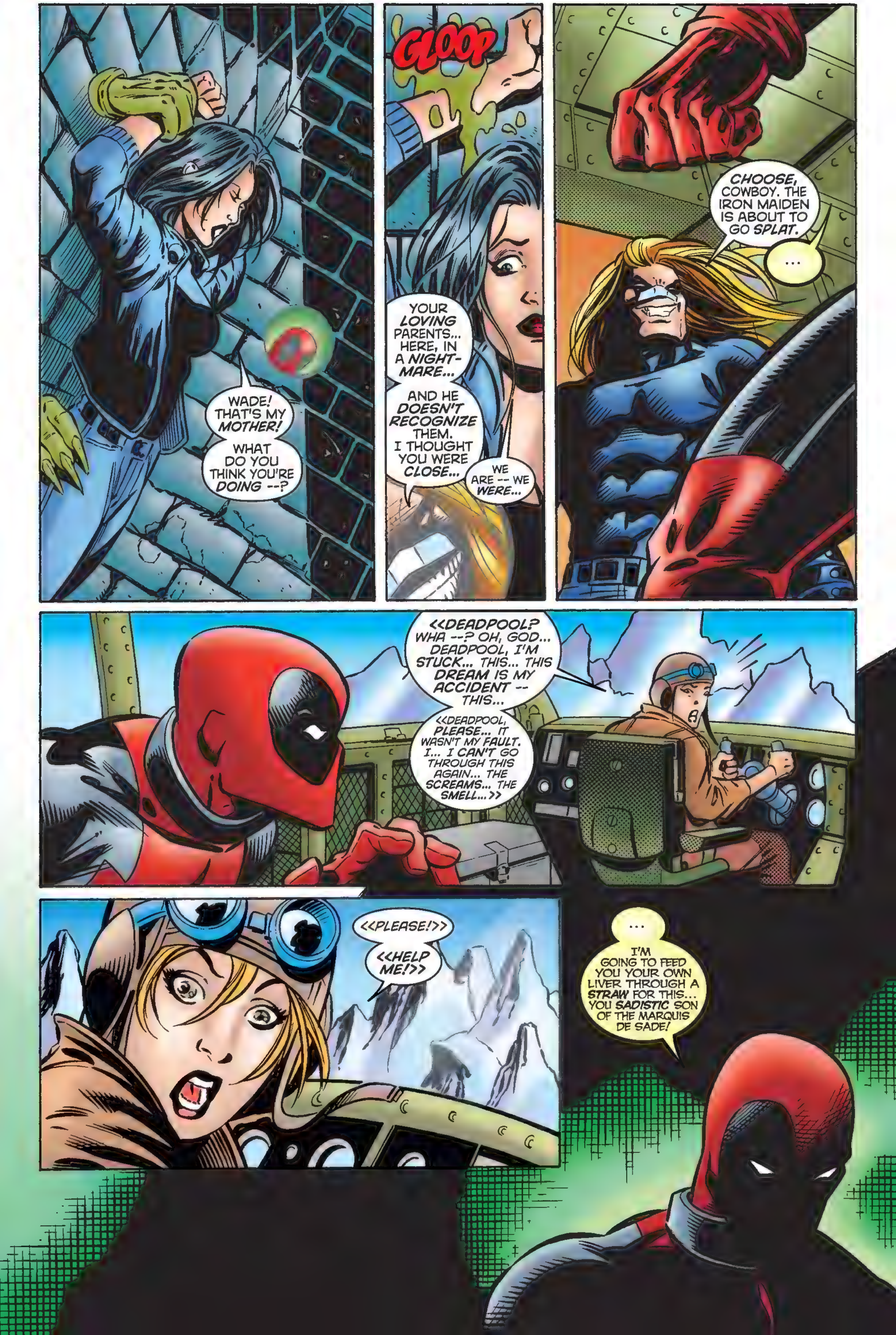

SO, SERIOUSLY, NOT THAT I WANT TO TRAMPLE YOUR DR. STRANGE MEETS ARCADE RIFF HERE --
BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY WIFE?
WHOMMP
COME ON, WILSON, THE GAME HAS JUST STARTED --
AND I HAVE SO MUCH PLAY TIME PLANNED FOR US.
GOODIE. DON'T FORGET "IMPALE THE JACKASS". THAT'S MY FAVORITE.
KTANGG
MAGIC SHIELD? PRETTY SNEAKY, SIS...
HISTORY NEEDS TO PLAY ITSELF OUT. THE CRESCENDO OF BATTLE MATCHING REALIZATION --
AREN'T YOU THE LEAST BIT CURIOUS WHY EVENTS HAVE UNFOLDED THE WAY THEY HAVE, WILSON --?
NO. LESS TALKING. MORE BLEEDING.
-- WHY I WENT THROUGH THE TROUBLE...? WHY I WAITED UNTIL NOW TO RETURN?
WHY YOU'VE NEVER CHANGED THAT FILTHY BAND-AID? NO, NOT REALLY... SHOULD I?
YOU SHOULD... JUST AS YOU SURELY SHOULD RECOGNIZE THIS PLACE.
GO ON, STRETCH THAT MELTED SWISS CHEESE YOU CALL A MIND...

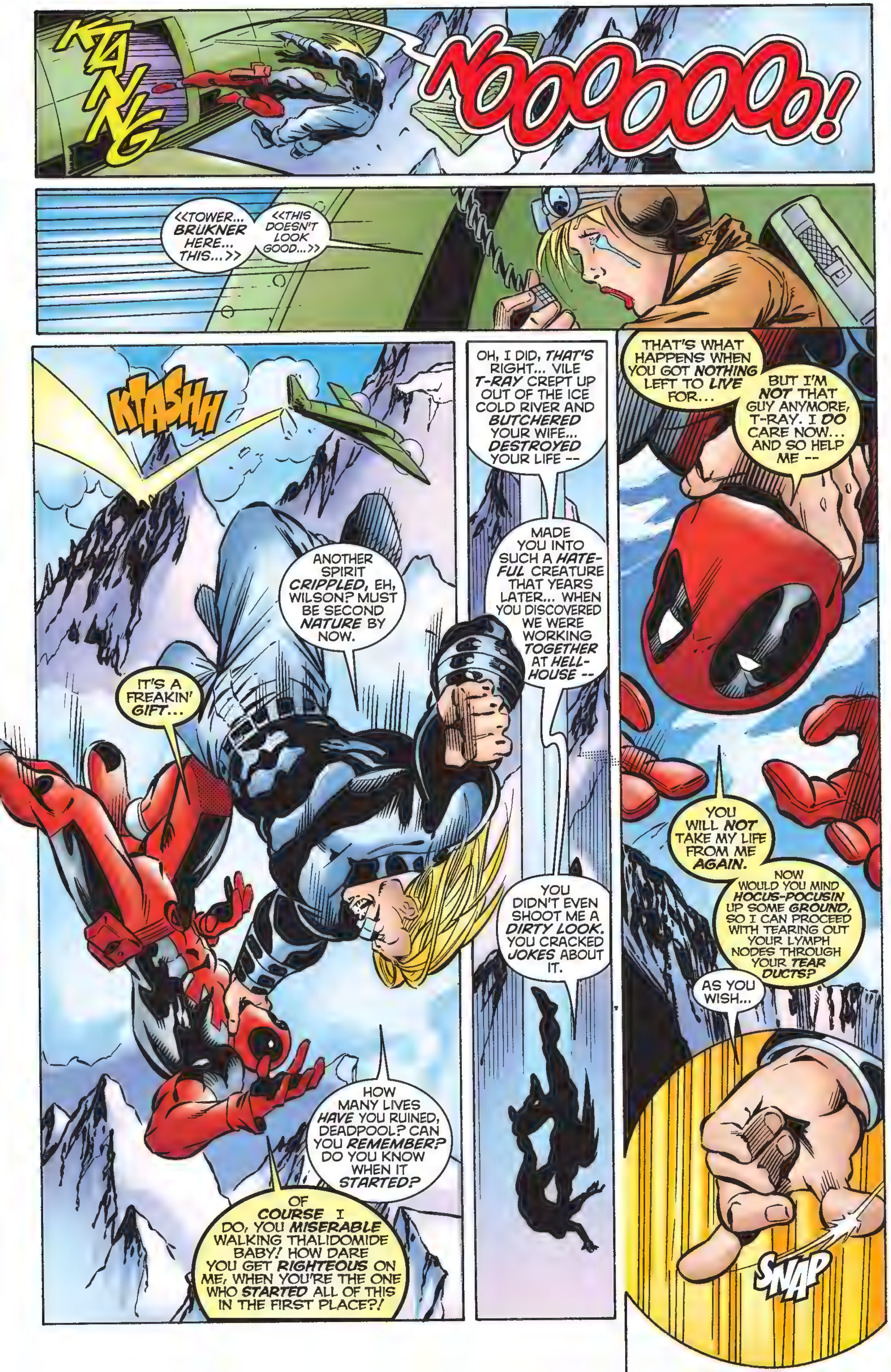

LEVELS ON LEVELS... I KNOW SOMETHING IS HAPPENING WITH PARTS OF ME I NEVER KNEW EXISTED...
UH... THE SET FOR BEACH BLANKET BLOODBATH? NO?
SHUNK
OKAY, I GIVE UP -- WHERE IS MERCEDES?
BUT IT'S IN A LANGUAGE I CAN'T UNDERSTAND.
STILL... SOMETHING ABOUT THE SMELL OF THIS PLACE.
HEY, NO SHOUTING! PARK RULES... MANAPUA BEACHHEAD IS FOR LOVERS.
THAT HORRIBLE MAN... FAMILIAR.
DUDE, I THINK YOUR BAND-AID IS CUTTING OFF OXYGEN TO YOUR BRAIN... WHAT ARE YOU BLABBING ABOUT --?
THIS IS WHERE YOU AND THE LITTLE WOMAN SPENT YOUR HONEYMOON.
OH.
WHERE YOU SWORE YOU'D LOVE HER UNTIL HAWAII FROZE OVER... ...DO YOU REMEMBER?
YES, OF COURSE --
SURE, WHATEVER.
HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT? I JUST REALIZED HOW WE COULD SPEED UP YOUR LITTLE WALKING TOUR DOWN MEMORY LANE --

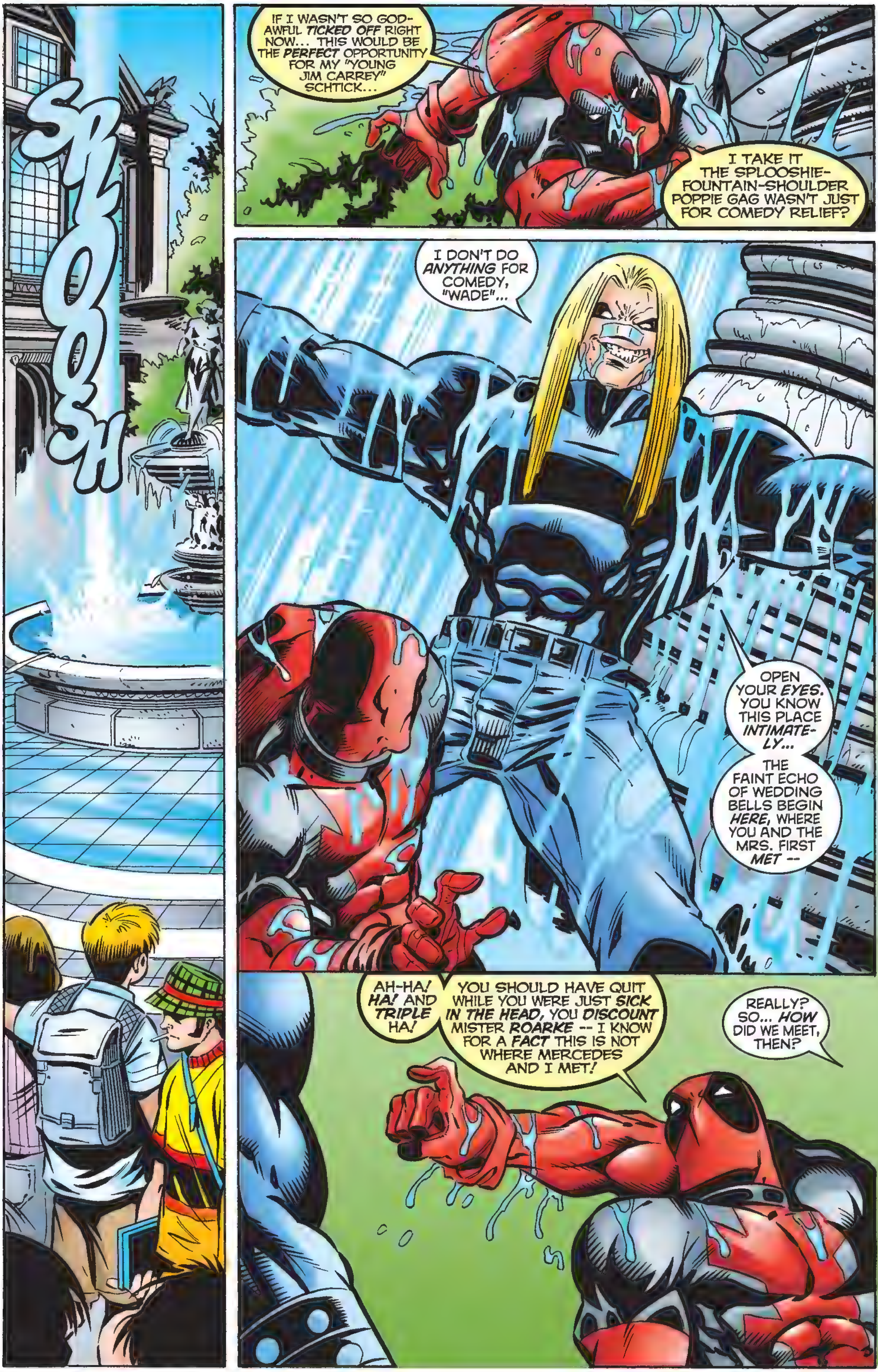

CUT OUT THE WALKING PART.
HNNGAAH!
SKLIT
I'M READY TO CHANGE CHANNELS NOW, T-RAY! SAY GOODNIGHT TO TWILIGHT ZONE --
AND GOD HELP ME FOR SUCH A REFERENCE.
I WANT MERCEDES!
OF COURSE YOU DO... YOU LOVE HER...
WITH EVERY LAST SHRED OF YOUR FESTERING LITTLE HEART. ANGELS AND CUPIDS AND PINK PRETTY LOVE.
UNLESS YOU'RE FAKING THE WHOLE THING --
SHUT YOUR HOLE, PUSROT! OF COURSE I LOVE HER! I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING SO REAL IN MY WHOLE STUPID LIFE!
FWAKK
THAT'S WHY NO MATTER WHAT YOU THROW AT ME -- NO MATTER WHAT HOUSE OF HORRORS YOU SHOVE ME THROUGH -- I WILL SURVIVE --
I WILL GET HER BACK, NO MATTER WHAT!
WORDS SAY NOTHING. PROVE IT... "WADE"...

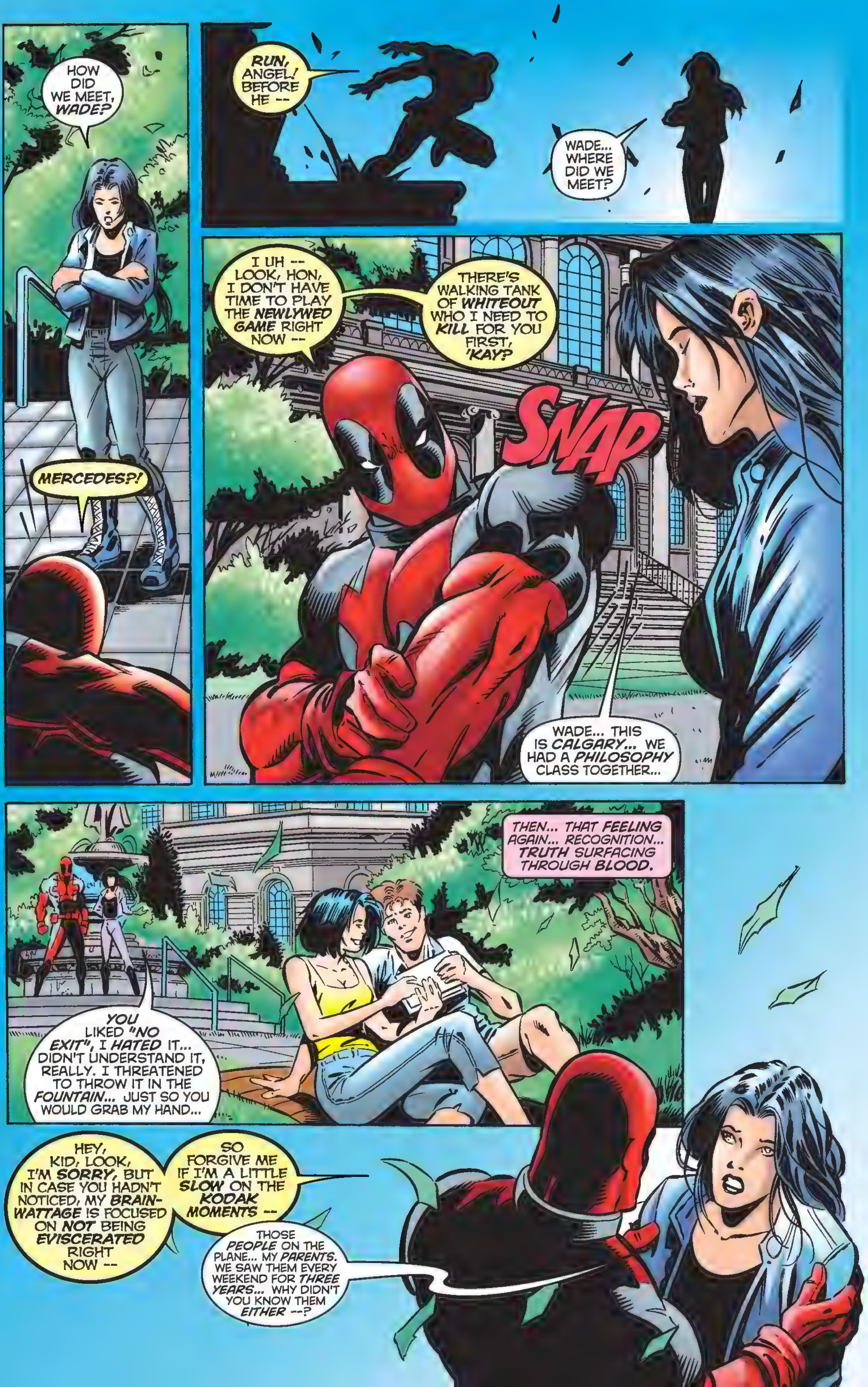

...
DON'T YOU *HATE* IT WHEN THE PSYCHOPATH HAS THE REMOTE..? WHICH PIC ARE WE TRAPPED IN *NOW?*
HMMM... TORA TORA TORA..? *AIRPLANE..?* I HOPE IT'S *NOT* AIR FORCE ONE ... THAT GLENN CLOSE... *CREEPY* --
WHOA!
WHO'D YOU HIRE TO *FLY* THIS CRATE, T-RAY?
SSSSSHH
CAPTAIN... *MAGOO..?*
ZOWIE.
<<TOWER! TOWER! WE'RE GOING *DOWN!* *ENGINES* DOWN, HAVE TO MAKE *EMERGENCY* LANDING!>>
HENRY? HENRY, WHAT'S *HAPPENING?* IS THIS A *DREAM?*
MOM? *DAD?*

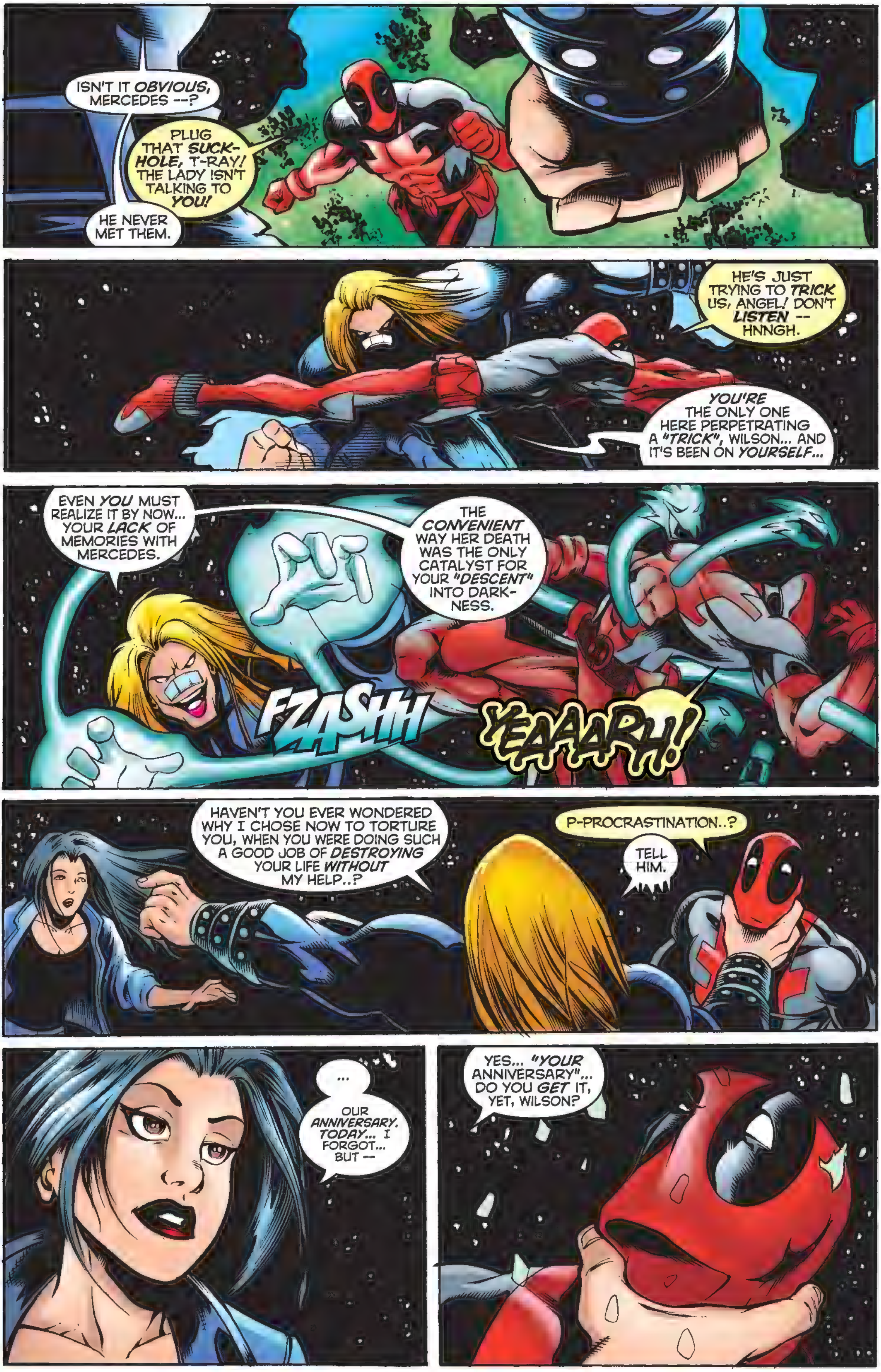

'SCUSE ME, PARDON ME, TORTURED SOUL COMING THROUGH --
WHOLFF!
STICK THE PITCHFORK SOMEWHERE ELSE, AMERICAN GOTHIC! ILANEY! ILANEY!
<<TRIANGULATING OUR POSITION... COLONEL, I... I CAN'T HOLD HER!>>
SHE'S DEAF TO YOU, WILSON.
YOU DON'T EXIST HERE. THIS IS ILANEY'S OWN PRIVATE HELL... THE ACCIDENT THAT CHANGED HER LIFE.
AND PRINCE THAT I AM... I LOOPED IT FOR HER. AS I LIVE, IT WILL BE REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN... UNLESS YOU STOP IT.
I'VE HEARD OF SOME HARSH STUFF IN MY TIME, T-SQUARE... BUT THAT'S JUST COLD.
DREAM... MUST BE... W-WADE... WADE, WHAT'S HAPPENING --
YOU BROUGHT ILANEY INTO THIS LIFE, AND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER, MUCH IN THE SAME WAY I BROUGHT MERCEDES BACK FROM THE DEAD.
IT IS YOUR BLOOD DUTY TO CARE FOR HER. GIVE MERCEDES TO ME... AND I'LL RELEASE ILANEY. OTHERWISE --
SHE AND EVERYONE ON THIS PLANE WILL DIE OVER AND OVER AND OVER...
WADE, DEAR GOD... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? WHERE'S MERCEDES --
T-RAY, DO ME A FAVOR. I'LL PLAY YOUR STUPID GAMES --
BUT KEEP THE ANNOYING GUILT INDUCING EXTRAS TO A MINIMUM, 'KAY?
SWATT

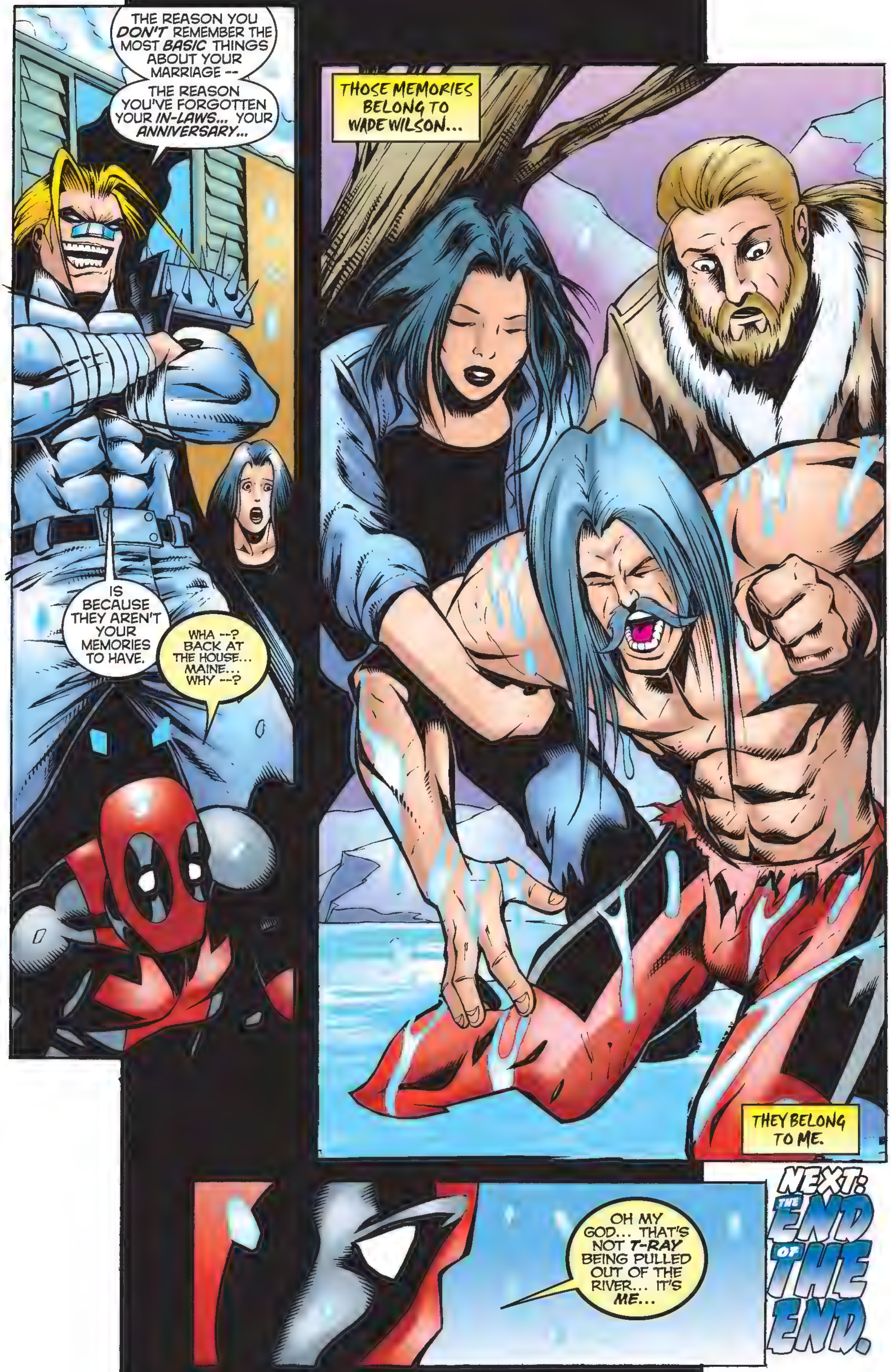

WADE! THAT'S MY MOTHER!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING --?
GLOOP
YOUR LOVING PARENTS... HERE, IN A NIGHTMARE...
AND HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THEM. I THOUGHT YOU WERE CLOSE...
WE ARE -- WE WERE...
CHOOSE, COWBOY. THE IRON MAIDEN IS ABOUT TO GO SPLAT.
...
<<DEADPOOL? WHA --? OH, GOD... DEADPOOL, I'M STUCK... THIS... THIS DREAM IS MY ACCIDENT -- THIS...
<<DEADPOOL, PLEASE... IT WASN'T MY FAULT. I... I CAN'T GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN... THE SCREAMS... THE SMELL...>>
<<PLEASE!>>
<<HELP ME!>>
...
I'M GOING TO FEED YOU YOUR OWN LIVER THROUGH A STRAW FOR THIS... YOU SADISTIC SON OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE!


KTANG
NOOOOOOO!
<<TOWER... BRUKNER HERE... THIS...>>
<<THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD...>>
KTASHH
ANOTHER SPIRIT CRIPPLED, EH, WILSON? MUST BE SECOND NATURE BY NOW.
IT'S A FREAKIN' GIFT...
HOW MANY LIVES HAVE YOU RUINED, DEADPOOL? CAN YOU REMEMBER? DO YOU KNOW WHEN IT STARTED?
OF COURSE I DO, YOU MISERABLE WALKING THALIDOMIDE BABY! HOW DARE YOU GET RIGHTEOUS ON ME, WHEN YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STARTED ALL OF THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE?!
OH, I DID, THAT'S RIGHT... VILE T-RAY CREPT UP OUT OF THE ICE COLD RIVER AND BUTCHERED YOUR WIFE... DESTROYED YOUR LIFE --
MADE YOU INTO SUCH A HATEFUL CREATURE THAT YEARS LATER... WHEN YOU DISCOVERED WE WERE WORKING TOGETHER AT HELLHOUSE --
YOU DIDN'T EVEN SHOOT ME A DIRTY LOOK. YOU CRACKED JOKES ABOUT IT.
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GOT NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR...
BUT I'M NOT THAT GUY ANYMORE, T-RAY. I DO CARE NOW... AND SO HELP ME --
YOU WILL NOT TAKE MY LIFE FROM ME AGAIN.
NOW WOULD YOU MIND HOCUS-POCUSIN UP SOME GROUND, SO I CAN PROCEED WITH TEARING OUT YOUR LYMPH NODES THROUGH YOUR TEAR DUCTS?
AS YOU WISH...
SNAP


SPLOOOSH
IF I WASN'T SO GOD-AWFUL *TICKED OFF* RIGHT NOW... THIS WOULD BE THE *PERFECT* OPPORTUNITY FOR MY "YOUNG JIM CARREY" SCHTICK...
I TAKE IT THE SPLOOSHIE-FOUNTAIN-SHOULDER POPPIE GAG WASN'T JUST FOR COMEDY RELIEF?
I DON'T DO *ANYTHING* FOR COMEDY, "WADE"...
OPEN YOUR *EYES.* YOU KNOW THIS PLACE *INTIMATELY...*
THE FAINT ECHO OF WEDDING BELLS BEGIN *HERE,* WHERE YOU AND THE MRS. FIRST *MET* --
AH-HA! *HA!* AND *TRIPLE* HA!
YOU SHOULD HAVE QUIT WHILE YOU WERE JUST *SICK IN THE HEAD,* YOU *DISCOUNT* MISTER *ROARKE* -- I KNOW FOR A *FACT* THIS IS NOT WHERE MERCEDES AND I MET!
REALLY? SO... *HOW* DID WE MEET, THEN?

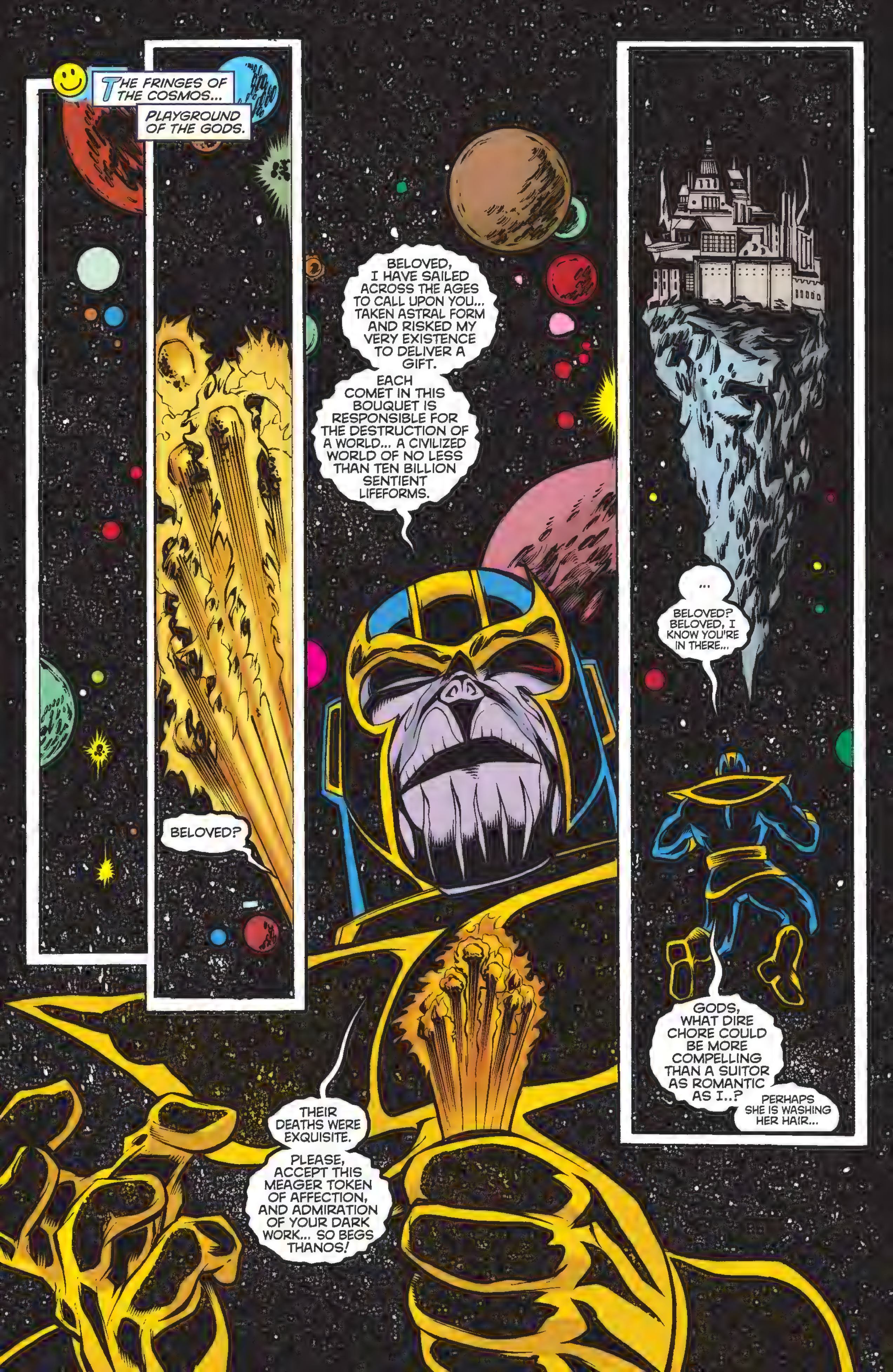

HOW DID WE MEET, *WADE?*
MERCEDES?!
RUN, ANGEL! BEFORE HE --
WADE... WHERE DID WE MEET?
I UH -- LOOK, HON, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY THE *NEWLYWED GAME* RIGHT NOW --
THERE'S WALKING TANK OF *WHITEOUT* WHO I NEED TO *KILL* FOR YOU FIRST, *'KAY?*
SNAP
WADE... THIS IS *CALGARY...* WE HAD A *PHILOSOPHY* CLASS TOGETHER...
THEN... THAT FEELING AGAIN... RECOGNITION... TRUTH SURFACING THROUGH BLOOD.
YOU LIKED *"NO EXIT",* I *HATED* IT... DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, REALLY. I THREATENED TO THROW IT IN THE *FOUNTAIN...* JUST SO YOU WOULD GRAB MY HAND...
HEY, KID, LOOK, I'M *SORRY,* BUT IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, MY *BRAIN-WATTAGE* IS FOCUSED ON *NOT* BEING *EVISCERATED* RIGHT NOW --
SO FORGIVE ME IF I'M A LITTLE *SLOW* ON THE *KODAK MOMENTS* --
THOSE *PEOPLE* ON THE PLANE... MY *PARENTS.* WE SAW THEM EVERY WEEKEND FOR *THREE YEARS...* WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOW THEM *EITHER* --?

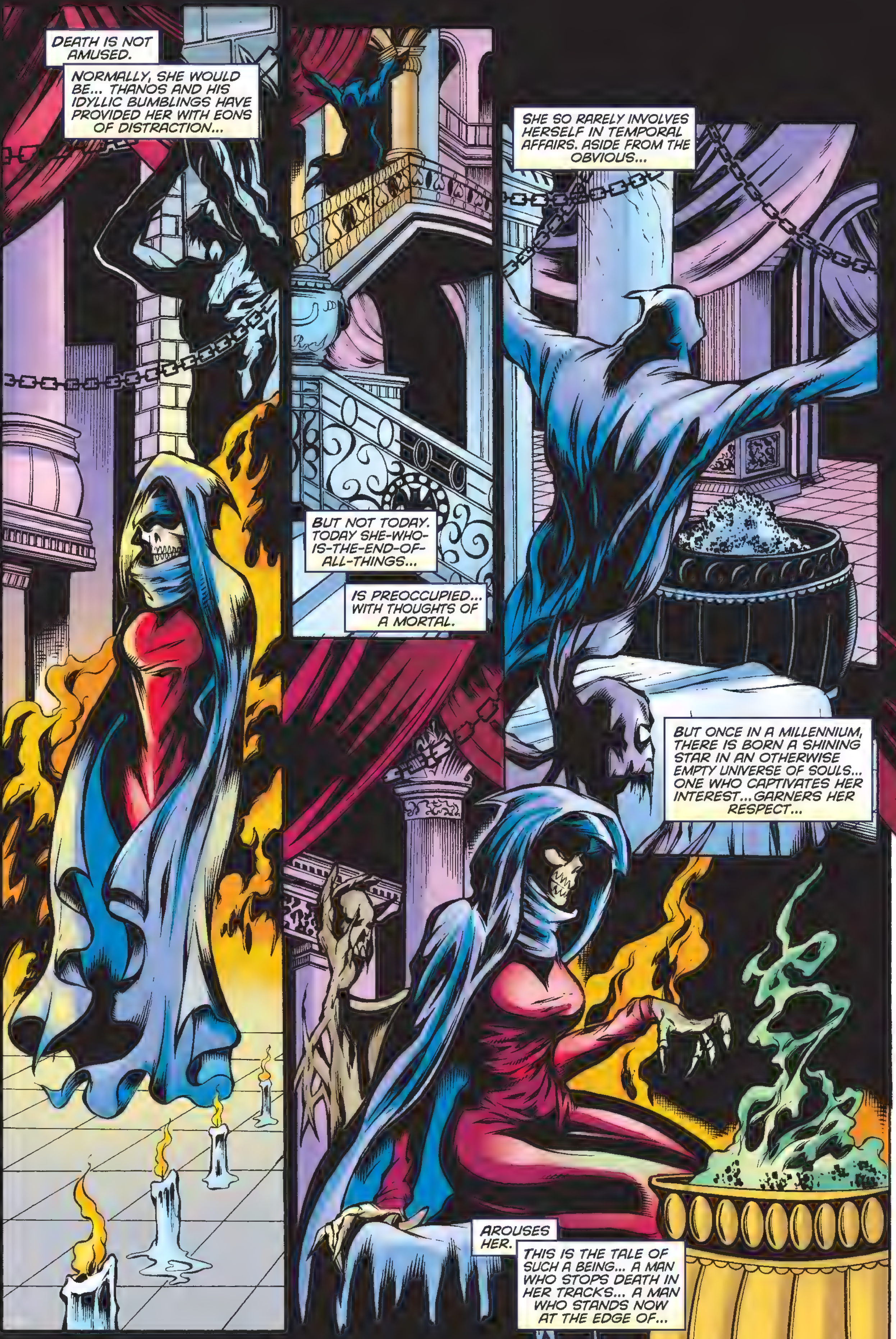

ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS,* MERCEDES --?
PLUG THAT *SUCK-HOLE,* T-RAY! THE LADY ISN'T TALKING TO *YOU!*
HE NEVER MET THEM.
HE'S JUST TRYING TO *TRICK* US, ANGEL! DON'T *LISTEN* -- HNNGH.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE PERPETRATING A *"TRICK",* WILSON... AND IT'S BEEN ON *YOURSELF...*
EVEN *YOU* MUST REALIZE IT BY NOW... YOUR *LACK* OF MEMORIES WITH MERCEDES.
THE *CONVENIENT* WAY HER DEATH WAS THE ONLY CATALYST FOR YOUR *"DESCENT"* INTO DARKNESS.
FZASHH
YEAAARH!
HAVEN'T YOU EVER WONDERED WHY I CHOSE NOW TO TORTURE YOU, WHEN YOU WERE DOING SUCH A GOOD JOB OF *DESTROYING* YOUR LIFE *WITHOUT* MY HELP..?
P-PROCRASTINATION..?
TELL HIM.
...
OUR *ANNIVERSARY. TODAY...* I FORGOT... BUT --
YES... *"YOUR ANNIVERSARY"...* DO YOU *GET* IT, YET, WILSON?

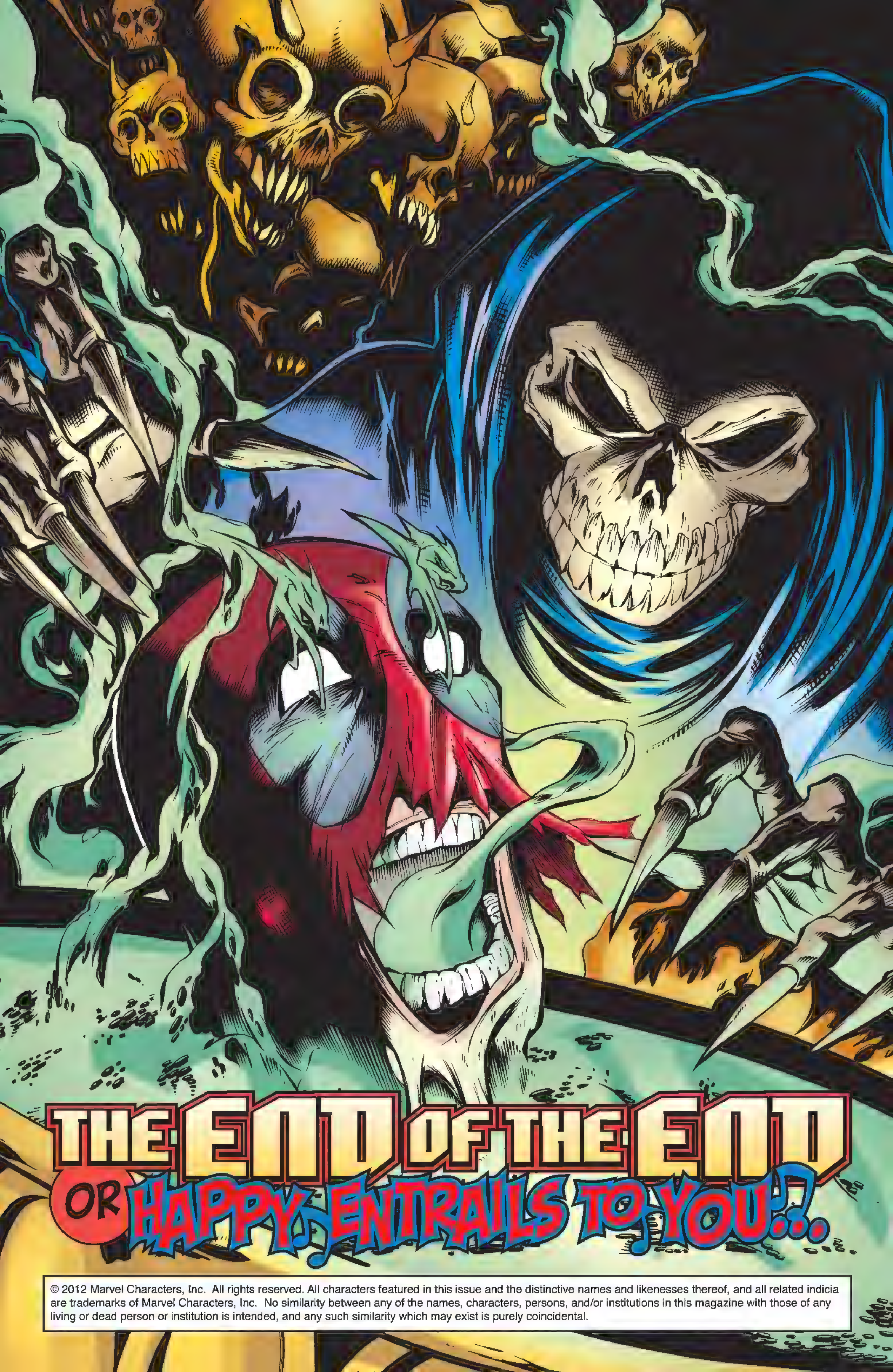

THE REASON YOU *DON'T* REMEMBER THE MOST *BASIC* THINGS ABOUT YOUR MARRIAGE --
THE REASON YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR *IN-LAWS*... YOUR *ANNIVERSARY*...
IS BECAUSE THEY AREN'T YOUR MEMORIES TO HAVE.
WHA --? BACK AT THE HOUSE... MAINE... WHY --?
THOSE MEMORIES BELONG TO WADE WILSON...
THEY BELONG TO ME.
OH MY GOD... THAT'S NOT *T-RAY* BEING PULLED OUT OF THE RIVER... IT'S *ME*...
NEXT: THE END OF THE END.

MARVEL COMICS
M
#33
KELLY
BREWER
DEADPOOL
VS. T-RAY!
THE FINAL FACE-OFF!
GUS VASQUEZ, ROB STULL & TOM CHU
WWW.MARVEL.COM

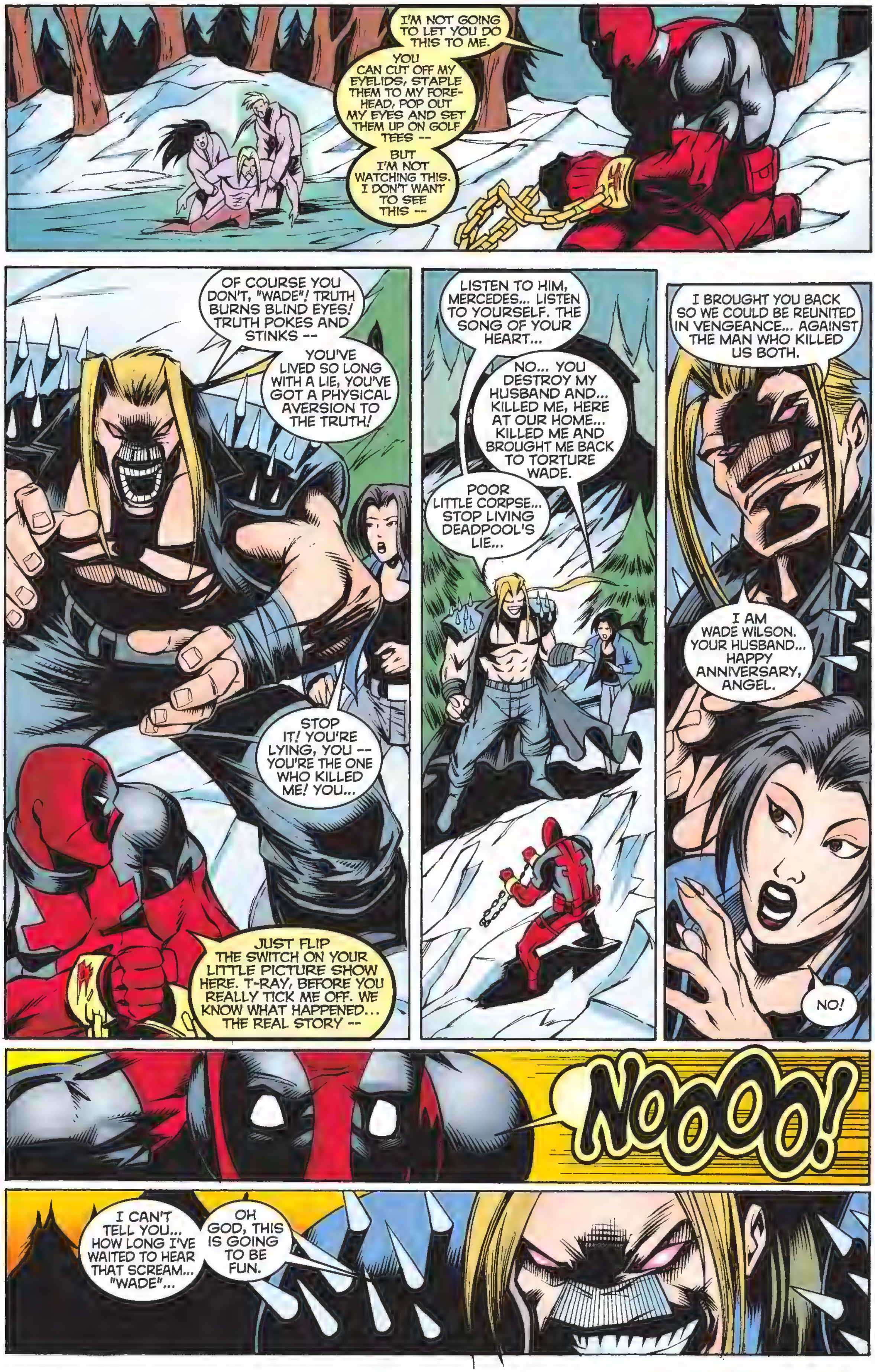
©2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

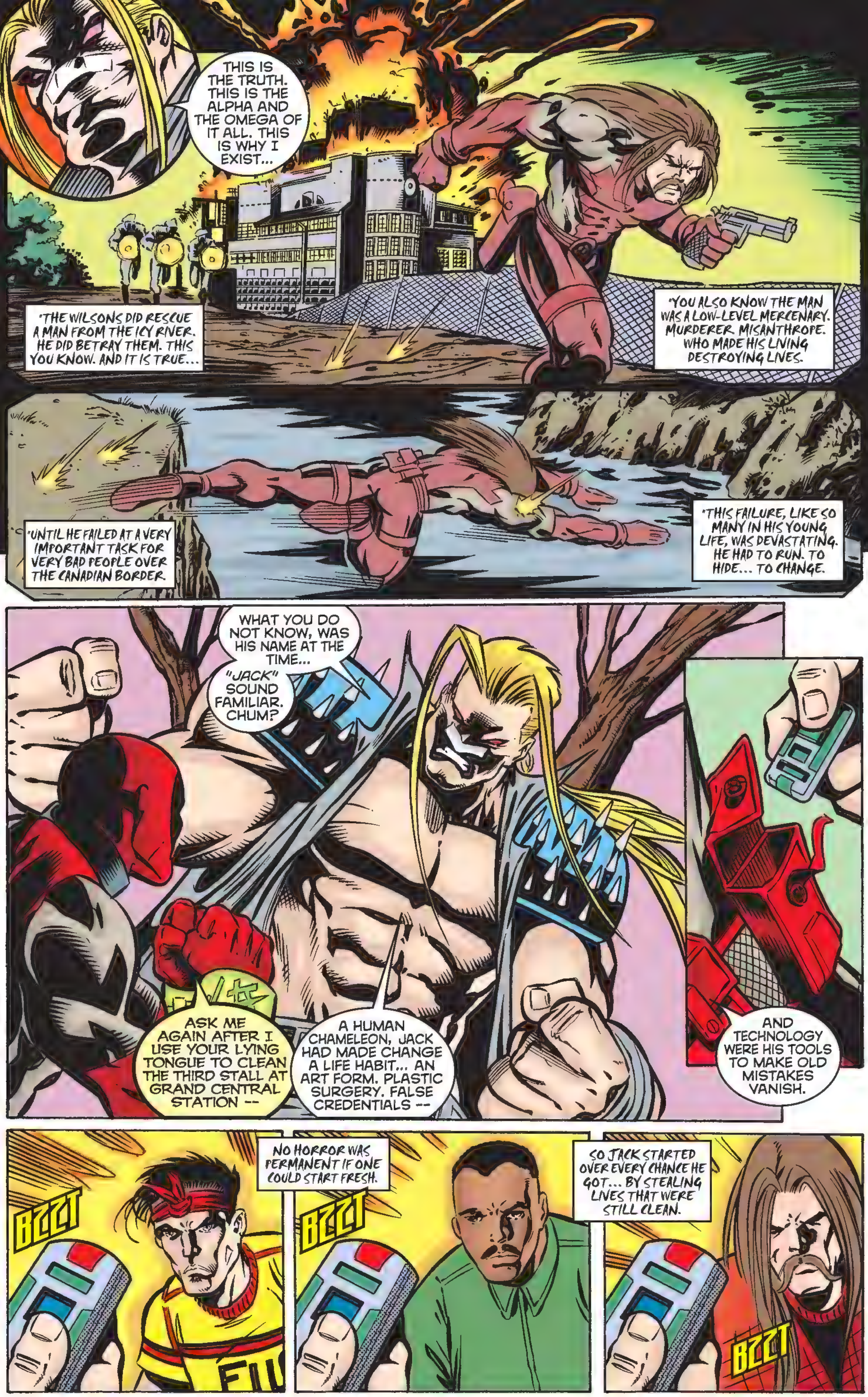

THE FRINGES OF THE COSMOS...
PLAYGROUND OF THE GODS.
BELOVED?
BELOVED, I HAVE SAILED ACROSS THE AGES TO CALL UPON YOU... TAKEN ASTRAL FORM AND RISKED MY VERY EXISTENCE TO DELIVER A GIFT.
EACH COMET IN THIS BOUQUET IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF A WORLD... A CIVILIZED WORLD OF NO LESS THAN TEN BILLION SENTIENT LIFEFORMS.
THEIR DEATHS WERE EXQUISITE.
PLEASE, ACCEPT THIS MEAGER TOKEN OF AFFECTION, AND ADMIRATION OF YOUR DARK WORK... SO BEGS THANOS!
...
BELOVED? BELOVED, I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE...
GODS, WHAT DIRE CHORE COULD BE MORE COMPELLING THAN A SUITOR AS ROMANTIC AS I..?
PERHAPS SHE IS WASHING HER HAIR...

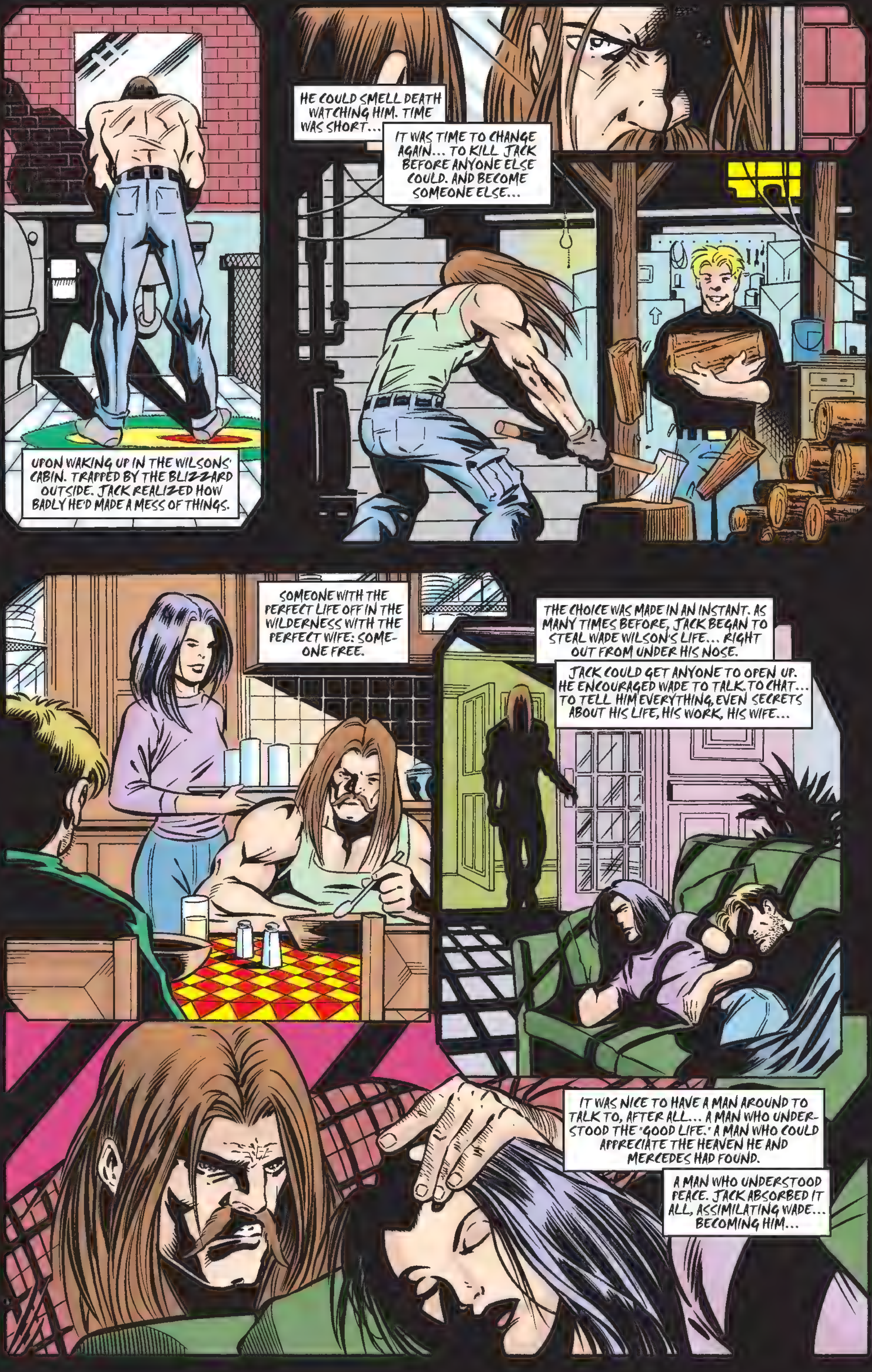

DEATH IS NOT AMUSED.
NORMALLY, SHE WOULD BE... THANOS AND HIS IDYLLIC BUMBLINGS HAVE PROVIDED HER WITH EONS OF DISTRACTION...
BUT NOT TODAY. TODAY SHE-WHO-IS-THE-END-OF-ALL-THINGS...
IS PREOCCUPIED... WITH THOUGHTS OF A MORTAL.
SHE SO RARELY INVOLVES HERSELF IN TEMPORAL AFFAIRS. ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS...
BUT ONCE IN A MILLENNIUM, THERE IS BORN A SHINING STAR IN AN OTHERWISE EMPTY UNIVERSE OF SOULS... ONE WHO CAPTIVATES HER INTEREST...GARNERS HER RESPECT...
AROUSES HER.
THIS IS THE TALE OF SUCH A BEING... A MAN WHO STOPS DEATH IN HER TRACKS... A MAN WHO STANDS NOW AT THE EDGE OF...

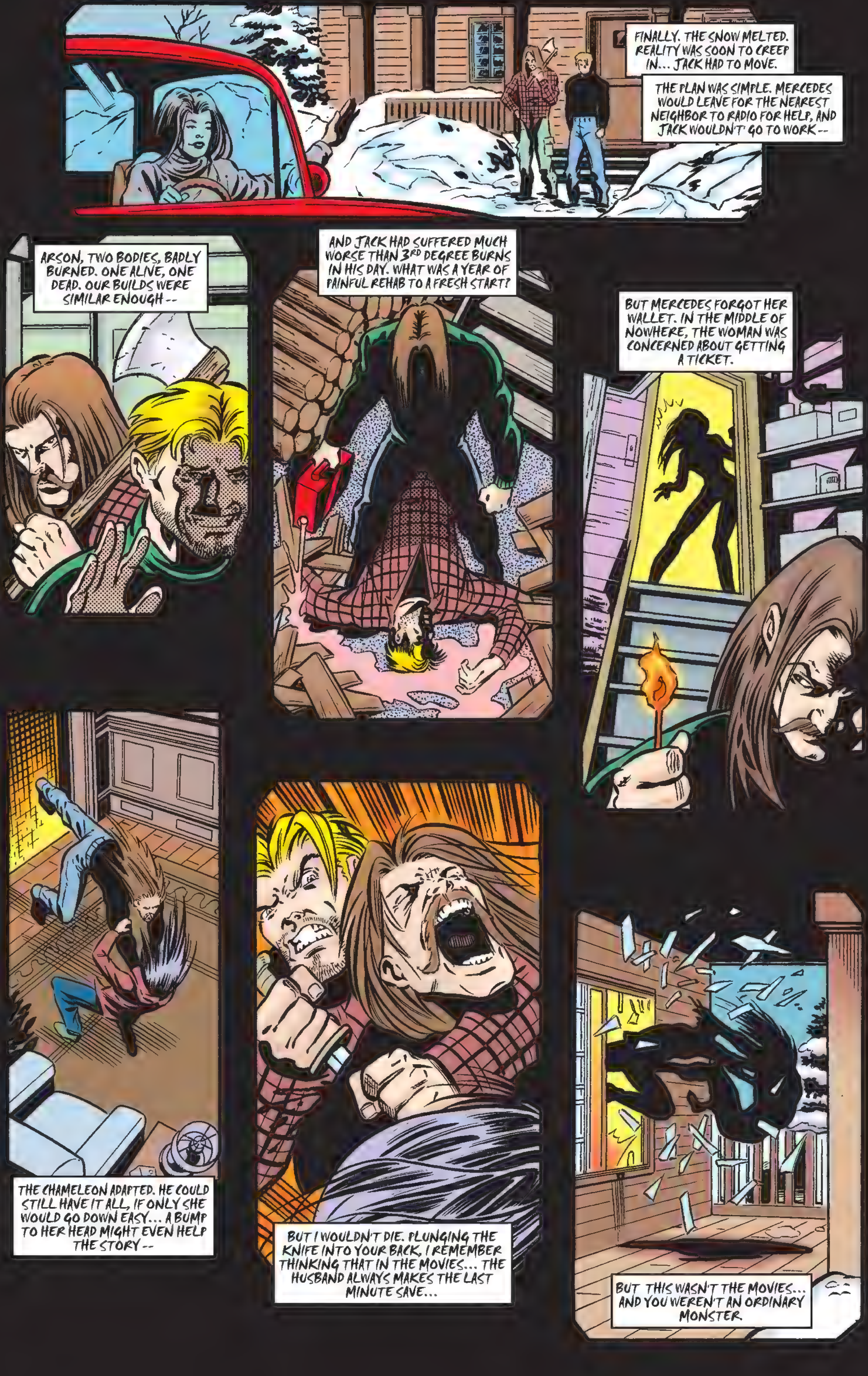

THE END OF THE END
OR HAPPY ENTRAILS TO YOU!?.

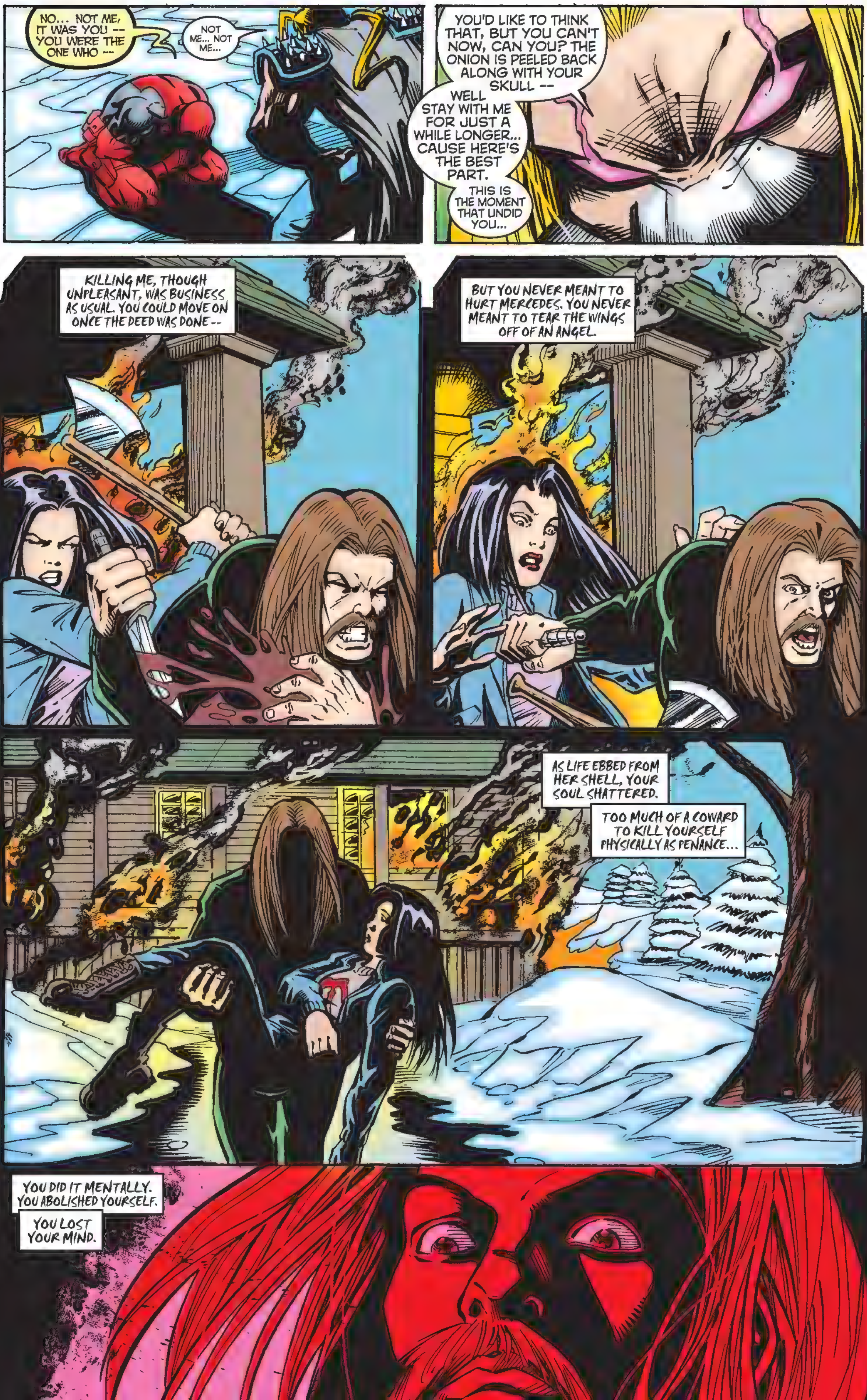
© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

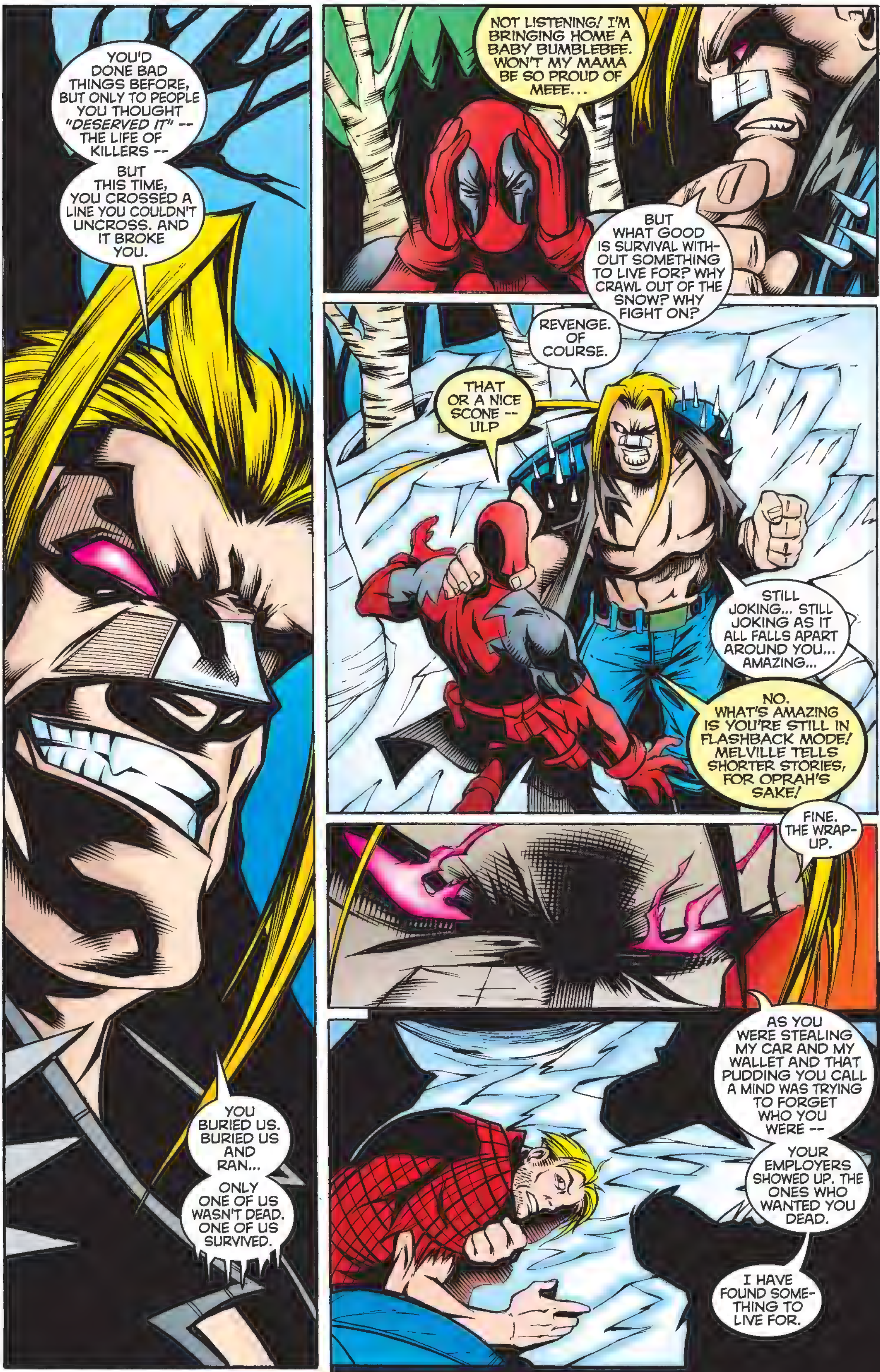

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DO THIS TO ME.
YOU CAN CUT OFF MY EYELIDS, STAPLE THEM TO MY FOREHEAD, POP OUT MY EYES AND SET THEM UP ON GOLF TEES --
BUT I'M NOT WATCHING THIS. I DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS --
OF COURSE YOU DON'T, "WADE"! TRUTH BURNS BLIND EYES! TRUTH POKES AND STINKS --
YOU'VE LIVED SO LONG WITH A LIE, YOU'VE GOT A PHYSICAL AVERSION TO THE TRUTH!
STOP IT! YOU'RE LYING, YOU -- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KILLED ME! YOU...
JUST FLIP THE SWITCH ON YOUR LITTLE PICTURE SHOW HERE, T-RAY, BEFORE YOU REALLY TICK ME OFF. WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED... THE REAL STORY --
LISTEN TO HIM, MERCEDES... LISTEN TO YOURSELF. THE SONG OF YOUR HEART...
NO... YOU DESTROY MY HUSBAND AND... KILLED ME, HERE AT OUR HOME... KILLED ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK TO TORTURE WADE.
POOR LITTLE CORPSE... STOP LIVING DEADPOOL'S LIE...
I BROUGHT YOU BACK SO WE COULD BE REUNITED IN VENGEANCE... AGAINST THE MAN WHO KILLED US BOTH.
I AM WADE WILSON. YOUR HUSBAND... HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, ANGEL.
NO!
NOOOO!
I CAN'T TELL YOU... HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO HEAR THAT SCREAM... "WADE"...
OH GOD, THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.

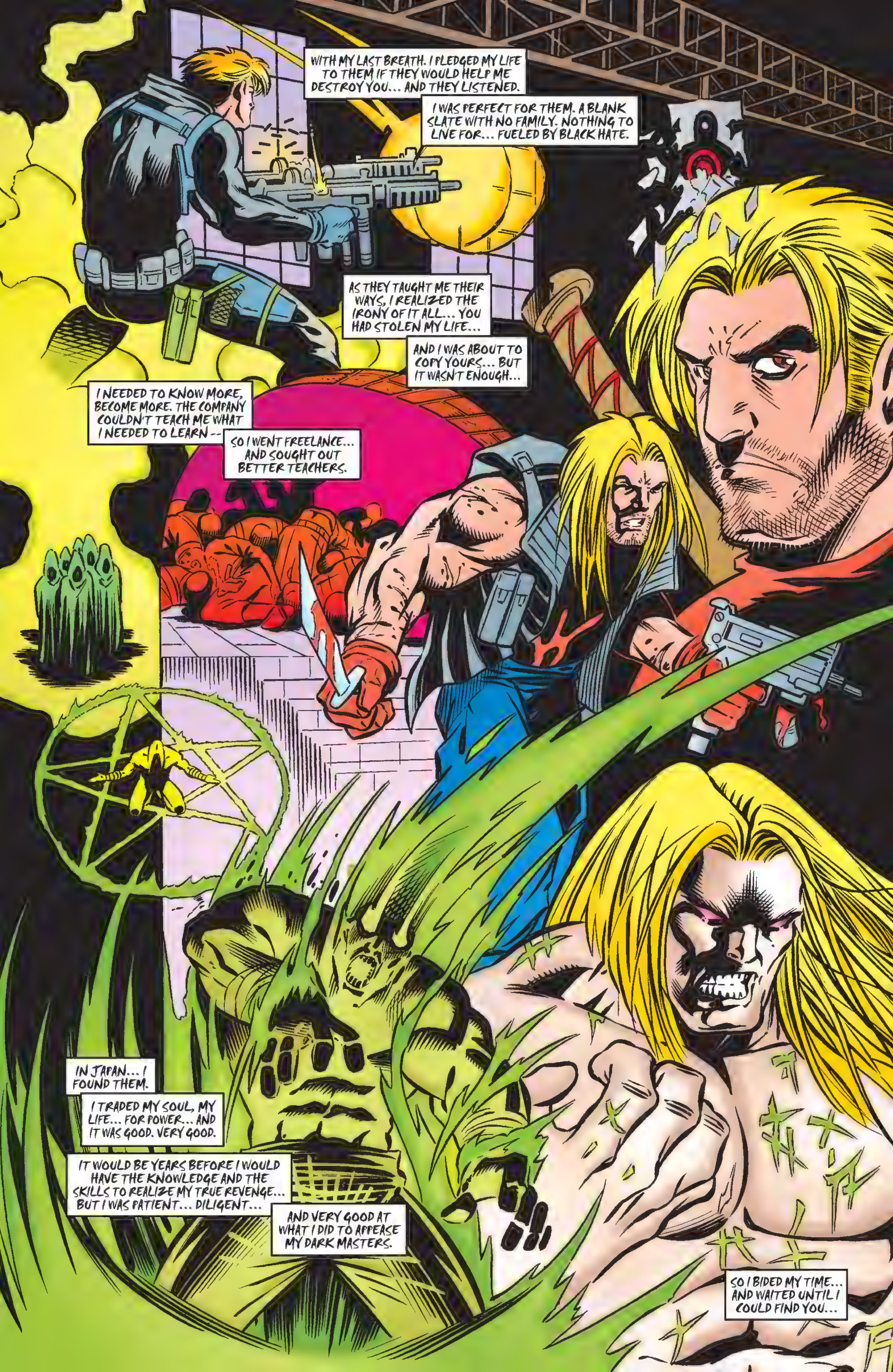

THIS IS THE TRUTH. THIS IS THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA OF IT ALL. THIS IS WHY I EXIST...
"THE WILSONS DID RESCUE A MAN FROM THE ICY RIVER. HE DID BETRAY THEM. THIS YOU KNOW. AND IT IS TRUE...
"YOU ALSO KNOW THE MAN WAS A LOW-LEVEL MERCENARY. MURDERER. MISANTHROPE. WHO MADE HIS LIVING DESTROYING LIVES.
"UNTIL HE FAILED AT A VERY IMPORTANT TASK FOR VERY BAD PEOPLE OVER THE CANADIAN BORDER.
"THIS FAILURE, LIKE SO MANY IN HIS YOUNG LIFE, WAS DEVASTATING. HE HAD TO RUN. TO HIDE... TO CHANGE.
WHAT YOU DO NOT KNOW, WAS HIS NAME AT THE TIME...
"JACK" SOUND FAMILIAR, CHUM?
ASK ME AGAIN AFTER I USE YOUR LYING TONGUE TO CLEAN THE THIRD STALL AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION --
A HUMAN CHAMELEON, JACK HAD MADE CHANGE A LIFE HABIT... AN ART FORM. PLASTIC SURGERY. FALSE CREDENTIALS --
AND TECHNOLOGY WERE HIS TOOLS TO MAKE OLD MISTAKES VANISH.
BZZT
NO HORROR WAS PERMANENT IF ONE COULD START FRESH.
BZZT
SO JACK STARTED OVER EVERY CHANCE HE GOT... BY STEALING LIVES THAT WERE STILL CLEAN.
BZZT

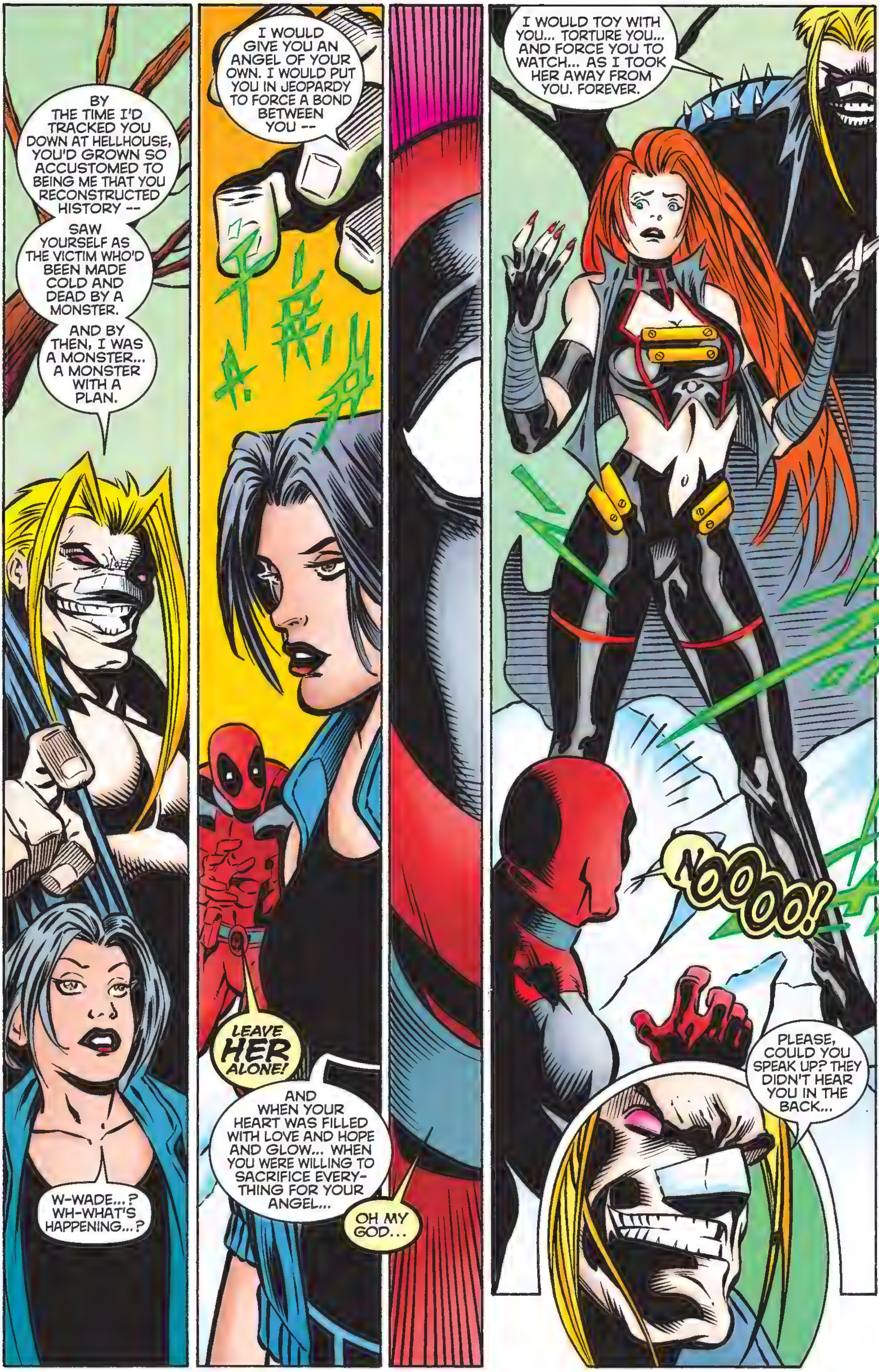

UPON WAKING UP IN THE WILSONS' CABIN. TRAPPED BY THE BLIZZARD OUTSIDE. JACK REALIZED HOW BADLY HE'D MADE A MESS OF THINGS.
HE COULD SMELL DEATH WATCHING HIM. TIME WAS SHORT...
IT WAS TIME TO CHANGE AGAIN... TO KILL JACK BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COULD. AND BECOME SOMEONE ELSE...
SOMEONE WITH THE PERFECT LIFE OFF IN THE WILDERNESS WITH THE PERFECT WIFE: SOMEONE FREE.
THE CHOICE WAS MADE IN AN INSTANT. AS MANY TIMES BEFORE, JACK BEGAN TO STEAL WADE WILSON'S LIFE... RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER HIS NOSE.
JACK COULD GET ANYONE TO OPEN UP. HE ENCOURAGED WADE TO TALK. TO CHAT... TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING, EVEN SECRETS ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS WIFE...
IT WAS NICE TO HAVE A MAN AROUND TO TALK TO, AFTER ALL... A MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD THE "GOOD LIFE." A MAN WHO COULD APPRECIATE THE HEAVEN HE AND MERCEDES HAD FOUND.
A MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD PEACE. JACK ABSORBED IT ALL, ASSIMILATING WADE... BECOMING HIM...

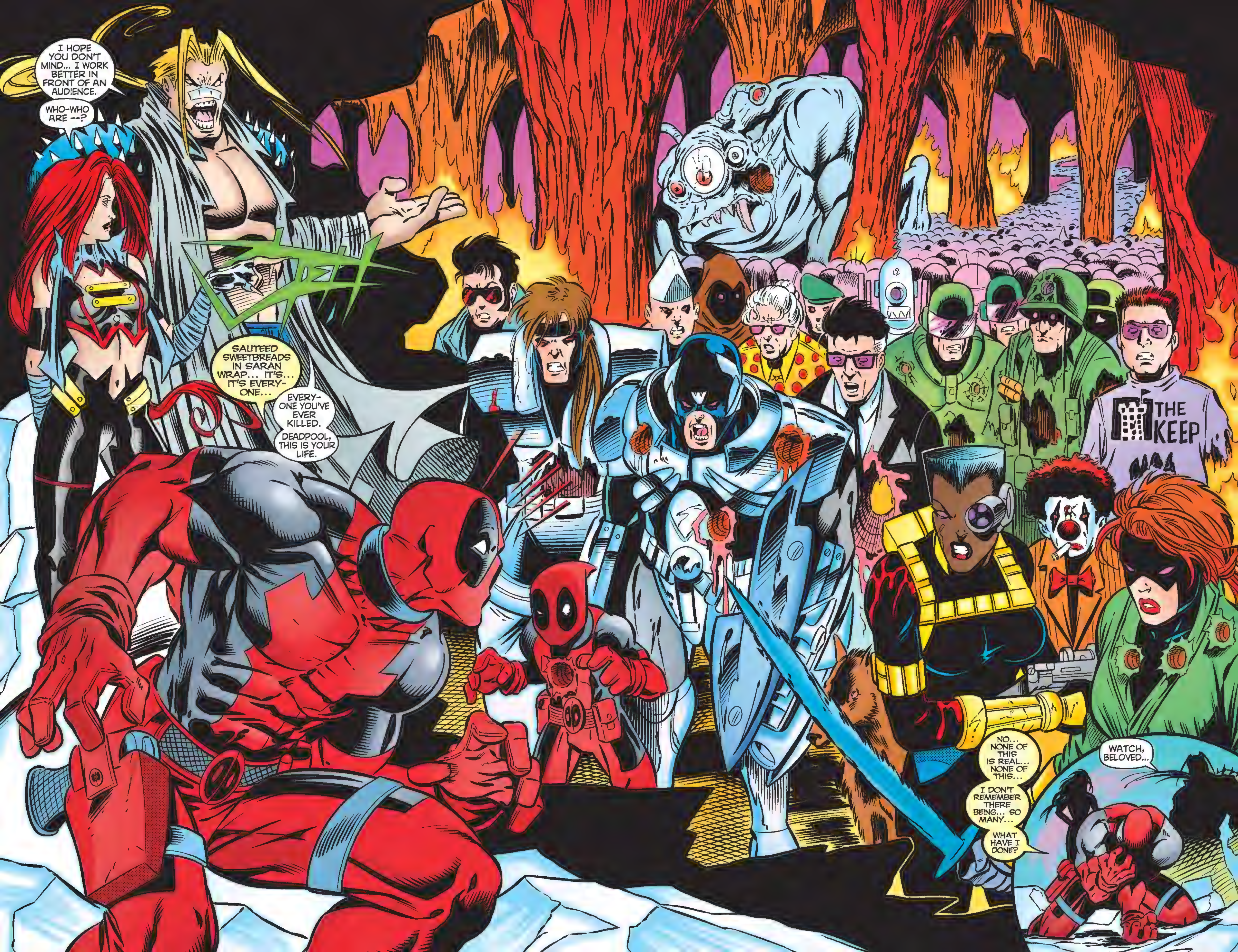

FINALLY. THE SNOW MELTED. REALITY WAS SOON TO CREEP IN... JACK HAD TO MOVE.
THE PLAN WAS SIMPLE. MERCEDES WOULD LEAVE FOR THE NEAREST NEIGHBOR TO RADIO FOR HELP, AND JACK WOULDN'T GO TO WORK --
ARSON, TWO BODIES, BADLY BURNED. ONE ALIVE, ONE DEAD. OUR BUILDS WERE SIMILAR ENOUGH --
AND JACK HAD SUFFERED MUCH WORSE THAN 3RD DEGREE BURNS IN HIS DAY. WHAT WAS A YEAR OF PAINFUL REHAB TO A FRESH START?
BUT MERCEDES FORGOT HER WALLET. IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, THE WOMAN WAS CONCERNED ABOUT GETTING A TICKET.
THE CHAMELEON ADAPTED. HE COULD STILL HAVE IT ALL, IF ONLY SHE WOULD GO DOWN EASY... A BUMP TO HER HEAD MIGHT EVEN HELP THE STORY --
BUT I WOULDN'T DIE. PLUNGING THE KNIFE INTO YOUR BACK, I REMEMBER THINKING THAT IN THE MOVIES... THE HUSBAND ALWAYS MAKES THE LAST MINUTE SAVE...
BUT THIS WASN'T THE MOVIES... AND YOU WEREN'T AN ORDINARY MONSTER.

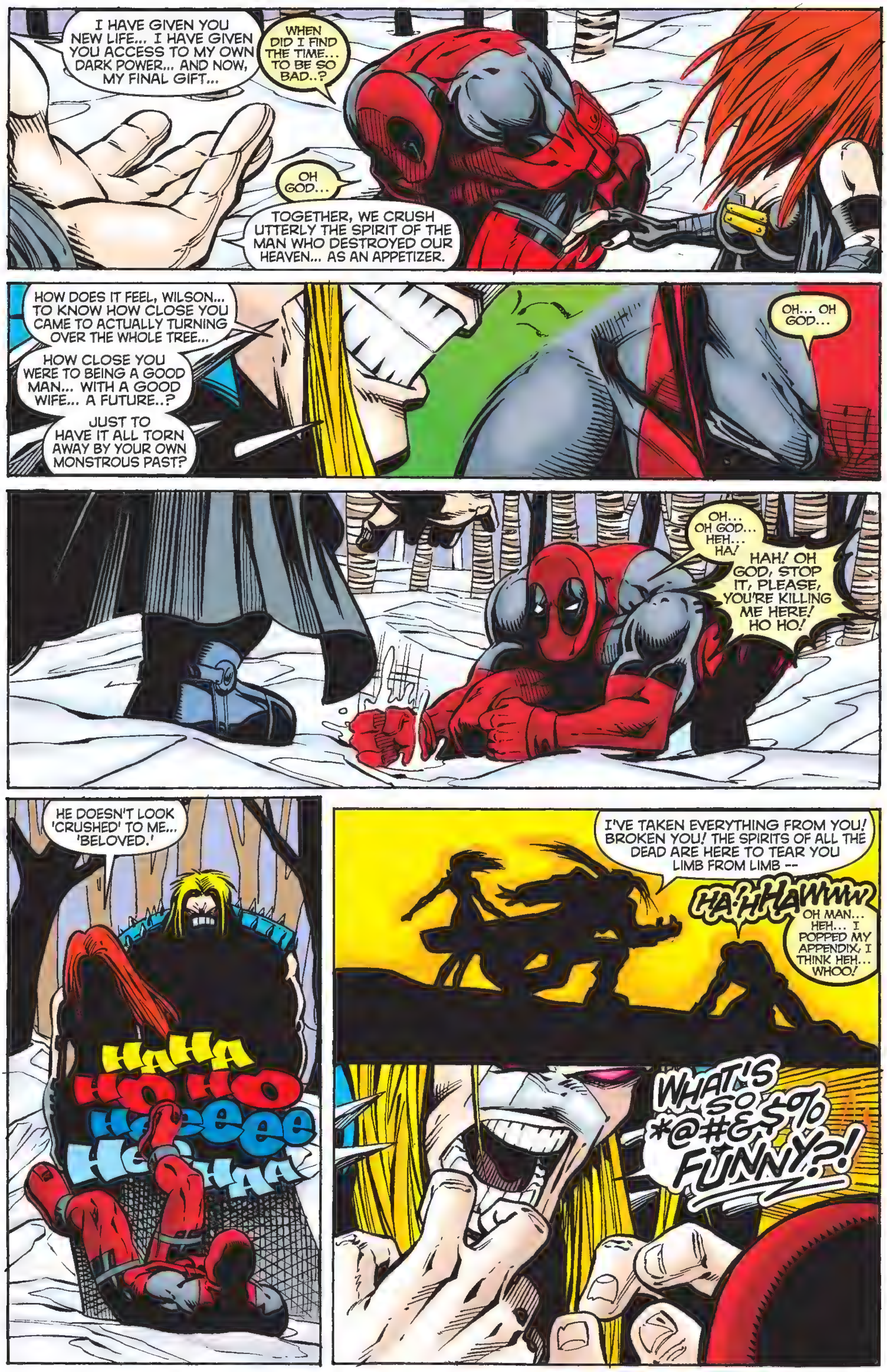

NO... NOT ME, IT WAS YOU -- YOU WERE THE ONE WHO --
NOT ME... NOT ME...
YOU'D LIKE TO THINK THAT, BUT YOU CAN'T NOW, CAN YOU? THE ONION IS PEELED BACK ALONG WITH YOUR SKULL --
WELL STAY WITH ME FOR JUST A WHILE LONGER... CAUSE HERE'S THE BEST PART.
THIS IS THE MOMENT THAT UNDID YOU...
KILLING ME, THOUGH UNPLEASANT, WAS BUSINESS AS USUAL. YOU COULD MOVE ON ONCE THE DEED WAS DONE --
BUT YOU NEVER MEANT TO HURT MERCEDES. YOU NEVER MEANT TO TEAR THE WINGS OFF OF AN ANGEL.
AS LIFE EBBED FROM HER SHELL, YOUR SOUL SHATTERED.
TOO MUCH OF A COWARD TO KILL YOURSELF PHYSICALLY AS PENANCE...
YOU DID IT MENTALLY. YOU ABOLISHED YOURSELF.
YOU LOST YOUR MIND.

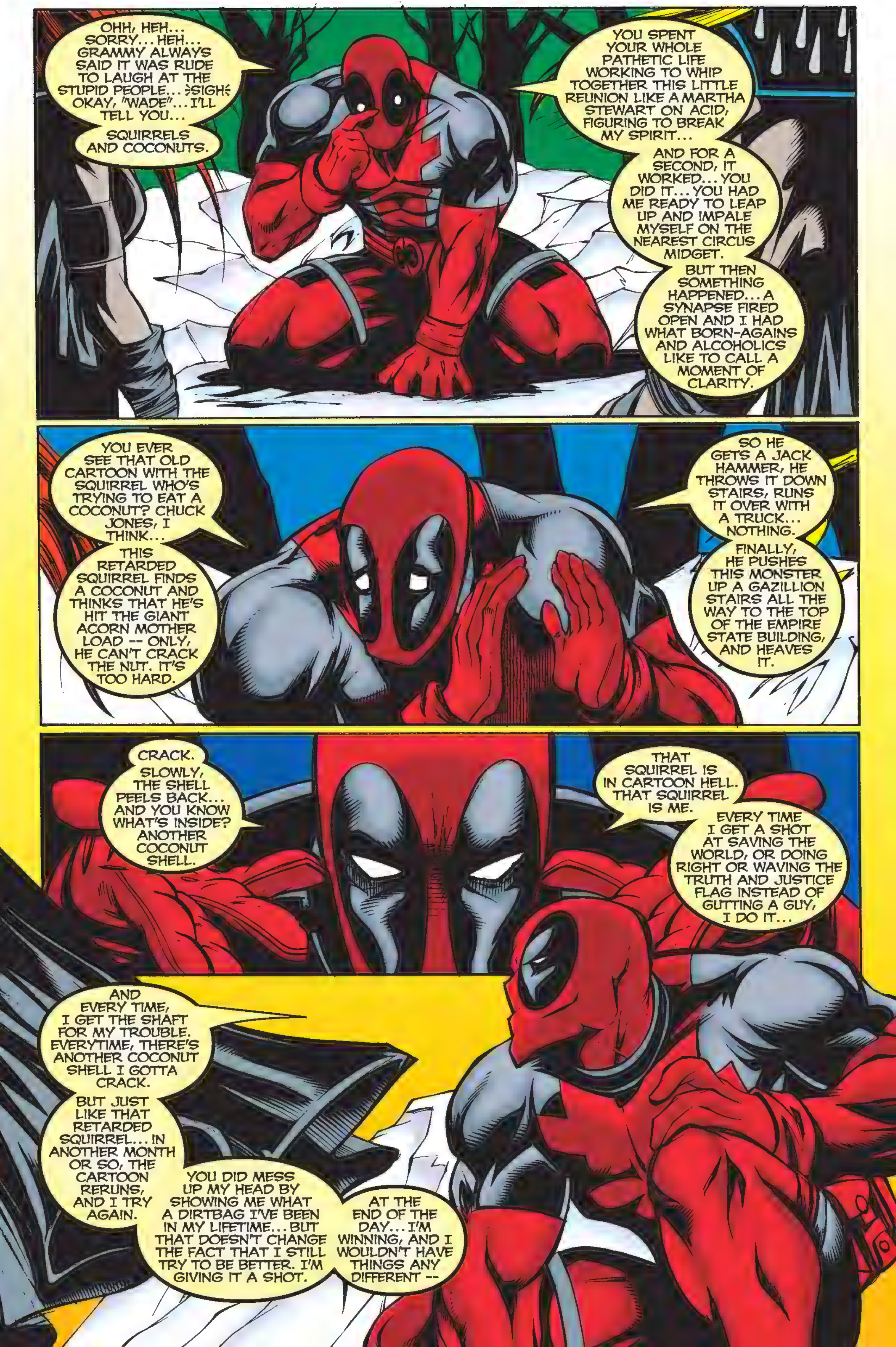

YOU'D DONE BAD THINGS BEFORE, BUT ONLY TO PEOPLE YOU THOUGHT *"DESERVED IT"* -- THE LIFE OF KILLERS --
BUT THIS TIME, YOU CROSSED A LINE YOU COULDN'T UNCROSS. AND IT BROKE YOU.
YOU BURIED US. BURIED US AND RAN...
ONLY ONE OF US WASN'T DEAD. ONE OF US SURVIVED.
NOT LISTENING! I'M BRINGING HOME A BABY BUMBLEBEE. WON'T MY MAMA BE SO PROUD OF MEEE...
BUT WHAT GOOD IS SURVIVAL WITHOUT SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR? WHY CRAWL OUT OF THE SNOW? WHY FIGHT ON?
REVENGE. OF COURSE.
THAT OR A NICE SCONE -- ULP
STILL JOKING... STILL JOKING AS IT ALL FALLS APART AROUND YOU... AMAZING...
NO. WHAT'S AMAZING IS YOU'RE STILL IN FLASHBACK MODE! MELVILLE TELLS SHORTER STORIES, FOR OPRAH'S SAKE!
FINE. THE WRAP-UP.
AS YOU WERE STEALING MY CAR AND MY WALLET AND THAT PUDDING YOU CALL A MIND WAS TRYING TO FORGET WHO YOU WERE --
YOUR EMPLOYERS SHOWED UP. THE ONES WHO WANTED YOU DEAD.
I HAVE FOUND SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

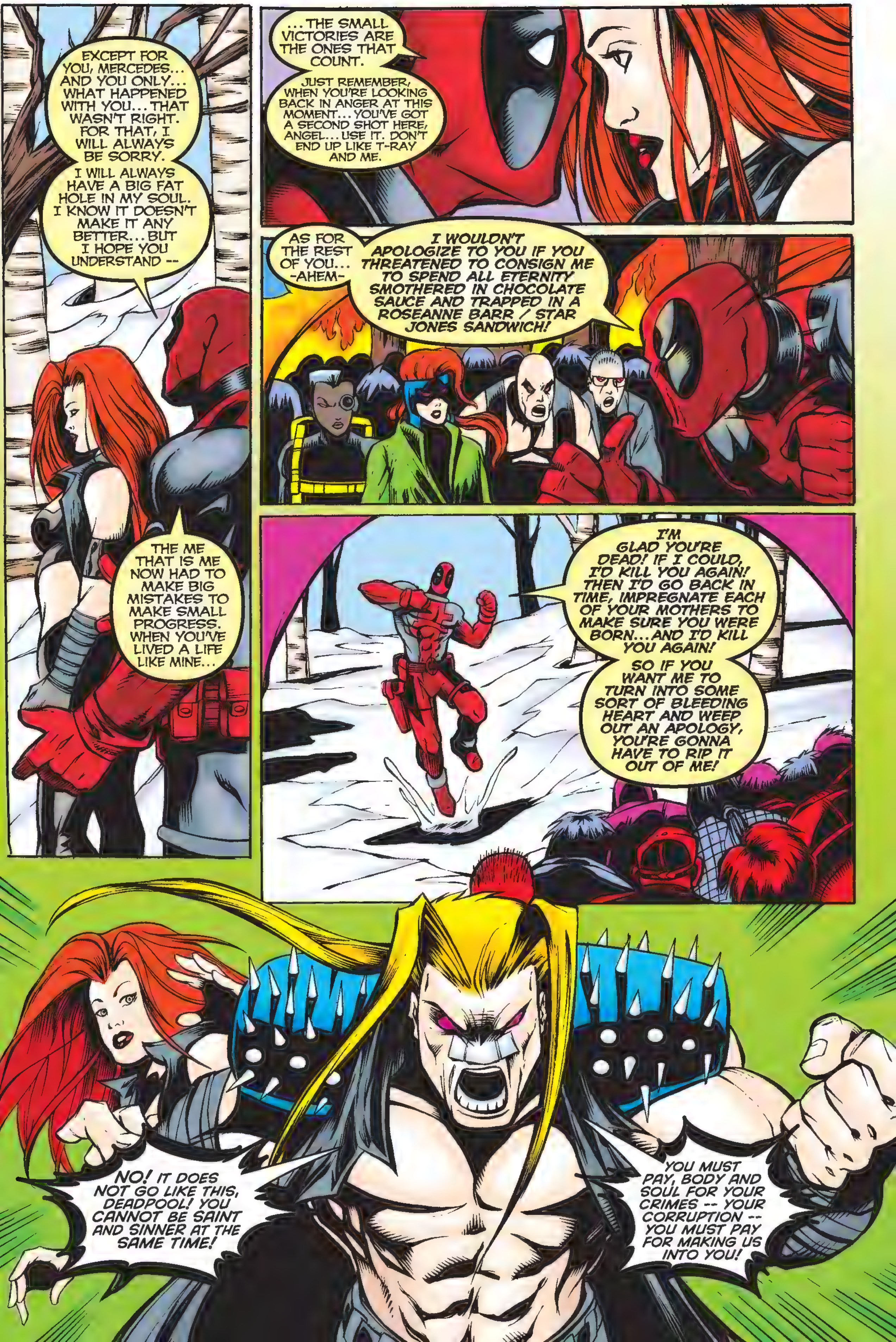

WITH MY LAST BREATH, I PLEDGED MY LIFE TO THEM IF THEY WOULD HELP ME DESTROY YOU... AND THEY LISTENED.
I WAS PERFECT FOR THEM. A BLANK SLATE WITH NO FAMILY. NOTHING TO LIVE FOR... FUELED BY BLACK HATE.
AS THEY TAUGHT ME THEIR WAYS, I REALIZED THE IRONY OF IT ALL... YOU HAD STOLEN MY LIFE...
AND I WAS ABOUT TO COPY YOURS... BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH...
I NEEDED TO KNOW MORE, BECOME MORE. THE COMPANY COULDN'T TEACH ME WHAT I NEEDED TO LEARN --
SO I WENT FREELANCE... AND SOUGHT OUT BETTER TEACHERS.
IN JAPAN... I FOUND THEM.
I TRADED MY SOUL, MY LIFE... FOR POWER... AND IT WAS GOOD. VERY GOOD.
IT WOULD BE YEARS BEFORE I WOULD HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE AND THE SKILLS TO REALIZE MY TRUE REVENGE... BUT I WAS PATIENT... DILIGENT...
AND VERY GOOD AT WHAT I DID TO APPEASE MY DARK MASTERS.
SO I BIDED MY TIME... AND WAITED UNTIL I COULD FIND YOU...

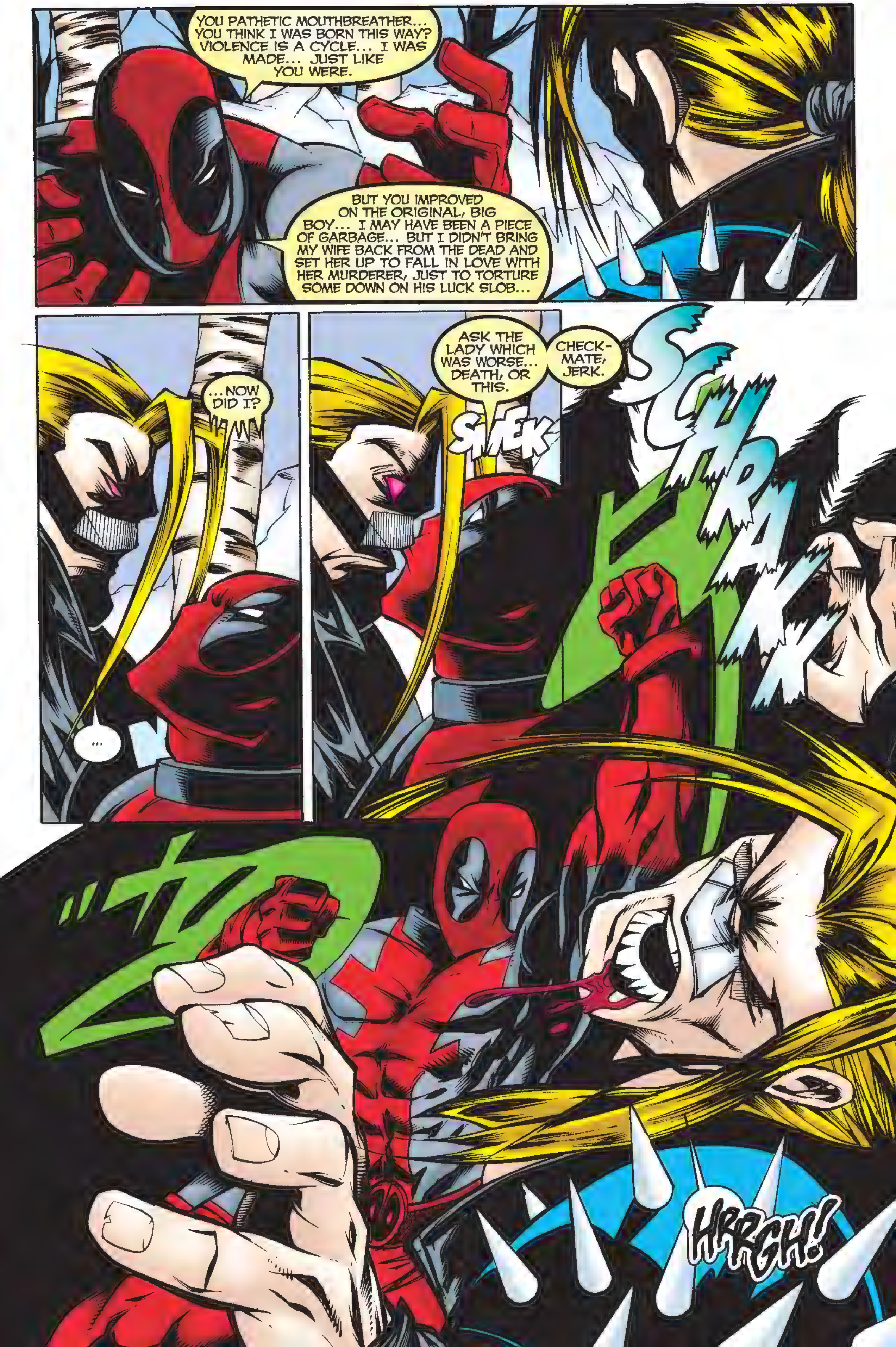

BY THE TIME I'D TRACKED YOU DOWN AT HELLHOUSE, YOU'D GROWN SO ACCUSTOMED TO BEING ME THAT YOU RECONSTRUCTED HISTORY --
SAW YOURSELF AS THE VICTIM WHO'D BEEN MADE COLD AND DEAD BY A MONSTER.
AND BY THEN, I WAS A MONSTER... A MONSTER WITH A PLAN.
W-WADE...? WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING...?
I WOULD GIVE YOU AN ANGEL OF YOUR OWN. I WOULD PUT YOU IN JEOPARDY TO FORCE A BOND BETWEEN YOU --
LEAVE HER ALONE!
AND WHEN YOUR HEART WAS FILLED WITH LOVE AND HOPE AND GLOW... WHEN YOU WERE WILLING TO SACRIFICE EVERYTHING FOR YOUR ANGEL...
OH MY GOD...
I WOULD TOY WITH YOU... TORTURE YOU... AND FORCE YOU TO WATCH... AS I TOOK HER AWAY FROM YOU. FOREVER.
NOOOOO!
PLEASE, COULD YOU SPEAK UP? THEY DIDN'T HEAR YOU IN THE BACK...

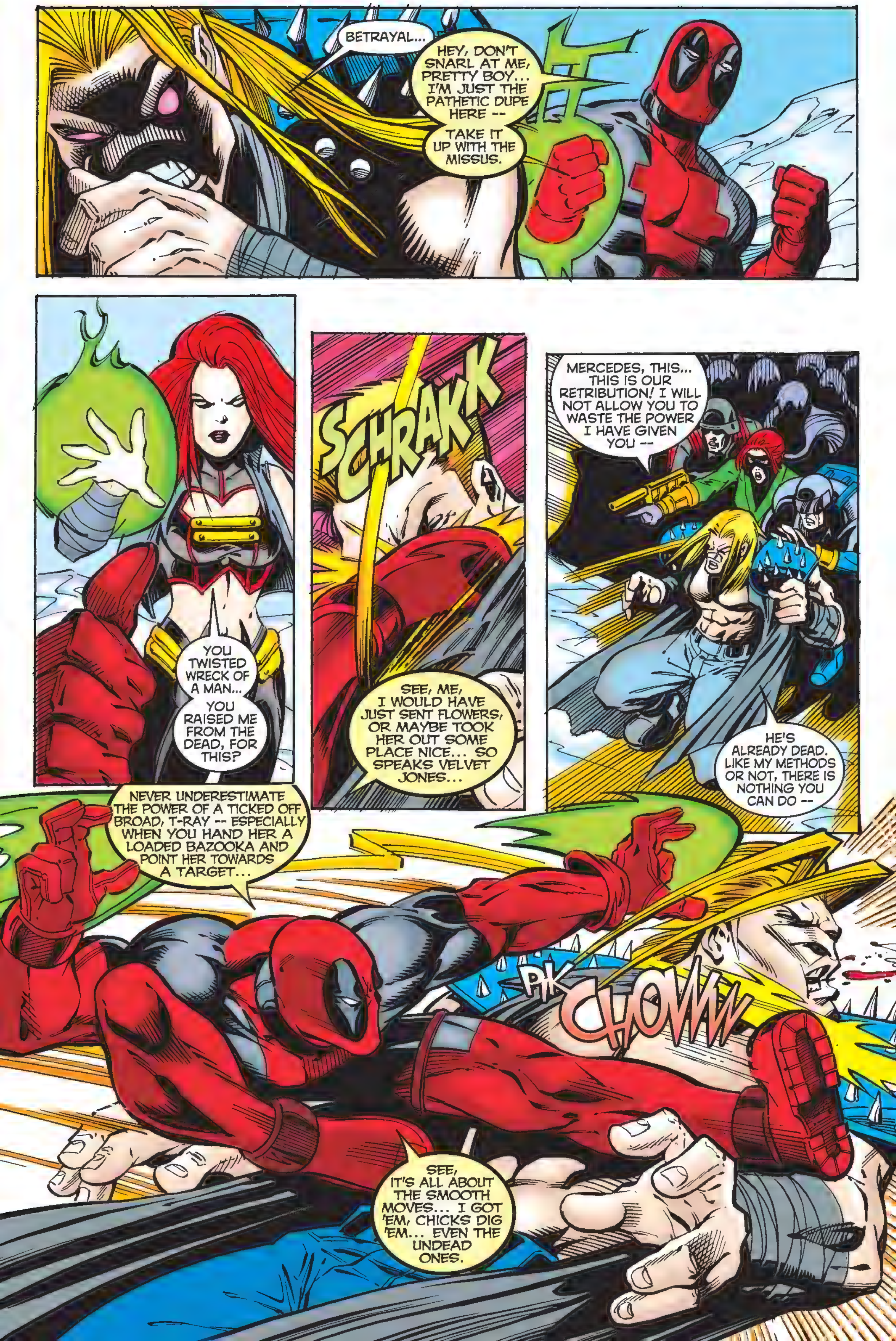

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND... I WORK BETTER IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE.
WHO-WHO ARE --?
SAUTEED SWEETBREADS IN SARAN WRAP... IT'S... IT'S EVERYONE...
EVERYONE YOU'VE EVER KILLED.
DEADPOOL, THIS IS YOUR LIFE.
THE KEEP
NO... NONE OF THIS IS REAL... NONE OF THIS...
I DON'T REMEMBER THERE BEING... SO MANY...
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WATCH, BELOVED...

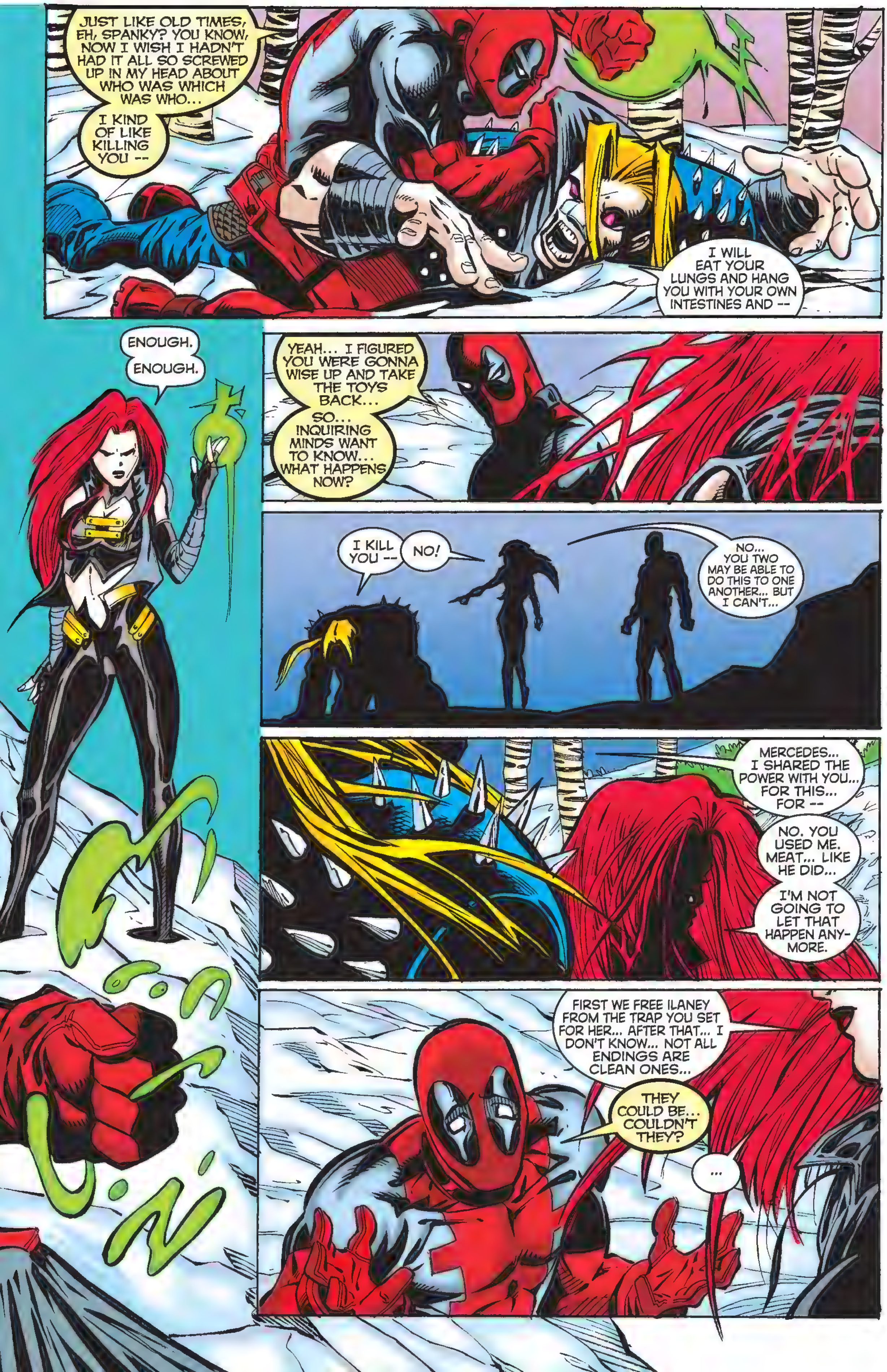

I HAVE GIVEN YOU NEW LIFE... I HAVE GIVEN YOU ACCESS TO MY OWN DARK POWER... AND NOW, MY FINAL GIFT...
WHEN DID I FIND THE TIME... TO BE SO BAD..?
OH GOD...
TOGETHER, WE CRUSH UTTERLY THE SPIRIT OF THE MAN WHO DESTROYED OUR HEAVEN... AS AN APPETIZER.
HOW DOES IT FEEL, WILSON... TO KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO ACTUALLY TURNING OVER THE WHOLE TREE...
HOW CLOSE YOU WERE TO BEING A GOOD MAN... WITH A GOOD WIFE... A FUTURE..?
JUST TO HAVE IT ALL TORN AWAY BY YOUR OWN MONSTROUS PAST?
OH... OH GOD...
OH... OH GOD... HEH... HA!
HAH! OH GOD, STOP IT, PLEASE, YOU'RE KILLING ME HERE! HO HO!
HE DOESN'T LOOK 'CRUSHED' TO ME... 'BELOVED.'
HAHA
HO HO
Heeeee
He HAA
I'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM YOU! BROKEN YOU! THE SPIRITS OF ALL THE DEAD ARE HERE TO TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB --
HA·HHAWWW
OH MAN... HEH... I POPPED MY APPENDIX, I THINK HEH... WHOO!
WHAT'S SO *@#&$% FUNNY?!

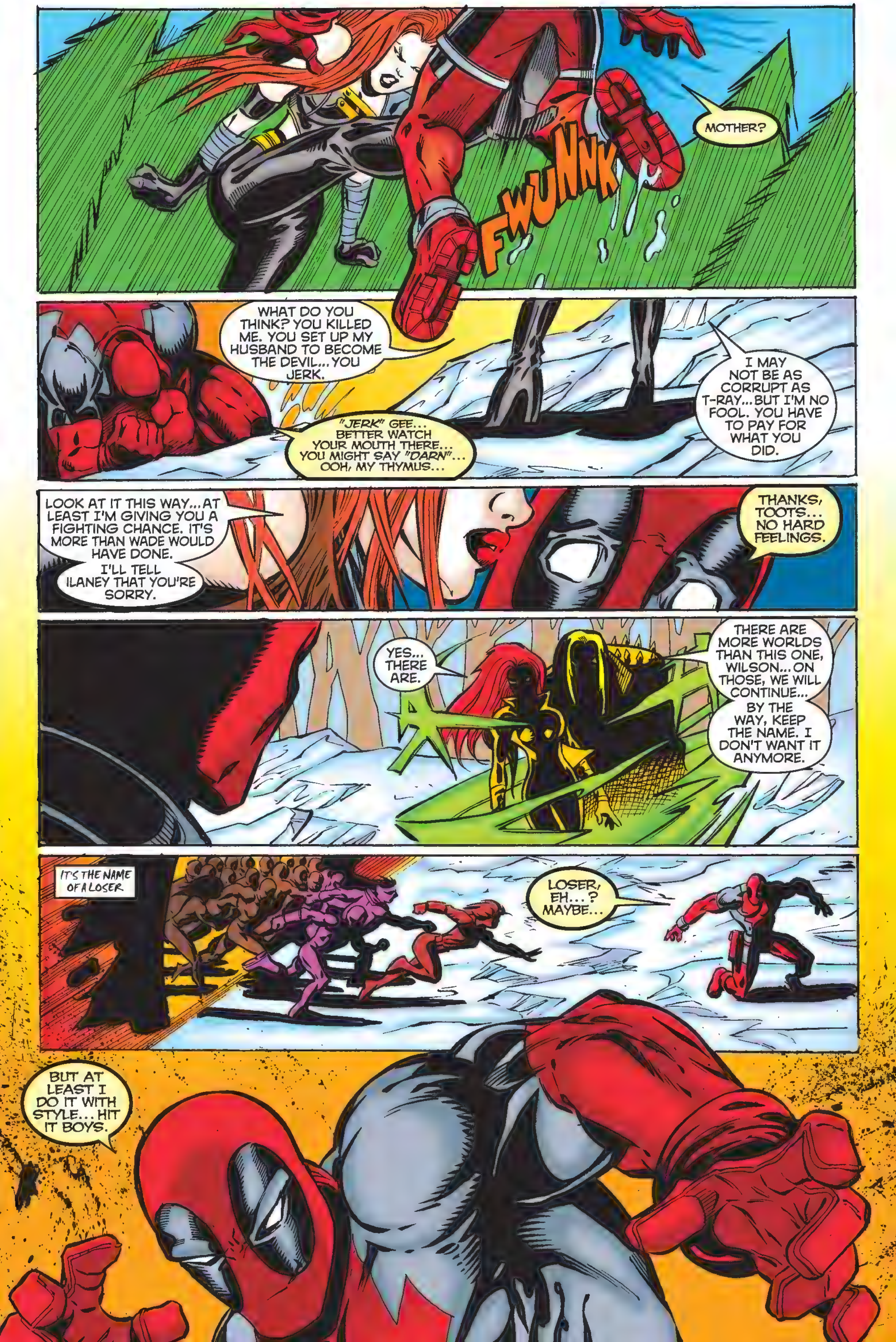

OHH, HEH... SORRY... HEH... GRAMMY ALWAYS SAID IT WAS RUDE TO LAUGH AT THE STUPID PEOPLE... ≶SIGH≶ OKAY, "WADE"... I'LL TELL YOU...
SQUIRRELS AND COCONUTS.
YOU SPENT YOUR WHOLE PATHETIC LIFE WORKING TO WHIP TOGETHER THIS LITTLE REUNION LIKE A MARTHA STEWART ON ACID, FIGURING TO BREAK MY SPIRIT...
AND FOR A SECOND, IT WORKED... YOU DID IT... YOU HAD ME READY TO LEAP UP AND IMPALE MYSELF ON THE NEAREST CIRCUS MIDGET.
BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED... A SYNAPSE FIRED OPEN AND I HAD WHAT BORN-AGAINS AND ALCOHOLICS LIKE TO CALL A MOMENT OF CLARITY.
YOU EVER SEE THAT OLD CARTOON WITH THE SQUIRREL WHO'S TRYING TO EAT A COCONUT? CHUCK JONES, I THINK...
THIS RETARDED SQUIRREL FINDS A COCONUT AND THINKS THAT HE'S HIT THE GIANT ACORN MOTHER LOAD -- ONLY, HE CAN'T CRACK THE NUT. IT'S TOO HARD.
SO HE GETS A JACK HAMMER, HE THROWS IT DOWN STAIRS, RUNS IT OVER WITH A TRUCK... NOTHING.
FINALLY, HE PUSHES THIS MONSTER UP A GAZILLION STAIRS ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, AND HEAVES IT.
CRACK.
SLOWLY, THE SHELL PEELS BACK... AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE? ANOTHER COCONUT SHELL.
THAT SQUIRREL IS IN CARTOON HELL. THAT SQUIRREL IS ME.
EVERY TIME I GET A SHOT AT SAVING THE WORLD, OR DOING RIGHT OR WAVING THE TRUTH AND JUSTICE FLAG INSTEAD OF GUTTING A GUY, I DO IT...
AND EVERY TIME, I GET THE SHAFT FOR MY TROUBLE. EVERYTIME, THERE'S ANOTHER COCONUT SHELL I GOTTA CRACK.
BUT JUST LIKE THAT RETARDED SQUIRREL... IN ANOTHER MONTH OR SO, THE CARTOON RERUNS, AND I TRY AGAIN.
YOU DID MESS UP MY HEAD BY SHOWING ME WHAT A DIRTBAG I'VE BEEN IN MY LIFETIME... BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT I STILL TRY TO BE BETTER. I'M GIVING IT A SHOT.
AT THE END OF THE DAY... I'M WINNING, AND I WOULDN'T HAVE THINGS ANY DIFFERENT --

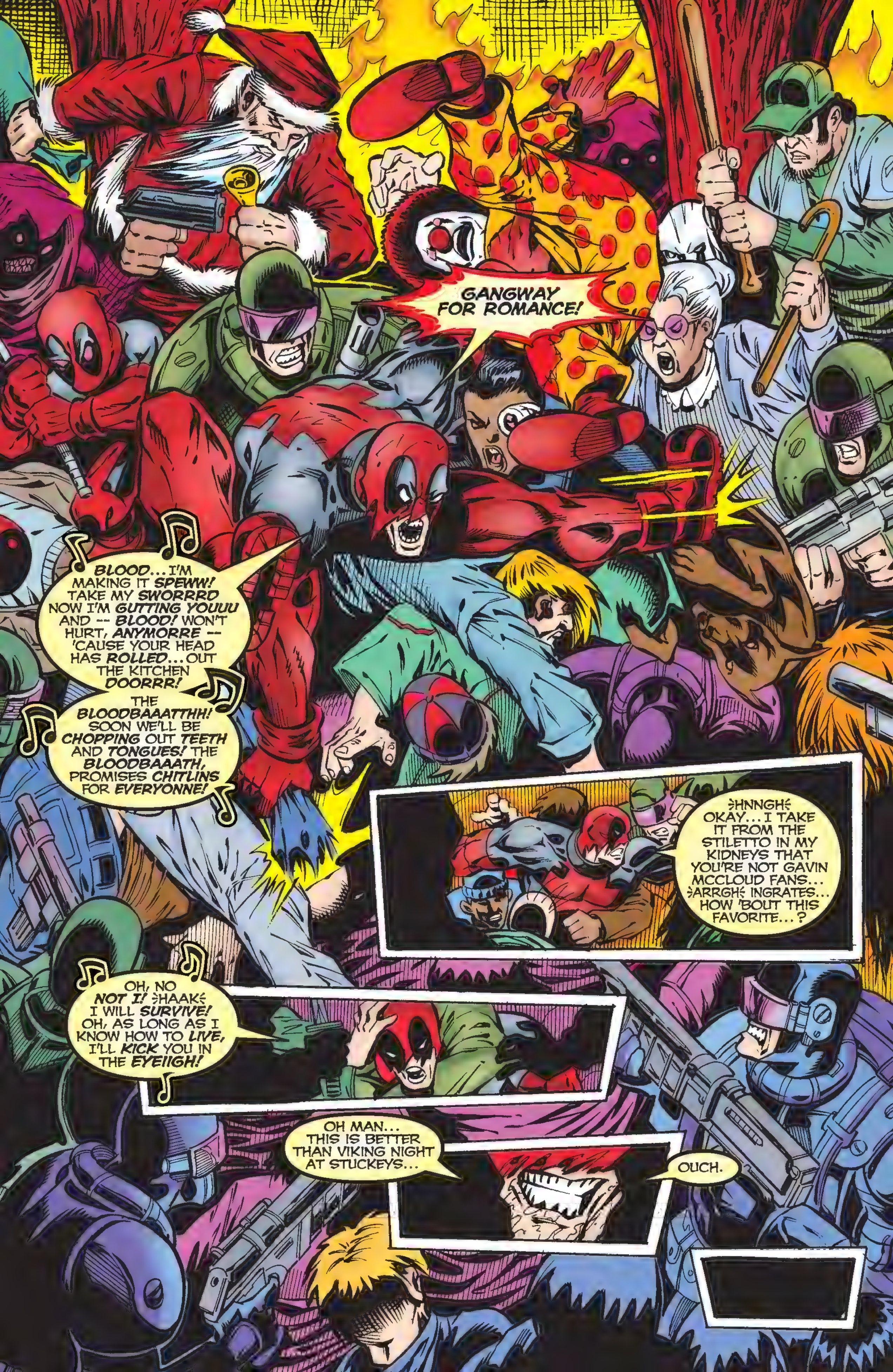

EXCEPT FOR YOU, MERCEDES... AND YOU ONLY... WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU... THAT WASN'T RIGHT. FOR THAT, I WILL ALWAYS BE SORRY.
I WILL ALWAYS HAVE A BIG FAT HOLE IN MY SOUL. I KNOW IT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY BETTER... BUT I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND --
THE ME THAT IS ME NOW HAD TO MAKE BIG MISTAKES TO MAKE SMALL PROGRESS. WHEN YOU'VE LIVED A LIFE LIKE MINE...
...THE SMALL VICTORIES ARE THE ONES THAT COUNT.
JUST REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING BACK IN ANGER AT THIS MOMENT... YOU'VE GOT A SECOND SHOT HERE, ANGEL... USE IT. DON'T END UP LIKE T-RAY AND ME.
AS FOR THE REST OF YOU... -AHEM-
I WOULDN'T APOLOGIZE TO YOU IF YOU THREATENED TO CONSIGN ME TO SPEND ALL ETERNITY SMOTHERED IN CHOCOLATE SAUCE AND TRAPPED IN A ROSEANNE BARR / STAR JONES SANDWICH!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE DEAD! IF I COULD, I'D KILL YOU AGAIN! THEN I'D GO BACK IN TIME, IMPREGNATE EACH OF YOUR MOTHERS TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE BORN... AND I'D KILL YOU AGAIN!
SO IF YOU WANT ME TO TURN INTO SOME SORT OF BLEEDING HEART AND WEEP OUT AN APOLOGY, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO RIP IT OUT OF ME!
NO! IT DOES NOT GO LIKE THIS, DEADPOOL! YOU CANNOT BE SAINT AND SINNER AT THE SAME TIME!
YOU MUST PAY, BODY AND SOUL FOR YOUR CRIMES -- YOUR CORRUPTION -- YOU MUST PAY FOR MAKING US INTO YOU!

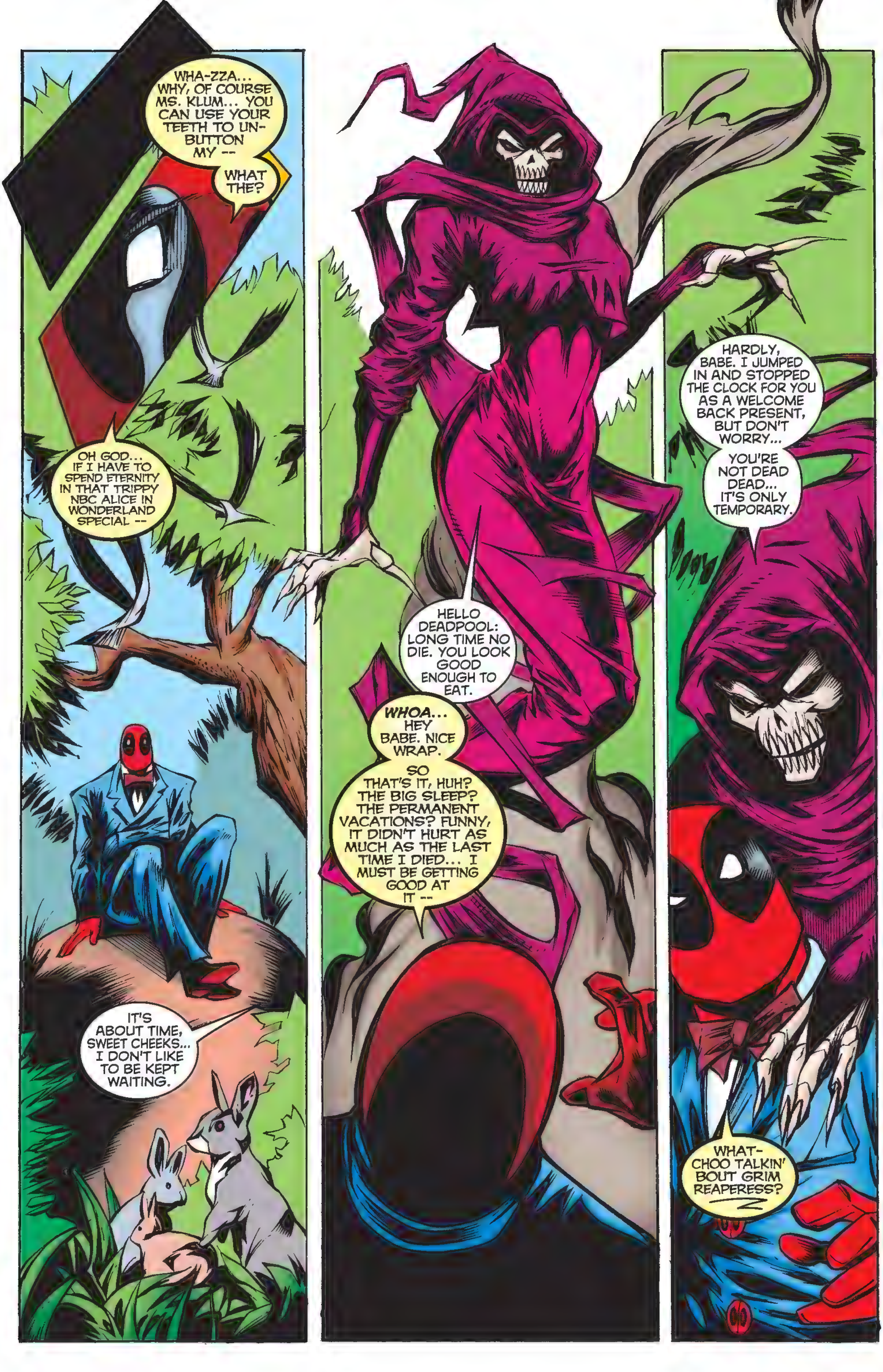

YOU PATHETIC MOUTHBREATHER... YOU THINK I WAS BORN THIS WAY? VIOLENCE IS A CYCLE... I WAS MADE... JUST LIKE YOU WERE.
BUT YOU IMPROVED ON THE ORIGINAL, BIG BOY... I MAY HAVE BEEN A PIECE OF GARBAGE... BUT I DIDN'T BRING MY WIFE BACK FROM THE DEAD AND SET HER UP TO FALL IN LOVE WITH HER MURDERER, JUST TO TORTURE SOME DOWN ON HIS LUCK SLOB...
...NOW DID I?
...
ASK THE LADY WHICH WAS WORSE... DEATH, OR THIS.
CHECK-MATE, JERK.
SNEK
SCHRAK
HRRGH!

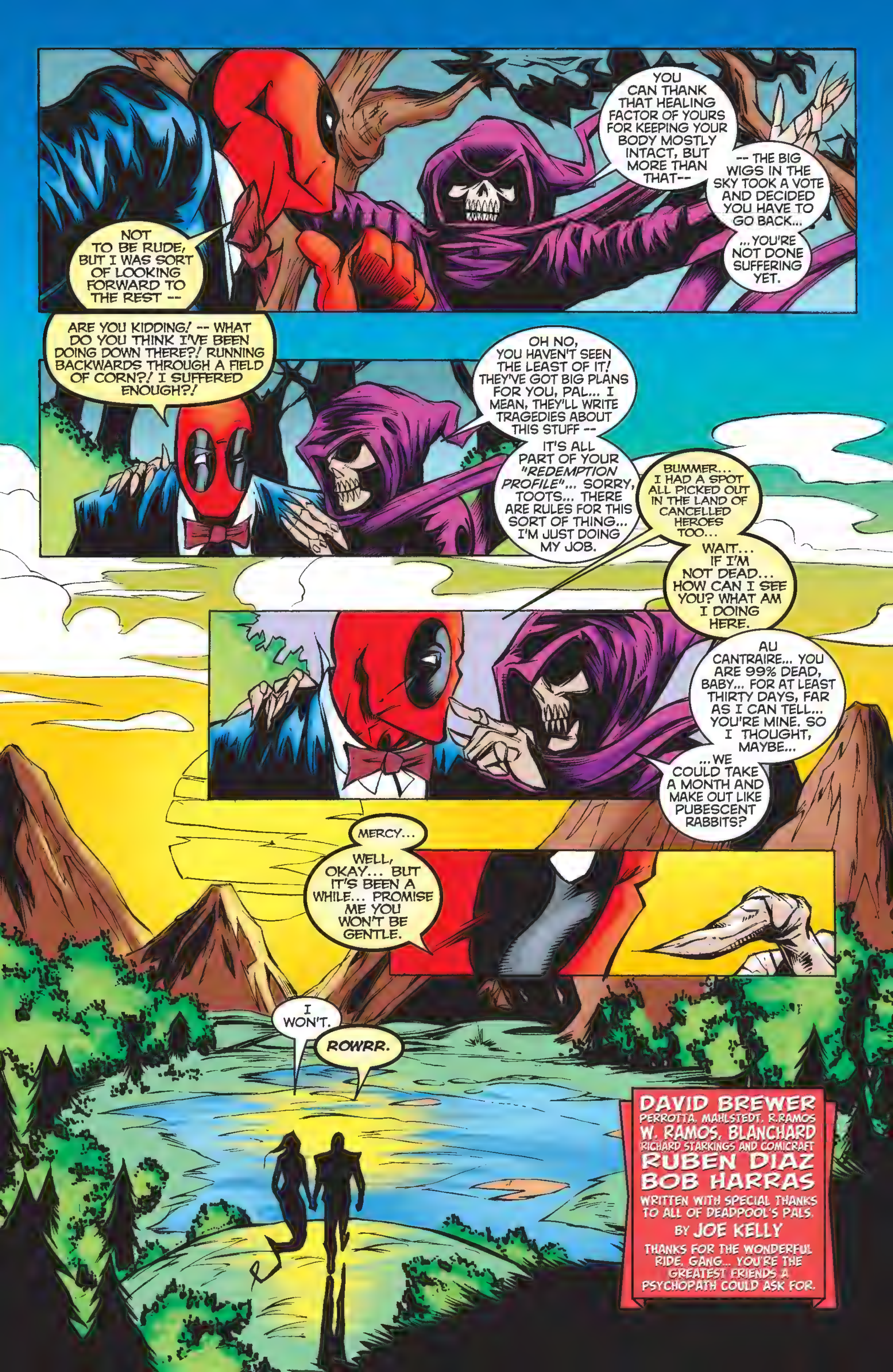

BETRAYAL...
HEY, DON'T SNARL AT ME, PRETTY BOY... I'M JUST THE PATHETIC DUPE HERE --
TAKE IT UP WITH THE MISSUS.
YOU TWISTED WRECK OF A MAN...
YOU RAISED ME FROM THE DEAD, FOR THIS?
SCHRAKK
SEE, ME, I WOULD HAVE JUST SENT FLOWERS, OR MAYBE TOOK HER OUT SOME PLACE NICE... SO SPEAKS VELVET JONES...
MERCEDES, THIS... THIS IS OUR RETRIBUTION! I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO WASTE THE POWER I HAVE GIVEN YOU --
HE'S ALREADY DEAD. LIKE MY METHODS OR NOT, THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO --
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A TICKED OFF BROAD, T-RAY -- ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAND HER A LOADED BAZOOKA AND POINT HER TOWARDS A TARGET...
PIK CHOWW
SEE, IT'S ALL ABOUT THE SMOOTH MOVES... I GOT 'EM, CHICKS DIG 'EM... EVEN THE UNDEAD ONES.


JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH, SPANKY? YOU KNOW, NOW I WISH I HADN'T HAD IT ALL SO SCREWED UP IN MY HEAD ABOUT WHO WAS WHICH WAS WHO...
I KIND OF LIKE KILLING YOU --
I WILL EAT YOUR LUNGS AND HANG YOU WITH YOUR OWN INTESTINES AND --
ENOUGH.
ENOUGH.
YEAH... I FIGURED YOU WERE GONNA WISE UP AND TAKE THE TOYS BACK...
SO... INQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW... WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
I KILL YOU --
NO!
NO... YOU TWO MAY BE ABLE TO DO THIS TO ONE ANOTHER... BUT I CAN'T...
MERCEDES... I SHARED THE POWER WITH YOU... FOR THIS... FOR --
NO. YOU USED ME. MEAT... LIKE HE DID...
I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN ANYMORE.
FIRST WE FREE ILANEY FROM THE TRAP YOU SET FOR HER... AFTER THAT... I DON'T KNOW... NOT ALL ENDINGS ARE CLEAN ONES...
THEY COULD BE... COULDN'T THEY?
...

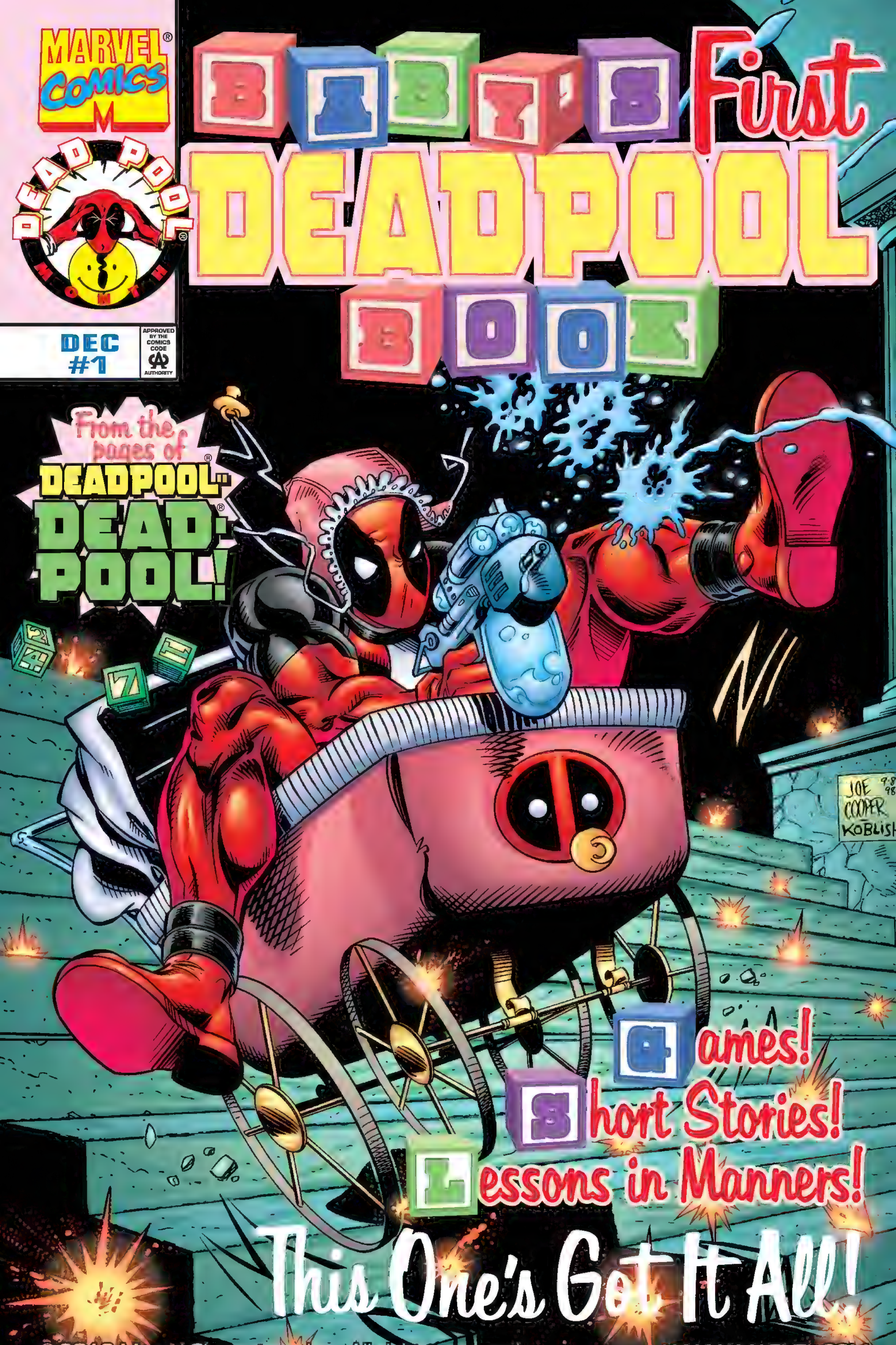

FWUNNK
MOTHER?
WHAT DO YOU THINK? YOU KILLED ME. YOU SET UP MY HUSBAND TO BECOME THE DEVIL... YOU JERK.
"JERK" GEE... BETTER WATCH YOUR MOUTH THERE... YOU MIGHT SAY "DARN"... OOH, MY THYMUS...
I MAY NOT BE AS CORRUPT AS T-RAY... BUT I'M NO FOOL. YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID.
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY... AT LEAST I'M GIVING YOU A FIGHTING CHANCE. IT'S MORE THAN WADE WOULD HAVE DONE.
I'LL TELL ILANEY THAT YOU'RE SORRY.
THANKS, TOOTS... NO HARD FEELINGS.
YES... THERE ARE.
THERE ARE MORE WORLDS THAN THIS ONE, WILSON... ON THOSE, WE WILL CONTINUE...
BY THE WAY, KEEP THE NAME. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE.
IT'S THE NAME OF A LOSER
LOSER, EH...? MAYBE...
BUT AT LEAST I DO IT WITH STYLE... HIT IT BOYS.


GANGWAY FOR ROMANCE!
BLOOD... I'M MAKING IT SPEWW! TAKE MY SWORRRD NOW I'M GUTTING YOUUU AND -- BLOOD! WON'T HURT, ANYMORRE -- 'CAUSE YOUR HEAD HAS ROLLED... OUT THE KITCHEN DOORRR!
THE BLOODBAAATTHH! SOON WE'LL BE CHOPPING OUT TEETH AND TONGUES! THE BLOODBAAATH, PROMISES CHITLINS FOR EVERYONNE!
HNNGH OKAY... I TAKE IT FROM THE STILETTO IN MY KIDNEYS THAT YOU'RE NOT GAVIN MCCLOUD FANS... ARRGH INGRATES... HOW 'BOUT THIS FAVORITE...?
OH, NO NOT I! HAAK I WILL SURVIVE! OH, AS LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO LIVE, I'LL KICK YOU IN THE EYEIIGH!
OH MAN... THIS IS BETTER THAN VIKING NIGHT AT STUCKEYS...
OUCH.


WHA-ZZA... WHY, OF COURSE MS. KLUM... YOU CAN USE YOUR TEETH TO UNBUTTON MY --
WHAT THE?
OH GOD... IF I HAVE TO SPEND ETERNITY IN THAT TRIPPY NBC ALICE IN WONDERLAND SPECIAL --
IT'S ABOUT TIME, SWEET CHEEKS... I DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING.
HELLO DEADPOOL: LONG TIME NO DIE. YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT.
WHOA... HEY BABE. NICE WRAP.
SO THAT'S IT, HUH? THE BIG SLEEP? THE PERMANENT VACATIONS? FUNNY, IT DIDN'T HURT AS MUCH AS THE LAST TIME I DIED... I MUST BE GETTING GOOD AT IT --
HARDLY, BABE. I JUMPED IN AND STOPPED THE CLOCK FOR YOU AS A WELCOME BACK PRESENT, BUT DON'T WORRY...
YOU'RE NOT DEAD DEAD... IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY.
WHATCHOO TALKIN' BOUT GRIM REAPERESS?


YOU CAN THANK THAT HEALING FACTOR OF YOURS FOR KEEPING YOUR BODY MOSTLY INTACT, BUT MORE THAN THAT--
-- THE BIG WIGS IN THE SKY TOOK A VOTE AND DECIDED YOU HAVE TO GO BACK...
...YOU'RE NOT DONE SUFFERING YET.
NOT TO BE RUDE, BUT I WAS SORT OF LOOKING FORWARD TO THE REST --
ARE YOU KIDDING! -- WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DOING DOWN THERE?! RUNNING BACKWARDS THROUGH A FIELD OF CORN?! I SUFFERED ENOUGH?!
OH NO, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LEAST OF IT! THEY'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU, PAL... I MEAN, THEY'LL WRITE TRAGEDIES ABOUT THIS STUFF --
IT'S ALL PART OF YOUR *"REDEMPTION PROFILE"*... SORRY, TOOTS... THERE ARE RULES FOR THIS SORT OF THING... I'M JUST DOING MY JOB.
BUMMER... I HAD A SPOT ALL PICKED OUT IN THE LAND OF CANCELLED HEROES TOO...
WAIT... IF I'M NOT DEAD... HOW CAN I SEE YOU? WHAT AM I DOING HERE.
AU CANTRAIRE... YOU ARE 99% DEAD, BABY... FOR AT LEAST THIRTY DAYS, FAR AS I CAN TELL... YOU'RE MINE. SO I THOUGHT, MAYBE...
...WE COULD TAKE A MONTH AND MAKE OUT LIKE PUBESCENT RABBITS?
MERCY...
WELL, OKAY... BUT IT'S BEEN A WHILE... PROMISE ME YOU WON'T BE GENTLE.
I WON'T.
ROWRR.

DAVID BREWER
PERROTTA, MAHLSTEDT, R.RAMOS
W. RAMOS, BLANCHARD
RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT
RUBEN DIAZ
BOB HARRAS
WRITTEN WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL OF DEADPOOL'S PALS.
BY **JOE KELLY**
THANKS FOR THE WONDERFUL RIDE, GANG... YOU'RE THE GREATEST FRIENDS A PSYCHOPATH COULD ASK FOR.


MARVEL COMICS
DEAD POOL MONTH
DEC #1
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BABY'S First DEADPOOL BOOK
From the pages of DEADPOOL DEAD:POOL!
JOE COOPER KOBLISH 9·8·98
Games!
Short Stories!
Lessons in Manners!
This One's Got It All!

©2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. WWW.MARVEL.COM

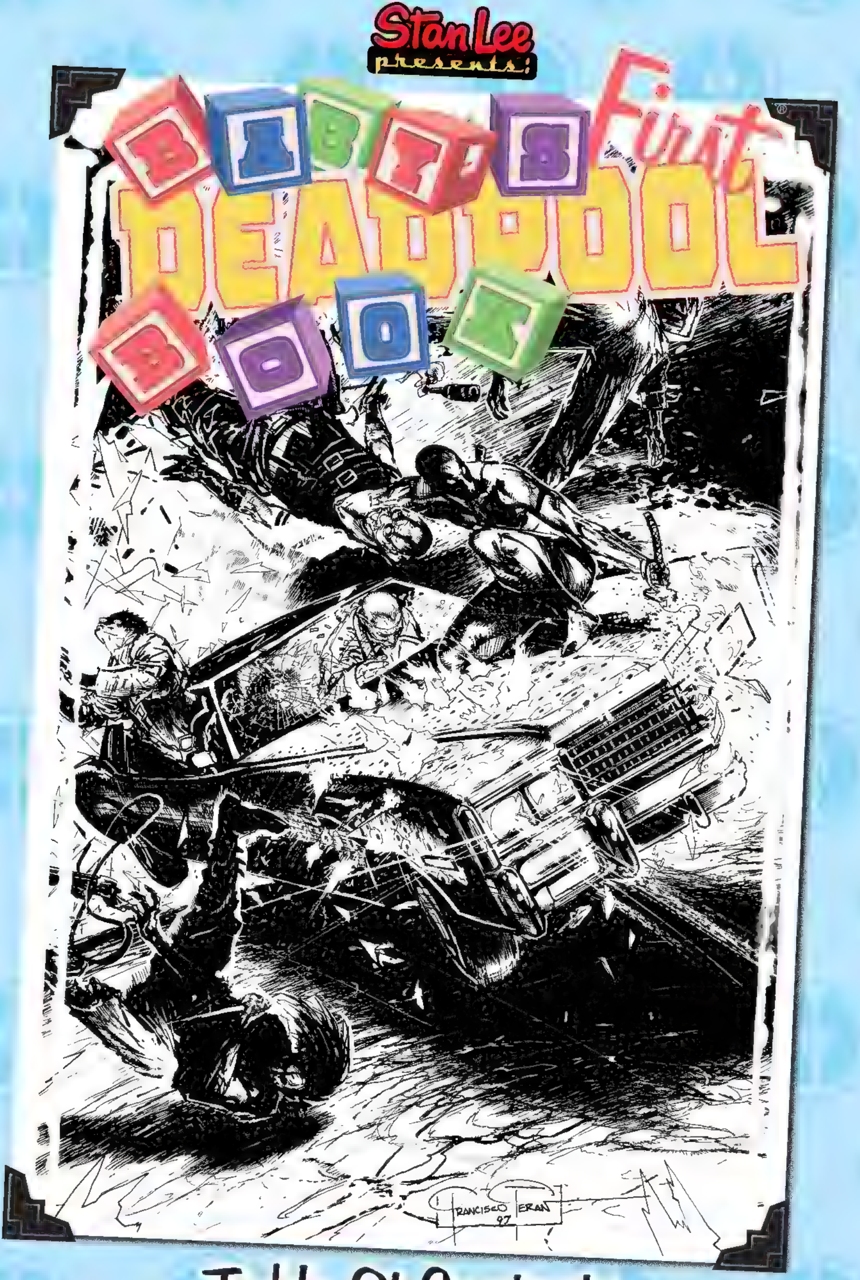


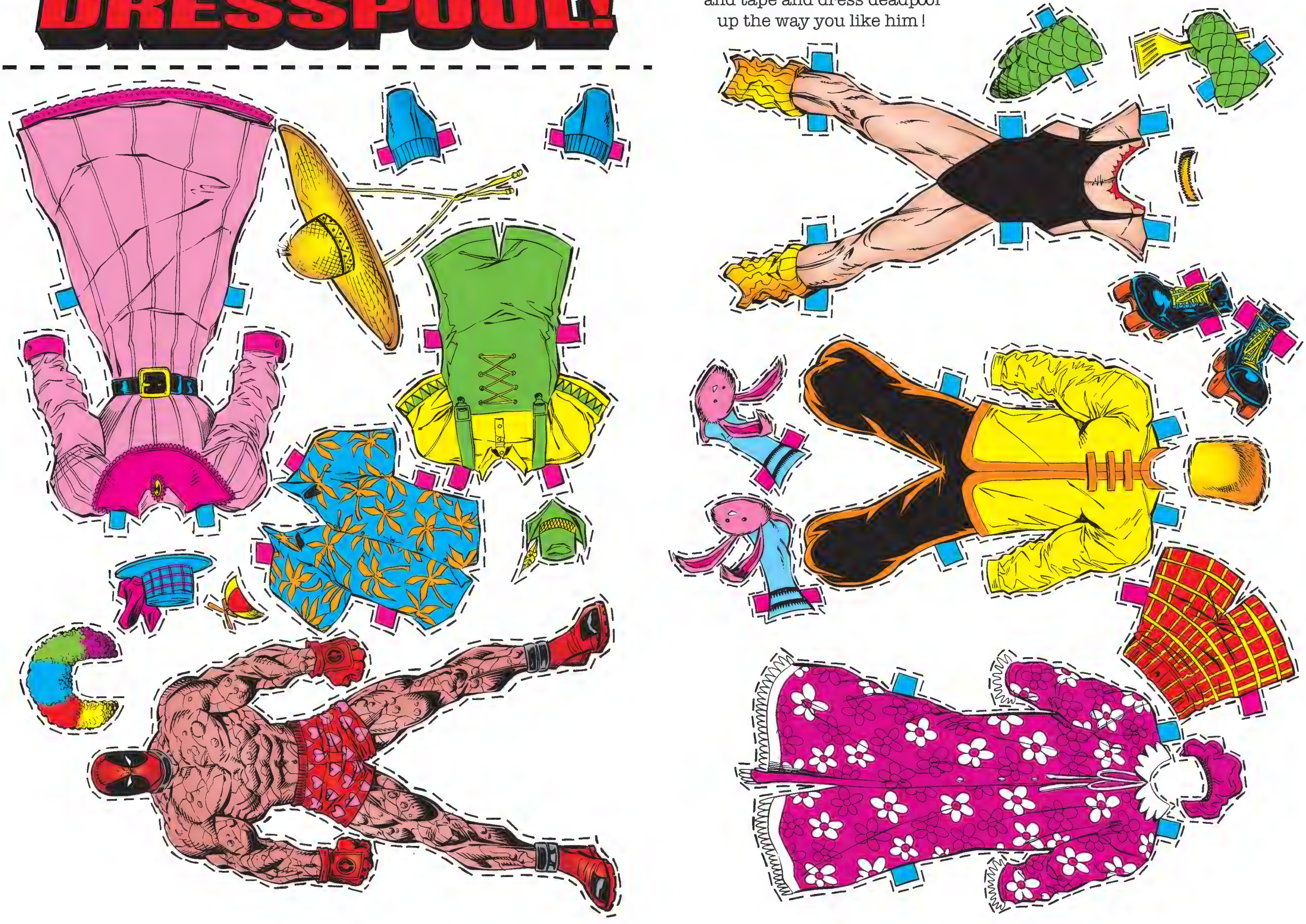
Table O' Contents

Dresspool.. page 2
"Make Way For Deadpool!"....................... page 4
The Etiquette Lesson................................. page 11
"Friends Share Because Friends Care".. page 12
The Alphadead.. page 23
Pool-By-Numbers.......................................page 30
Credits and Due Blame........................... page 32

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

DRESSPOOL!

hey, kids! get some scissors
and tape and dress deadpool
up the way you like him!

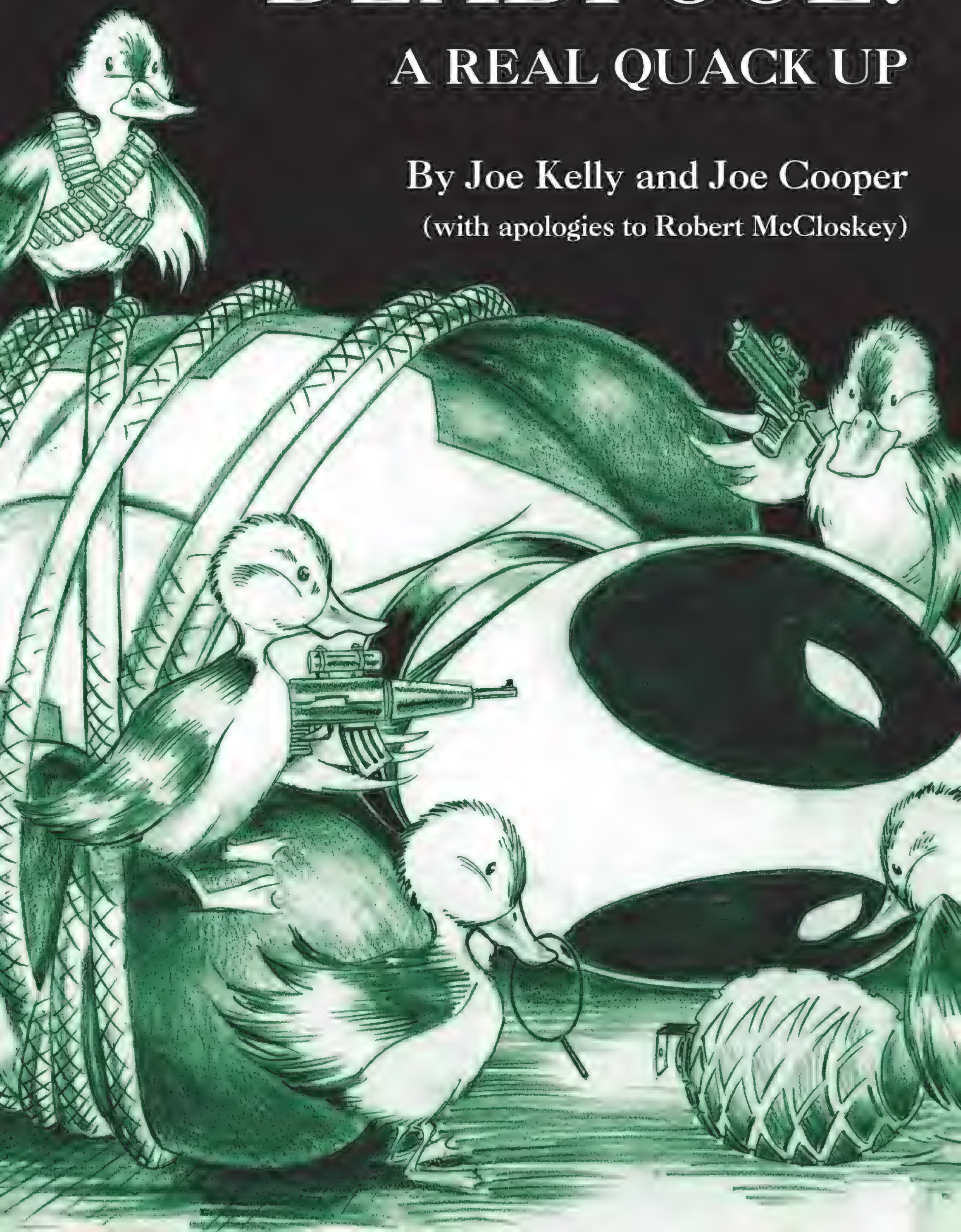


MAKE WAY FOR DEADPOOL!

A REAL QUACK UP

By Joe Kelly and Joe Cooper

(with apologies to Robert McCloskey)



One day, Deadpool and his bestest friend in the world, Blind Al, took a trip to the Bay City Aquarium, where they saw all manner of wondrous sea creatures.

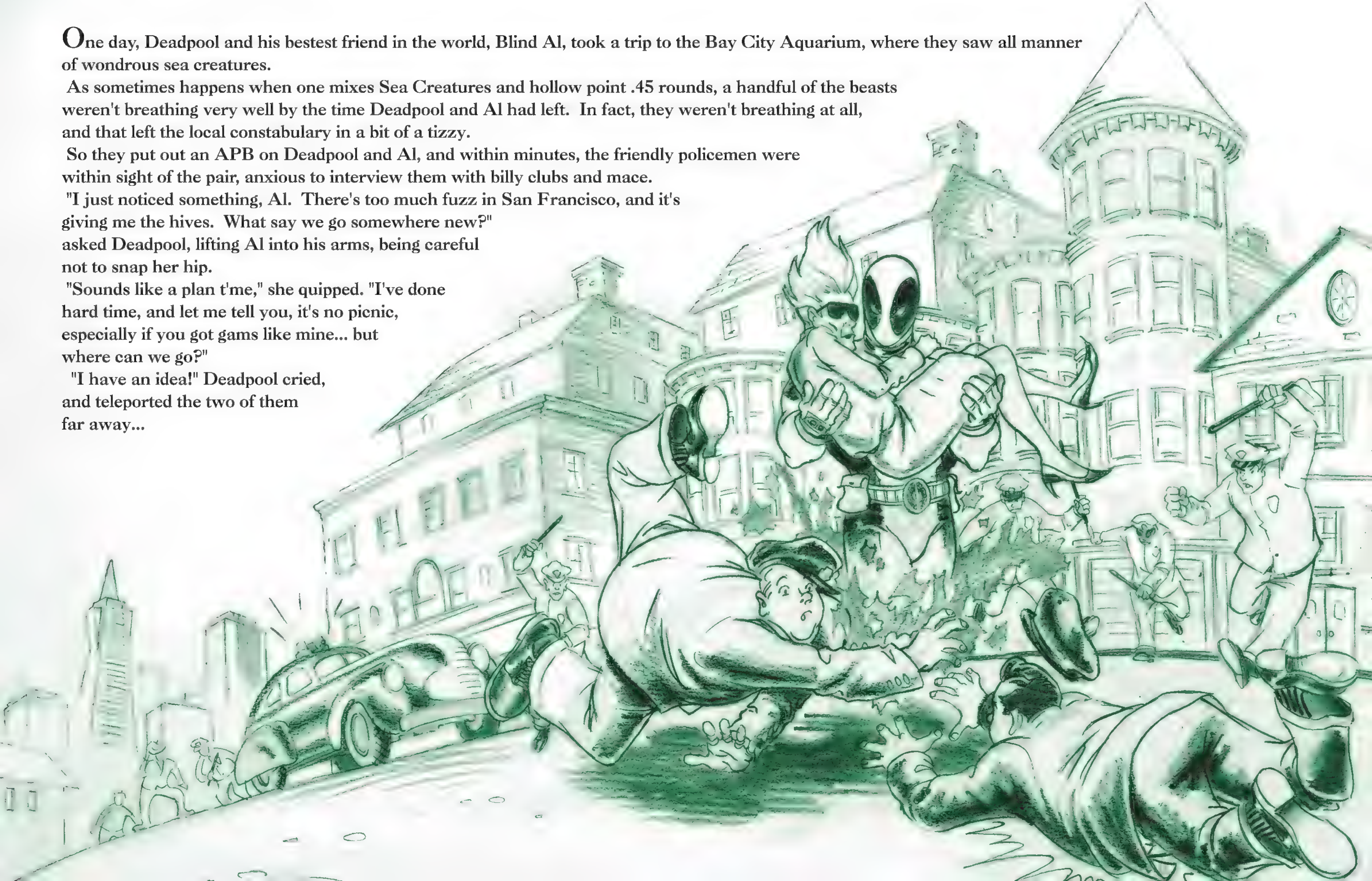
As sometimes happens when one mixes Sea Creatures and hollow point .45 rounds, a handful of the beasts weren't breathing very well by the time Deadpool and Al had left. In fact, they weren't breathing at all, and that left the local constabulary in a bit of a tizzy.

So they put out an APB on Deadpool and Al, and within minutes, the friendly policemen were within sight of the pair, anxious to interview them with billy clubs and mace.

"I just noticed something, Al. There's too much fuzz in San Francisco, and it's giving me the hives. What say we go somewhere new?" asked Deadpool, lifting Al into his arms, being careful not to snap her hip.

"Sounds like a plan t'me," she quipped. "I've done hard time, and let me tell you, it's no picnic, especially if you got gams like mine... but where can we go?"

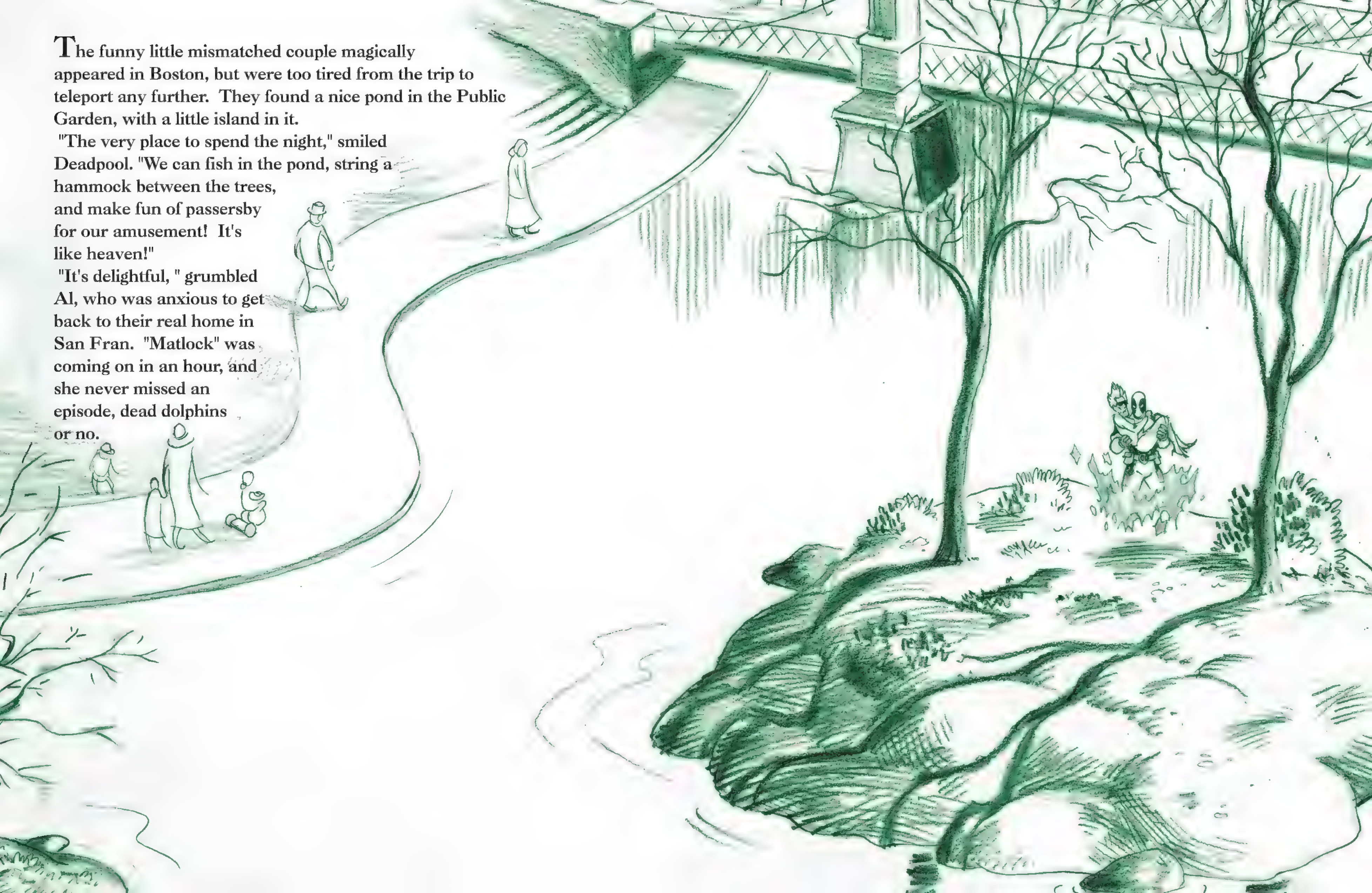
"I have an idea!" Deadpool cried, and teleported the two of them far away...



The funny little mismatched couple magically appeared in Boston, but were too tired from the trip to teleport any further. They found a nice pond in the Public Garden, with a little island in it.

"The very place to spend the night," smiled Deadpool. "We can fish in the pond, string a hammock between the trees, and make fun of passersby for our amusement! It's like heaven!"

"It's delightful, " grumbled Al, who was anxious to get back to their real home in San Fran. "Matlock" was coming on in an hour, and she never missed an episode, dead dolphins or no.



Just as they were getting ready to mock the well dressed people on shore, a strange enormous bird came by. It was pushing a boatful of policemen, with one sitting on its back!

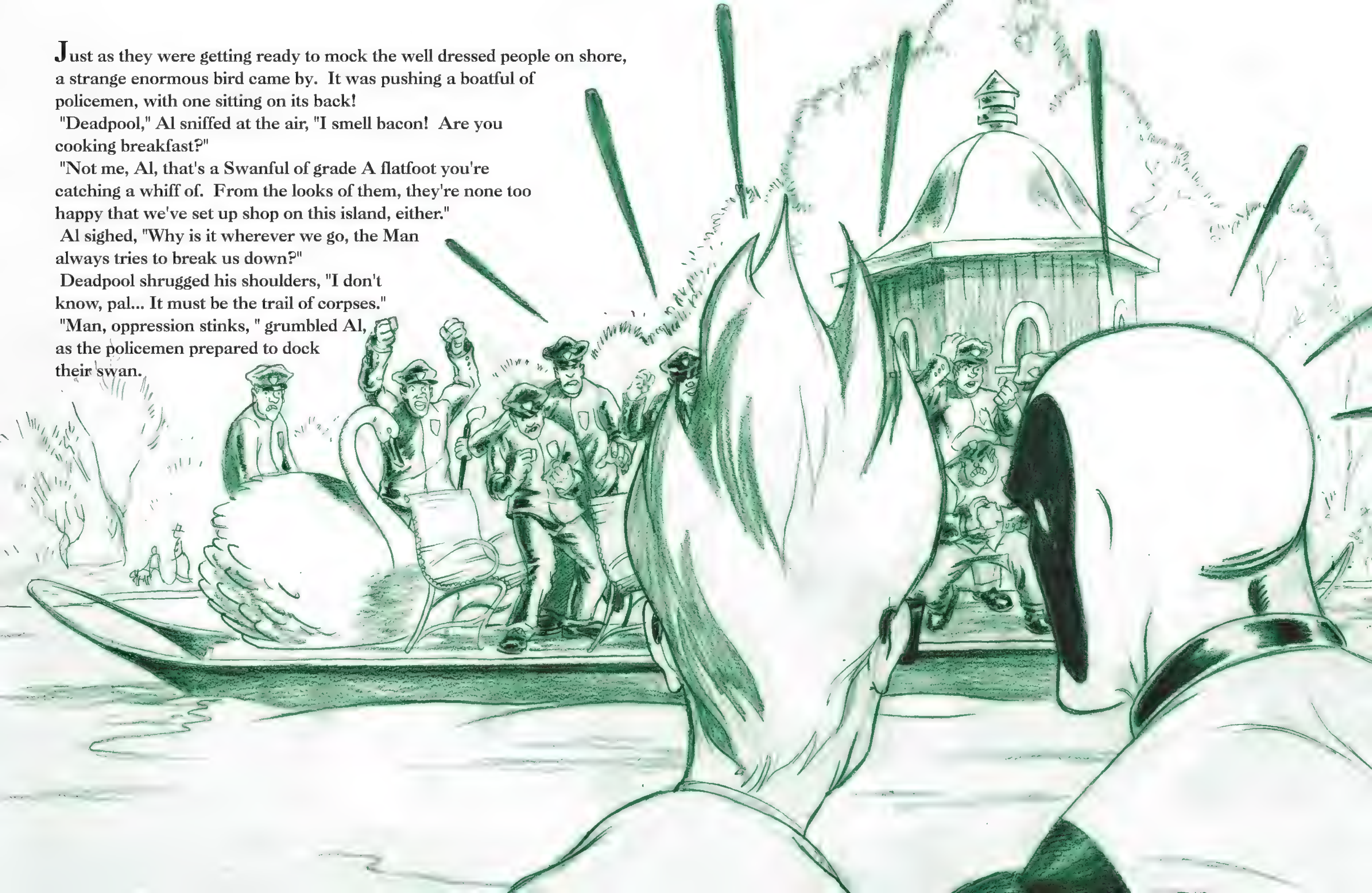
"Deadpool," Al sniffed at the air, "I smell bacon! Are you cooking breakfast?"

"Not me, Al, that's a Swanful of grade A flatfoot you're catching a whiff of. From the looks of them, they're none too happy that we've set up shop on this island, either."

Al sighed, "Why is it wherever we go, the Man always tries to break us down?"

Deadpool shrugged his shoulders, "I don't know, pal... It must be the trail of corpses."

"Man, oppression stinks, " grumbled Al, as the policemen prepared to dock their swan.

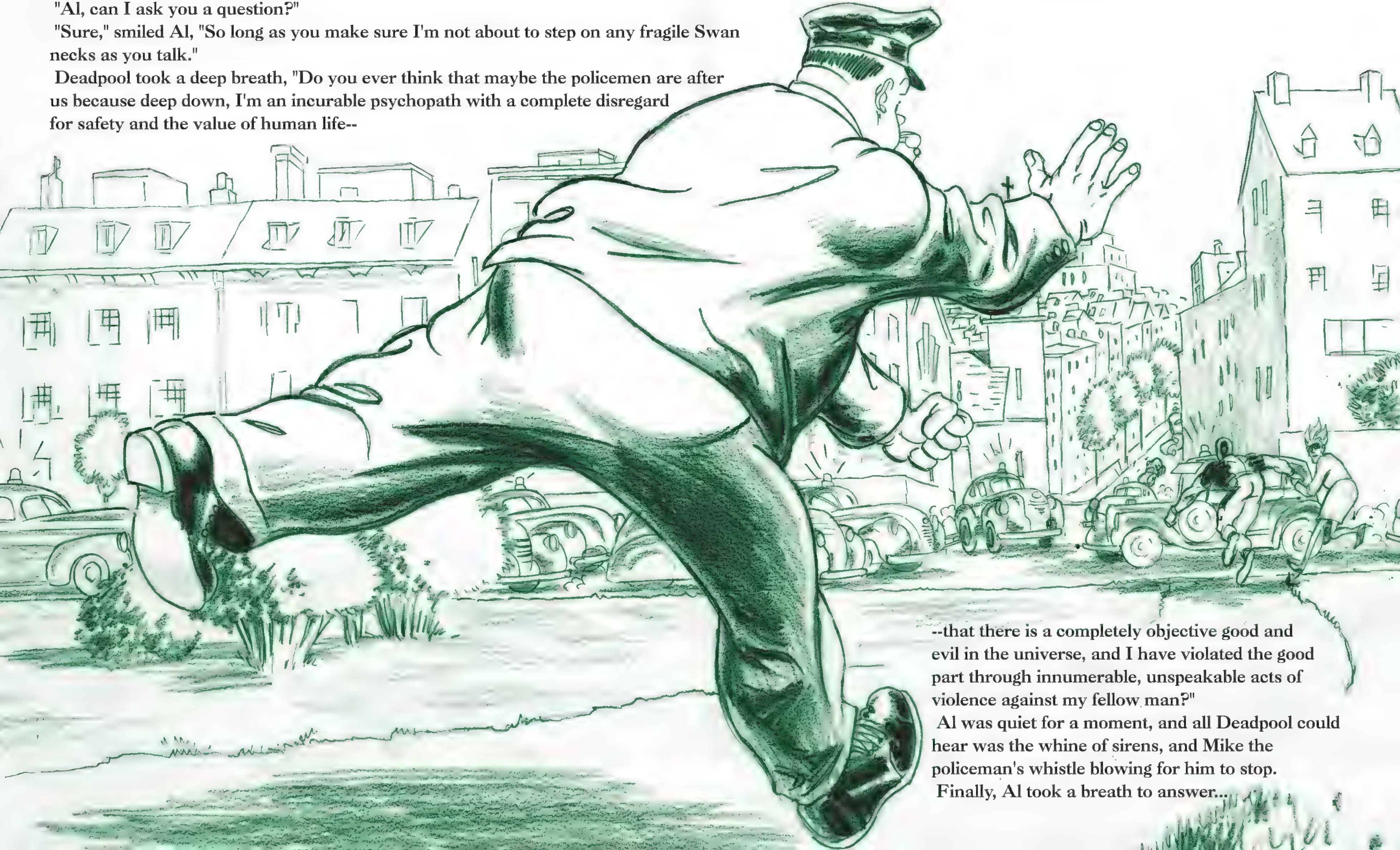


Deadpool and Al waded ashore, in spite of the rude comments and waving fists thrown by the policemen, and headed for the highway.

"Al, can I ask you a question?"

"Sure," smiled Al, "So long as you make sure I'm not about to step on any fragile Swan necks as you talk."

Deadpool took a deep breath, "Do you ever think that maybe the policemen are after us because deep down, I'm an incurable psychopath with a complete disregard for safety and the value of human life--

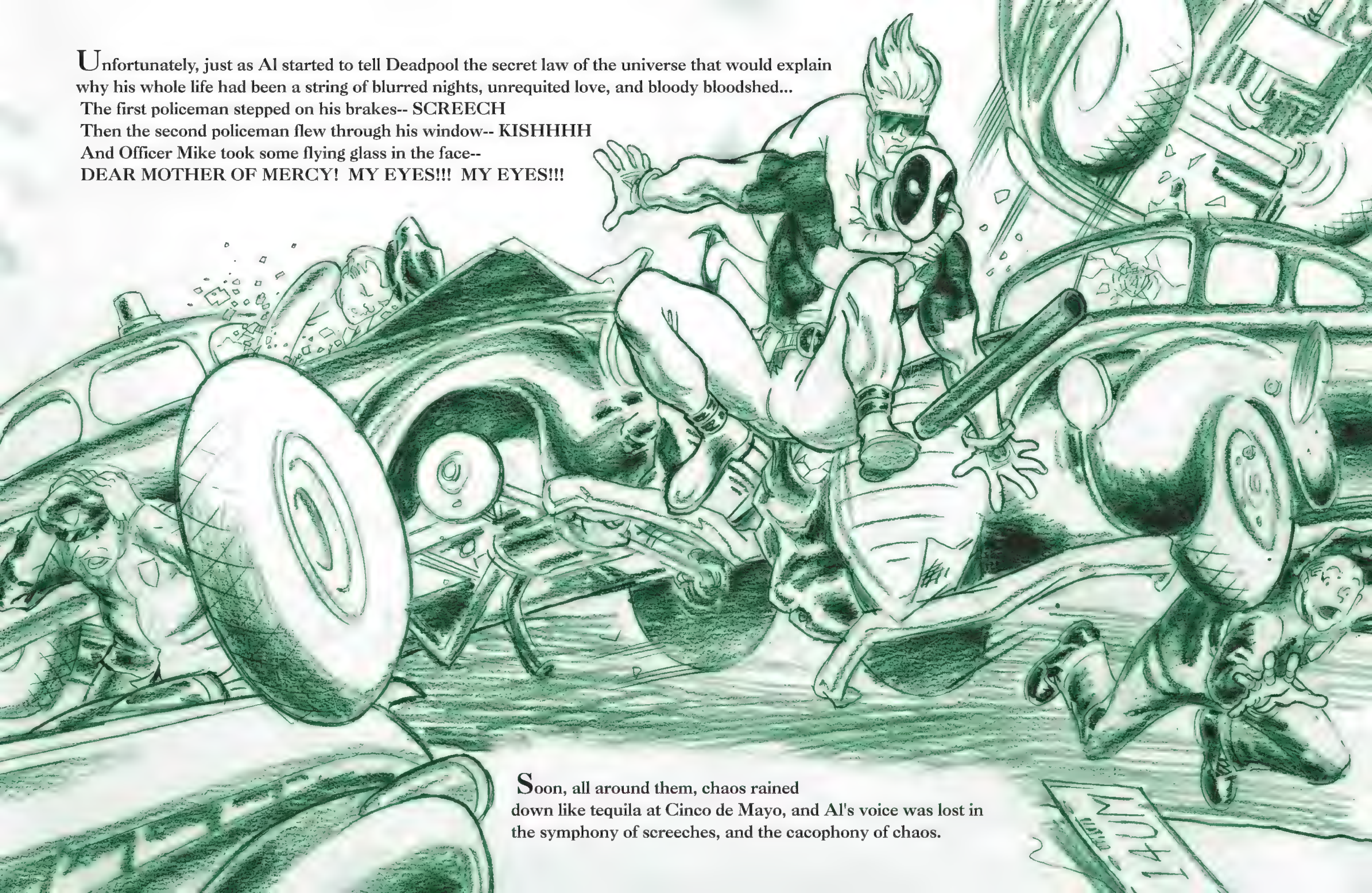


--that there is a completely objective good and evil in the universe, and I have violated the good part through innumerable, unspeakable acts of violence against my fellow man?"

Al was quiet for a moment, and all Deadpool could hear was the whine of sirens, and Mike the policeman's whistle blowing for him to stop.

Finally, Al took a breath to answer...

Unfortunately, just as Al started to tell Deadpool the secret law of the universe that would explain why his whole life had been a string of blurred nights, unrequited love, and bloody bloodshed...
The first policeman stepped on his brakes-- SCREECH
Then the second policeman flew through his window-- KISHHHH
And Officer Mike took some flying glass in the face--
DEAR MOTHER OF MERCY! MY EYES!!! MY EYES!!!



Soon, all around them, chaos rained down like tequila at Cinco de Mayo, and Al's voice was lost in the symphony of screeches, and the cacophony of chaos.

When the last hubcap skittered to a stop, and the last of the wounded fell silent, Deadpool and Al crossed the highway in peace.

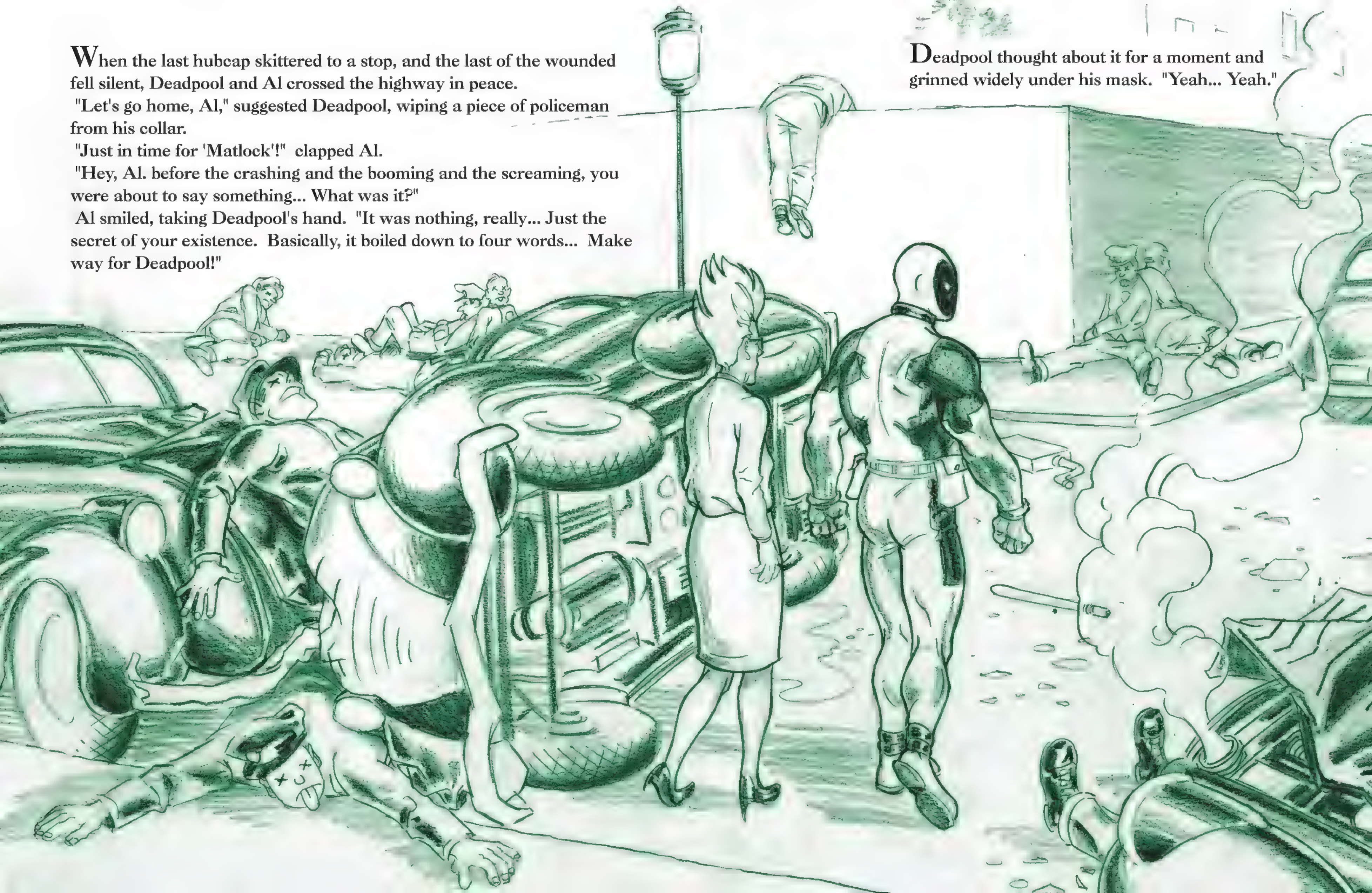
"Let's go home, Al," suggested Deadpool, wiping a piece of policeman from his collar.

"Just in time for 'Matlock'!" clapped Al.

"Hey, Al. before the crashing and the booming and the screaming, you were about to say something... What was it?"

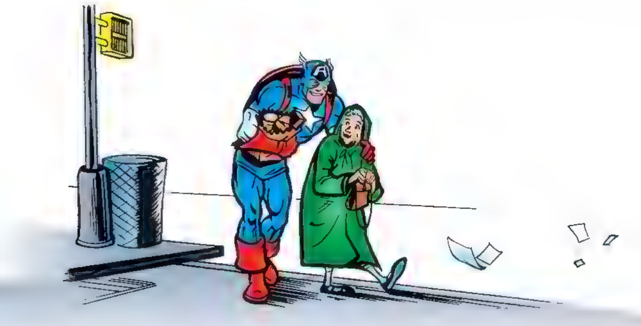
Al smiled, taking Deadpool's hand. "It was nothing, really... Just the secret of your existence. Basically, it boiled down to four words... Make way for Deadpool!"

Deadpool thought about it for a moment and grinned widely under his mask. "Yeah... Yeah."

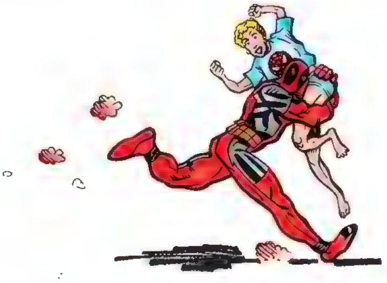


THE ETIQUETTE LESSON

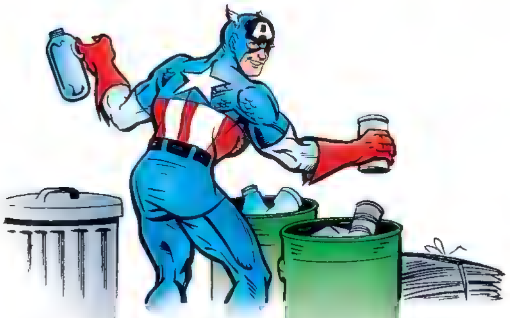
There are things we all should and should not do. Save lives versus taking them, preserve evidence as opposed to destroying it… well, you get the idea. And now, lessons in politeness and appropriateness from Captain America and Deadpool…



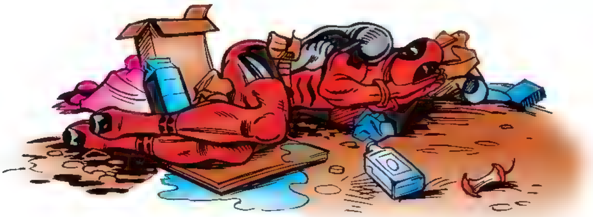
Captain America helps little old ladies cross the street.



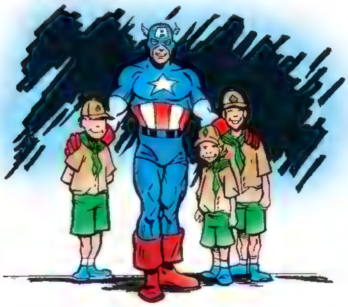
Deadpool dresses little old ladies up in underoos.



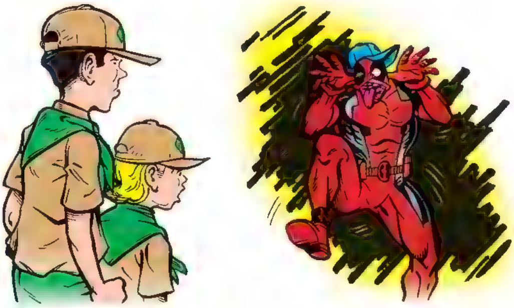
Captain America always takes the time to separate his recyclables from his perishable waste.



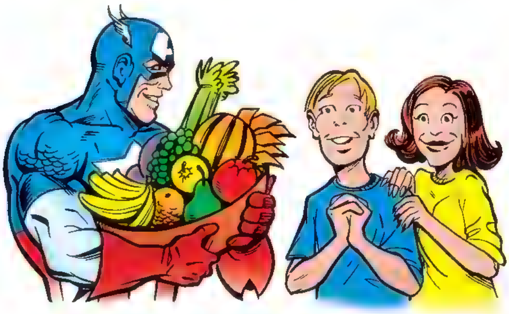
Deadpool sleeps in his refuse.



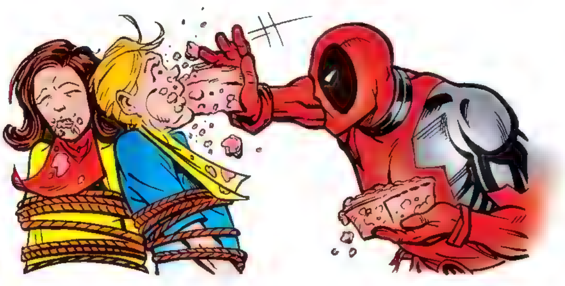
Captain America always makes an effort to locate those who would do good and honor them.



Deadpool always makes an effort to locate those who would do good and mock them.



Though he doesn't share their viewpoint, Captain America is considerate of the feelings of his vegetarian friends.

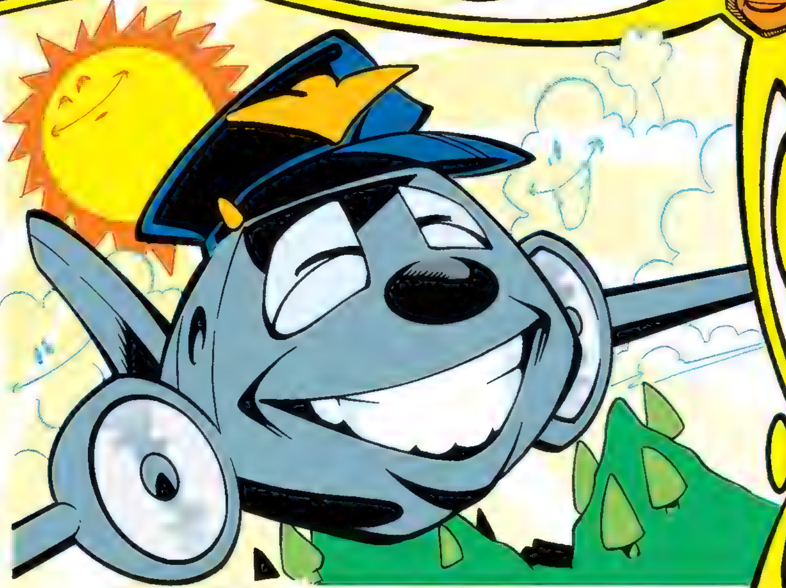


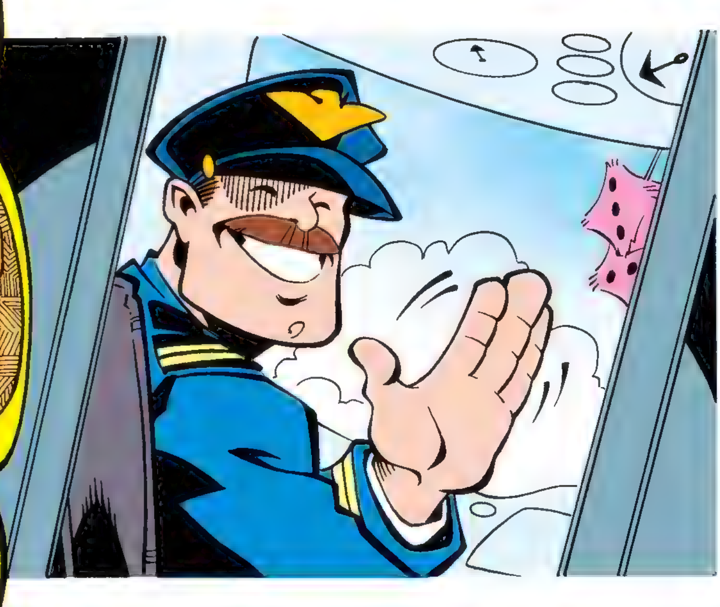
Deadpool bounds up vegetarians and force-feeds them meat loaf.

ONE SUN-FUNNY MORNING, IN SKIES BRIGHT AND BLUE, A JOLLY OL' AIRPLANE CLIMBED UP HIGH AND FLEW.

HE ZIPPED AND HE ZAGGED, SMILED WIDE AS HE SOARED, SO HAPPY 'CAUSE HE HAD GREAT CARGO ON BOARD!

A SPECIAL-ICIOUS PAYLOAD, WHO ALL WOULD AGREE, COULD MAKE EVEN A GRUMPY OLD PLANE HAPPY!





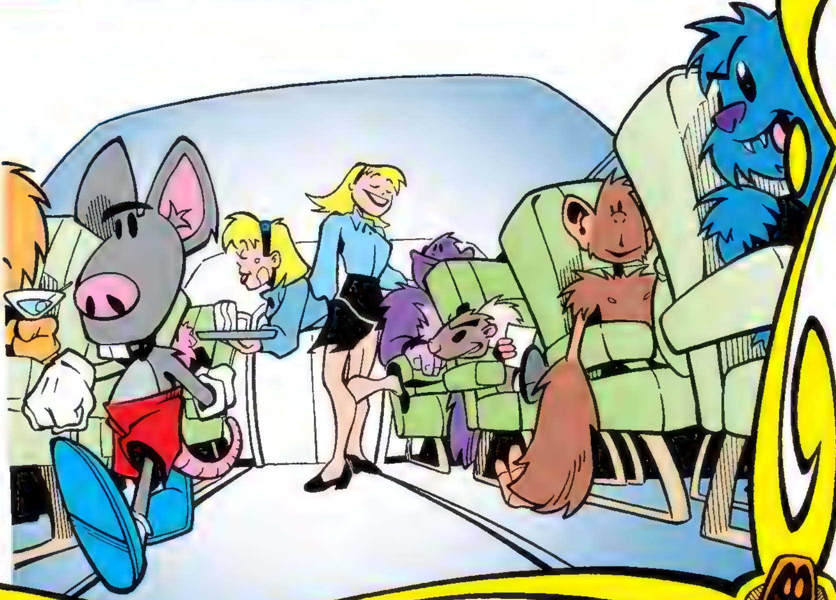
GOOD CAPTAIN BOB, USUALLY STERN, CRACKED A TOOTHY SMILE AS HE ZIPPED AND HE TURNED.

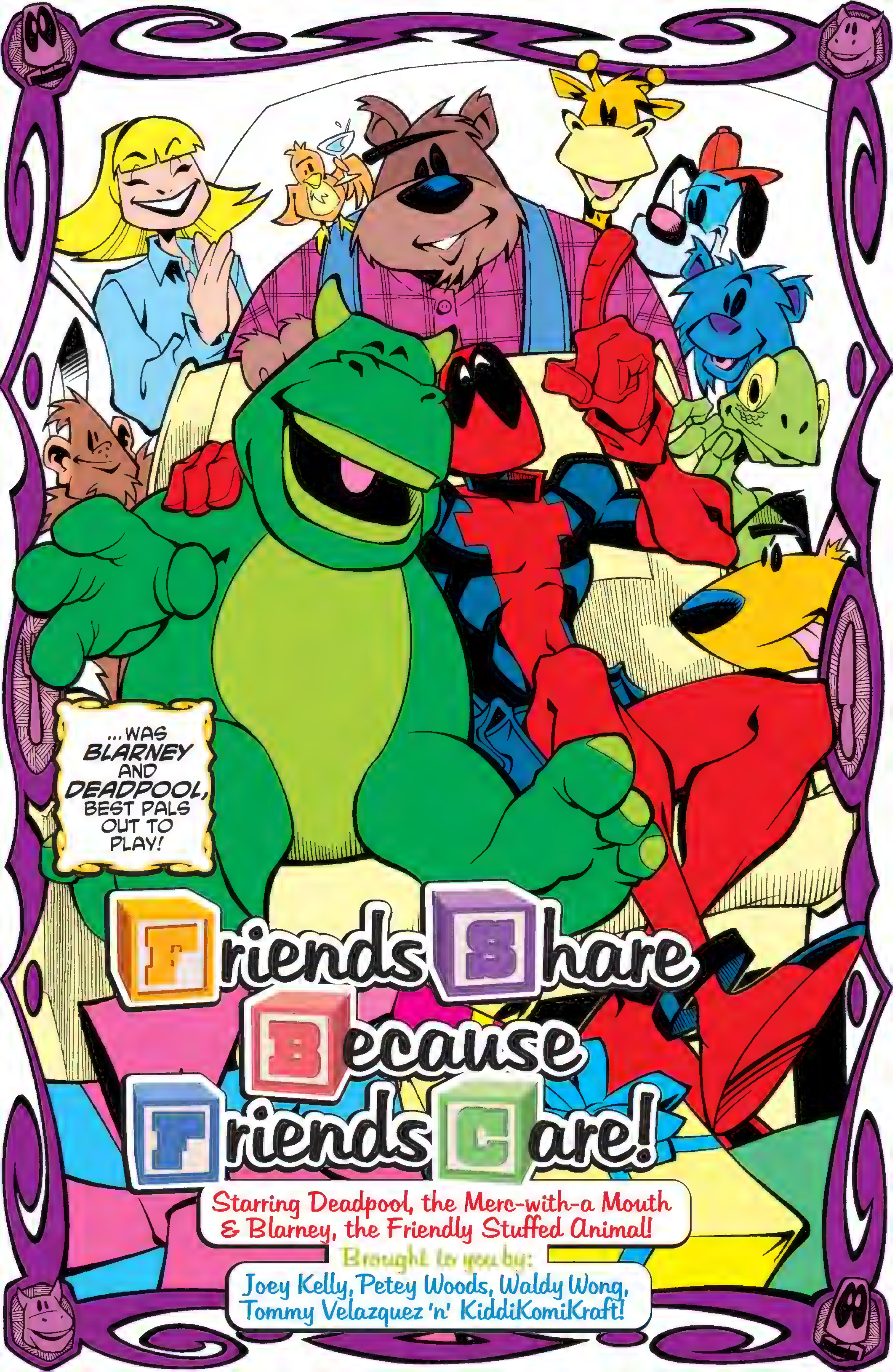
THE FLIGHT SO GREAT, THE TRIP SO MUCH FUN, THAT HE'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT HE THREW HIS MILITARY CAREER IN THE CAN OVER A NIGHT IN TAIPEI WITH THAT MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTERS... UH... AHEM...

EVEN THE STACY STEWARDESSES, USUALLY GLUM, WERE PERKY AND BOUNCY, NOT HUM AND NOT DRUM...

SO WHY WAS EVERYONE CHOCK-FULL OF GLEE? IT'S SIMPLE, DEAR READER... IN ONE PAGE YOU WILL SEE!

THE REASON FOR ALL OF THE LAUGHTER THAT DAY...

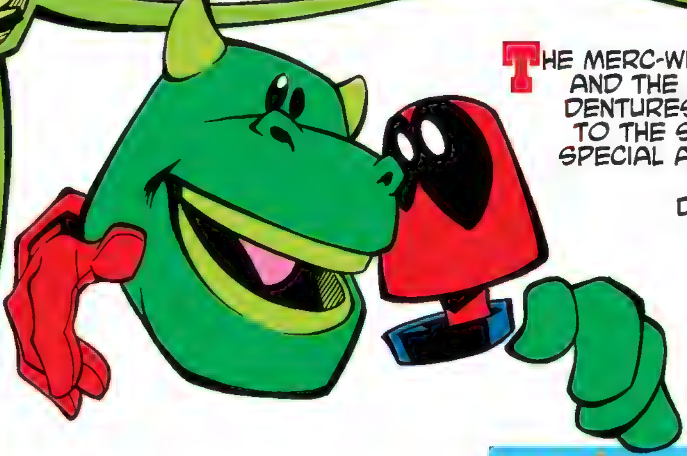



...WAS BLARNEY AND DEADPOOL, BEST PALS OUT TO PLAY!

Friends Share Because Friends Care!

Starring Deadpool, the Merc-with-a Mouth
& Blarney, the Friendly Stuffed Animal!

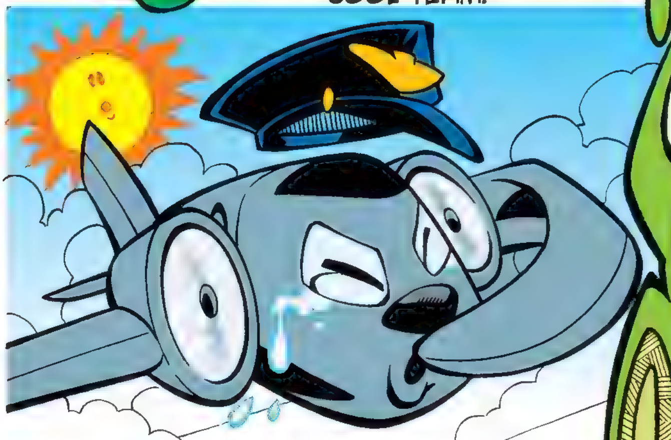
Brought to you by:
Joey Kelly, Petey Woods, Waldy Wong,
Tommy Velazquez 'n' KiddiKomiKraft!



THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH,
AND THE DINO-WITH-
DENTURES DID TAKE
TO THE SKY FOR A
SPECIAL ADVENTURE!

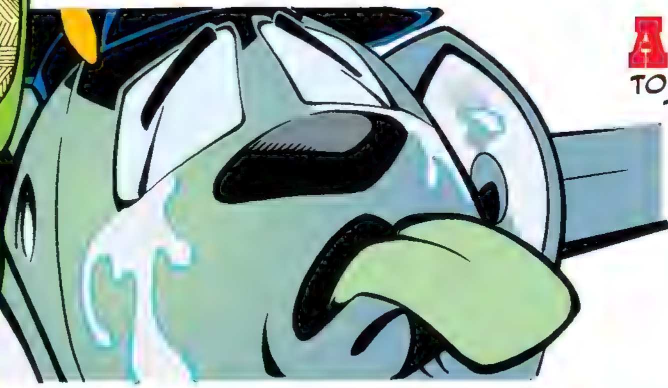
DOWN SOUTH OF THE ANDES
A PARTY WAS RAGING, A
BIRTHDAY FIESTA FOR
A KID WHO WAS AGING.

HIS BIG BIRTHDAY WISH,
HIS ULTIMATE DREAM,
WAS TO SEE *'POOL* AND
BLARNEY, THAT SUPER
COOL TEAM!



BUT NO ONE KNEW THAT
THE PLANE WAS QUITE
ILL... AND LEFT HIS
HOME AIRPORT WITHOUT
TAKING HIS PILLS!

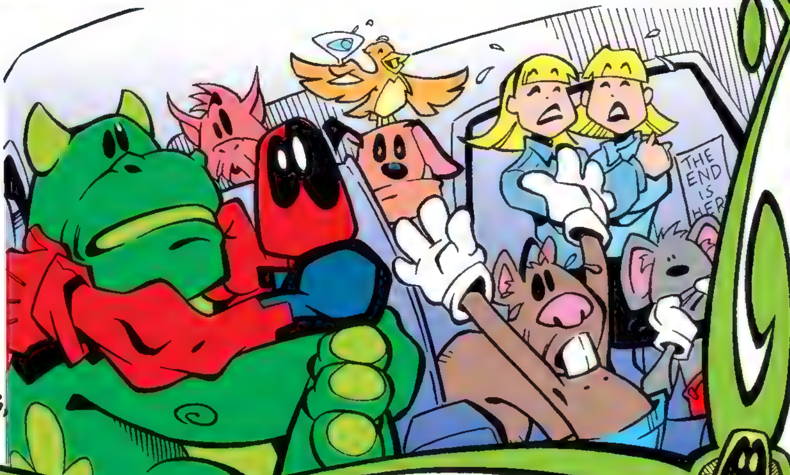
OUTSOURCING AND
BUDGET CUTS HAD
TAKEN THEIR TOLL,
WORN DOWN HIS BODY,
HIS HEART AND HIS
SOUL.



A SCAB AIRLINE WORKER
FORGOT HIS BIG PART...
TO COME UP WITH THE PILLS
THAT WOULD SAVE THE
PLANE'S HEART!

HE WHEEZED AND HE
COUGHED, TRYING NOT
TO BE SICK... BUT THE
OLD PLANE'S OLD TICKER...

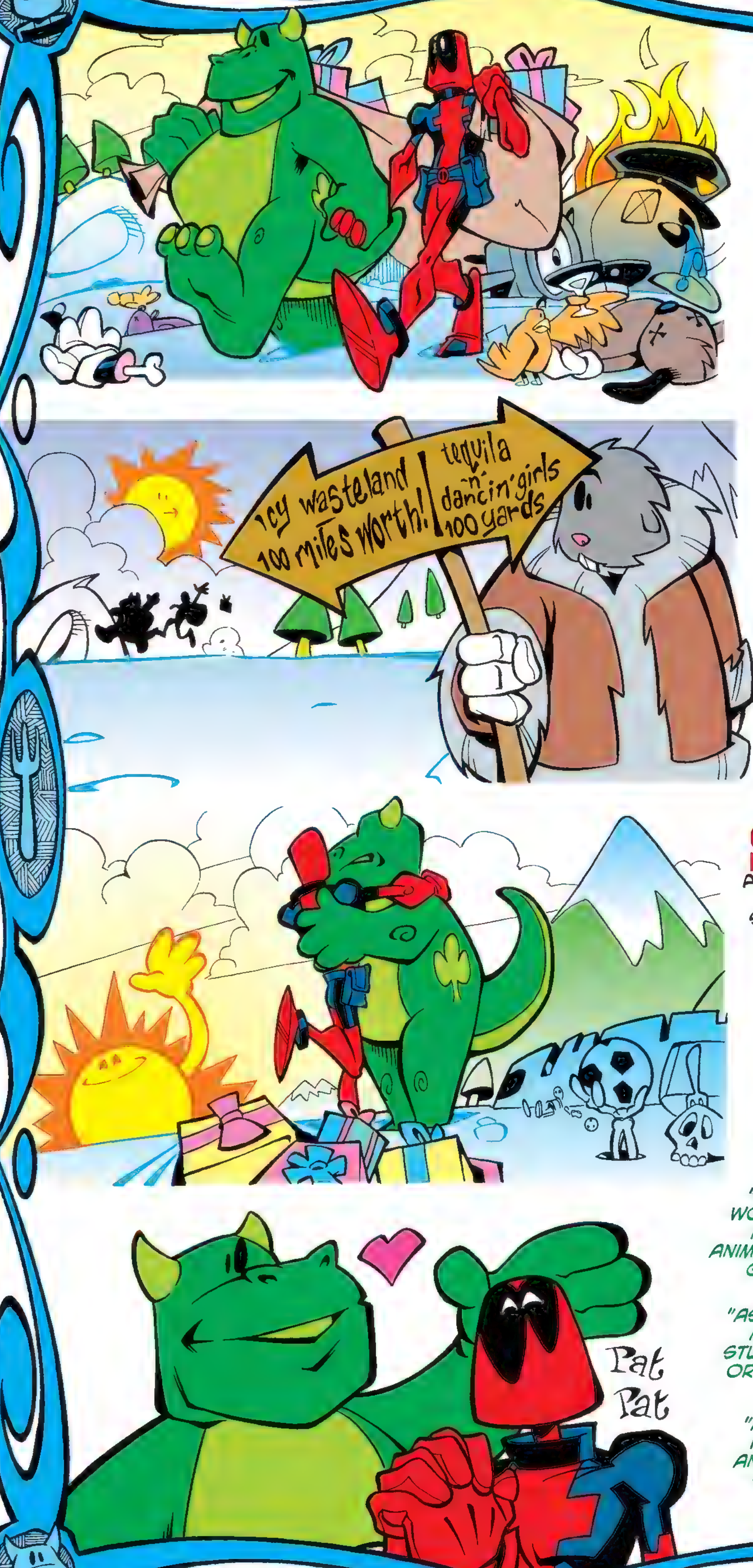
...TICKED IT'S
LAST TICK!



INSIDE, THE
PASSENGERS
STARTED TO YELL,
CONVINCED THEY WERE
ON AN EXPRESS FLIGHT
TO HELL.

SOME ANIMALS WERE
PRAYING, CONVINCED THEY
WOULD DIE, (THOUGH
THE BIRDS DIDN'T WORRY,
'CAUSE THEY COULD
STILL FLY.)

OUR HEROES WERE
FRIGHTENED, THEIR HEARTS
FILLED WITH GLOOM. WHEN
THE PLANE HIT THE MOUNTAINS,
WITH A JOLT AND A BOOM!



BUT BLARNEY WAS
PADDED, AND
DEADPOOL COULD
HEAL, SO LANDING
ABRUPTLY WAS
NOT A BIG DEAL!

THEY GATHERED THE
PRESENTS, STEPPED
OVER THE DEAD, AND
SKIPPED TOWARDS
THE PARTY, THAT LAY
STRAIGHT AHEAD.

"WE'LL WALK THERE,"
SAID BLARNEY, WITH
A WINK AND A NOD,
"WHILE THE REST OF OUR
PLANE-MATES, SHAKE
HANDS WITH THEIR GOD."

"A SWELL IDEA,
BLARNEY," SAID 'POOL
WITH A GRIN, *"WE REALLY*
SHOULD BE THERE, WHEN
THE BIRTHDAY BEGINS!

"DO YOU KNOW THE
WAY? THE DISTANCE OR
TIMING?" *"JUST SKIP*
TOWARDS THE WEST,
WHERE THE SUN IS
STILL CLIMBING!

"THE SUN IS SO HAPPY,
AND SHINNY AND GAY,
A FUN BIRTHDAY
PARTY JUST MUST
BE THIS WAY!"

SO THEY RAN AND THEY
LAUGHED, TRIPPED
AND THEY SKIPPED, WHILE
OFF IN THE SKY, THE
SUN STARTED TO SLIP...

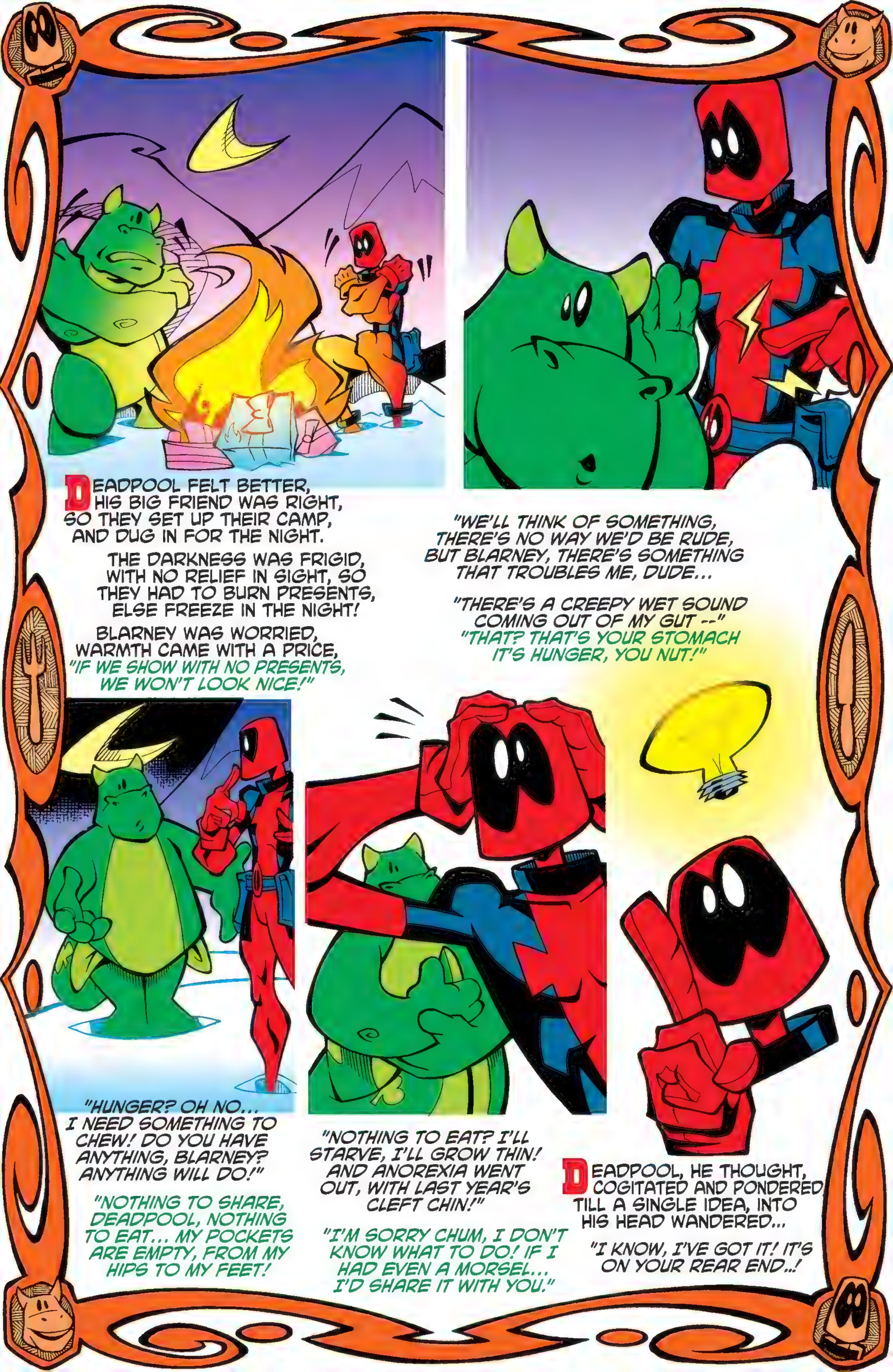
BUT THEIR COMPASS
WAS OFF, THE
DIRECTIONS ALL WRONG,
AND IN A FEW HOURS,
THE SUN, IT WAS GONE!

"WE'RE LOST! MILES
FROM HOME, AND LATE
FOR THE PARTY." *"YES,*
WADE, I KNOW... AND
IT'S RUDE TO BE TARDY...

"BUT DON'T START TO
WORRY, DON'T YOU DARE
FRET, IN MY STUFFED
ANIMAL HEART, I KNOW, WE'LL
GET OUT OF THIS YET!

"AS LONG AS YOU'VE GOT
ME, YOU'LL NEVER BE
STUCK, NEVER IN TROUBLE,
OR DOWN ON YOUR LUCK!

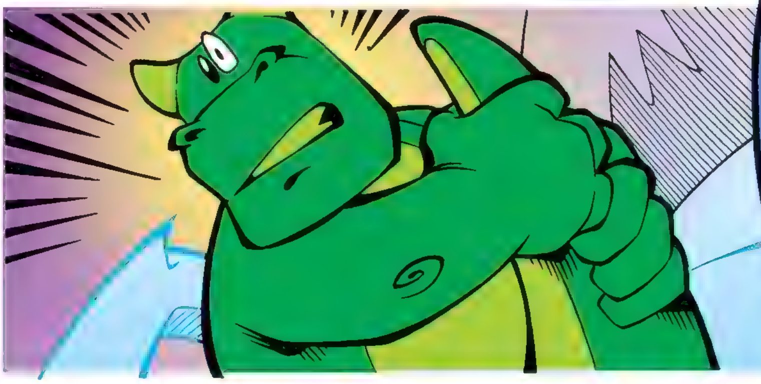
"A FRIEND IS A FRIEND
IS A FRIEND IN DEED,
AND NO FRIEND OF MINE
SUFFERS, WHEN HE'S
IN NEED!"

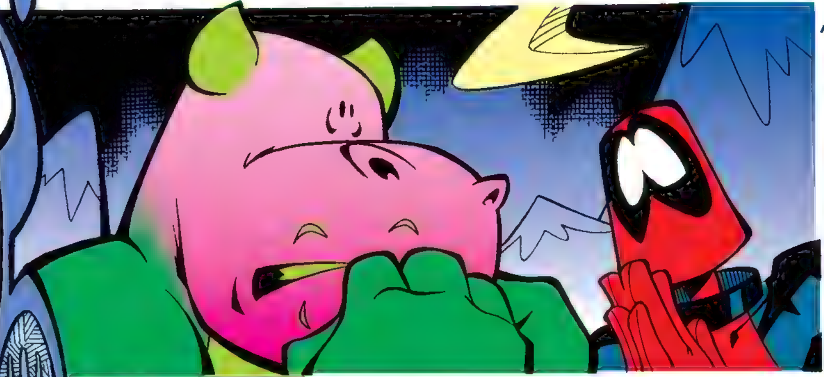

DEADPOOL FELT BETTER,
HIS BIG FRIEND WAS RIGHT,
SO THEY SET UP THEIR CAMP,
AND DUG IN FOR THE NIGHT.
THE DARKNESS WAS FRIGID,
WITH NO RELIEF IN SIGHT, SO
THEY HAD TO BURN PRESENTS,
ELSE FREEZE IN THE NIGHT!
BLARNEY WAS WORRIED,
WARMTH CAME WITH A PRICE,
"IF WE SHOW WITH NO PRESENTS,
WE WON'T LOOK NICE!"
"WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING,
THERE'S NO WAY WE'D BE RUDE,
BUT BLARNEY, THERE'S SOMETHING
THAT TROUBLES ME, DUDE...
"THERE'S A CREEPY WET SOUND
COMING OUT OF MY GUT --"
"THAT? THAT'S YOUR STOMACH
IT'S HUNGER, YOU NUT!"
"HUNGER? OH NO...
I NEED SOMETHING TO
CHEW! DO YOU HAVE
ANYTHING, BLARNEY?
ANYTHING WILL DO!"
"NOTHING TO SHARE,
DEADPOOL, NOTHING
TO EAT... MY POCKETS
ARE EMPTY, FROM MY
HIPS TO MY FEET!
"NOTHING TO EAT? I'LL
STARVE, I'LL GROW THIN!
AND ANOREXIA WENT
OUT, WITH LAST YEAR'S
CLEFT CHIN!"
"I'M SORRY CHUM, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO! IF I
HAD EVEN A MORSEL...
I'D SHARE IT WITH YOU."
DEADPOOL, HE THOUGHT,
COGITATED AND PONDERED
TILL A SINGLE IDEA, INTO
HIS HEAD WANDERED...
"I KNOW, I'VE GOT IT! IT'S
ON YOUR REAR END..!"

"... YOUR TAIL'S NICE AND FILLING, MY BIG BONED GREEN FRIEND!

"WE CAN DINE JUST LIKE KINGS, WE CAN HAVE A GREAT FEAST, DINOSAUR TAIL'S A DELICACY, IN THE WEST AND THE EAST!"

"MY TAIL!?! MY TAIL?!? FRIEND WADE, YOU ARE CRACKED! IF I FEED YOU MY TAIL, WHAT WILL HANG ON MY BACK?!?"





"BUT WE'RE BUDDIES, PALS, AMIGOS, FRIENDS... YOU SAID I'D NEVER SUFFER... NOT EVER AGAIN..."

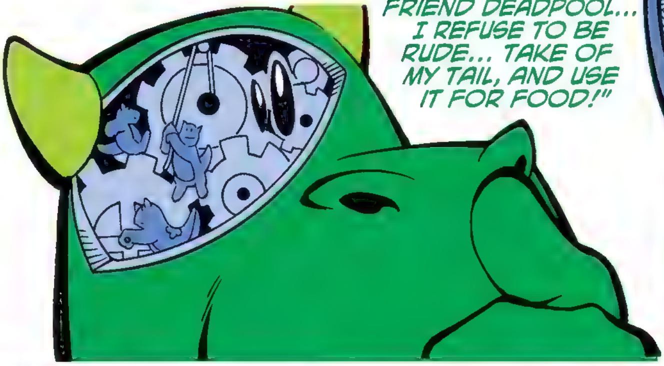
"TRUE, I DID SAY THAT... BUT I DIDN'T MEAN --" BLARNEY FELT RED EMBARRASSMENT, FLUSHING UP THROUGH HIS GREEN.

DEADPOOL WAS RIGHT, THAT OATH HE DID SAY, AND AN INDIAN GIVER? BLARNEY? Uh-Uh, SIR... NO WAY!

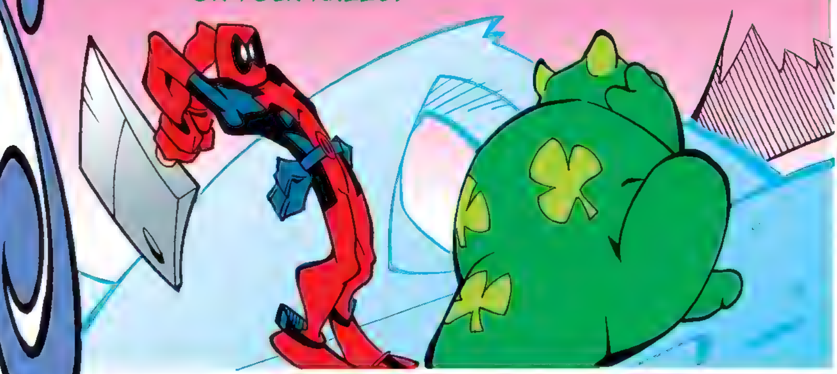
BUT HIS TAIL... HIS TAIL! IT WAS HIS PROUDEST FEATURE! SHOULD HE JUST FEED IT TO DEADPOOL... LIKE AN OLD SEAFOOD CREATURE?

SO HE THOUGHT AND HE THOUGHT, TILL HIS WHEELS SPUN FAST, TILL HE REALIZED HIS PROMISE WAS ONE THAT SHOULD LAST.

"SO TAKE IT, FRIEND DEADPOOL... I REFUSE TO BE RUDE... TAKE OF MY TAIL, AND USE IT FOR FOOD!"



"YES, YES, I'LL DO IT... YOU'D DO IT FOR ME! YOU'D FEED ME YOUR LEFT ARM... YOUR HANDS OR YOUR KNEES!



"THANKS BUDDY, BLARNEY! THIS I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER! NOW, PLEASE... HOLD STILL...WHILE YOUR TAIL I DISMEMBER!"

SO DEADPOOL REARED BACK, SWUNG HARD AND SWUNG TOUGH... 'COURSE, BLARNEY WAS THICK... SO ONE CHOP WASN'T ENOUGH...

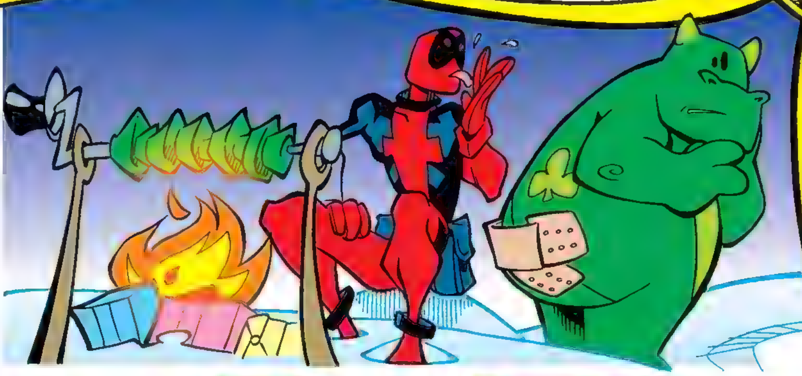
THROUGH STUFFING THAT BURST AND FABRIC THAT TORE...

HE CHOPPED TILL THE TAIL, WAS ATTACHED THERE NO MORE!

DEADPOOL FILLETED THE TAIL, PRECISELY AND QUICK, COOKED IT OVER THE PRESENTS, WHERE THE FIRE WAS THICK.

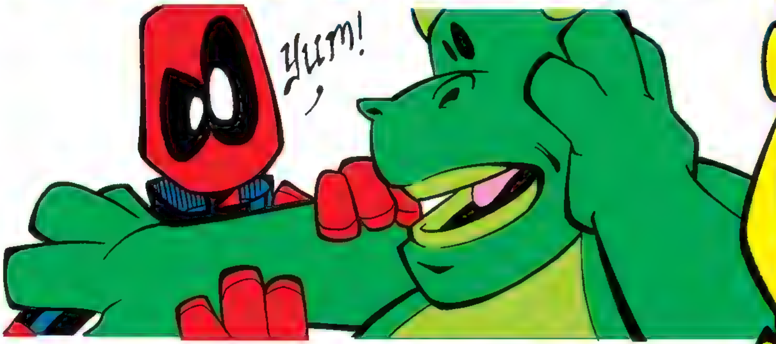
HE GOBBLED IT DOWN, WITH A SMILE AND A SLURP, FINISHING HIS FEAST, WITH A DEEP BELLY BURP!

WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, THE TAIL-LESS DINOSAUR TURNED, *"SO? WAS IT TASTY? IT SEEMED A TAD BURNED."*



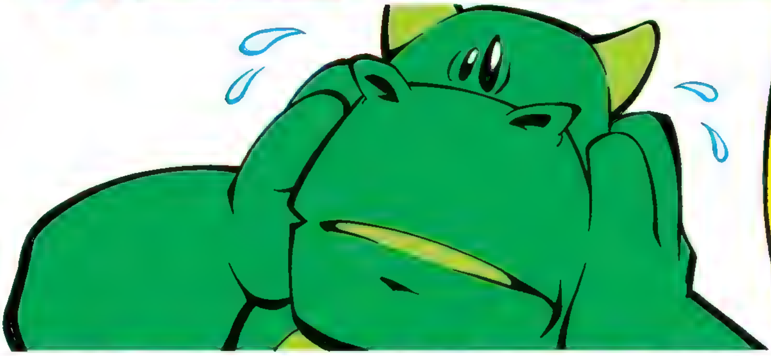
"TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, THAT WAS HARDLY GOOD DINNER YOUR TAIL ALONE WON'T MAKE ME LESS THINNER.

"PERHAPS IF WE WENT FOR THE END OF YOUR ARM... THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO KEEP ME FROM HARM --"



"MY ARM?!?" BLARNEY CRIED, HIS EYES WIDE AND WHITE, *"BUT WHAT WILL I THROW WITH?!? WITH WHAT SHALL I WRITE?!?*

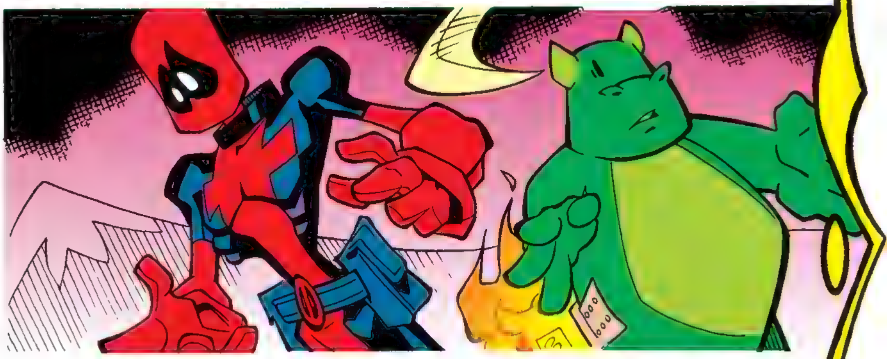
"YOU CAN'T EAT MY ARM, DEADPOOL, I NEED IT, I DO! HAVE A SNOW CONE INSTEAD. IF YOU'RE FAMISHED, HAVE TWO!"



"YOU'RE RIGHT, BIG GREEN BLARNEY... I DON'T MEAN TO BE GREEDY; I HATE MY OLD STOMACH FOR BEING SO NEEDY...

"I'LL CONTEND WITH THE TORTUROUS HUNGER AND PAIN... SO YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL... AND WRITE SONGS AGAIN.

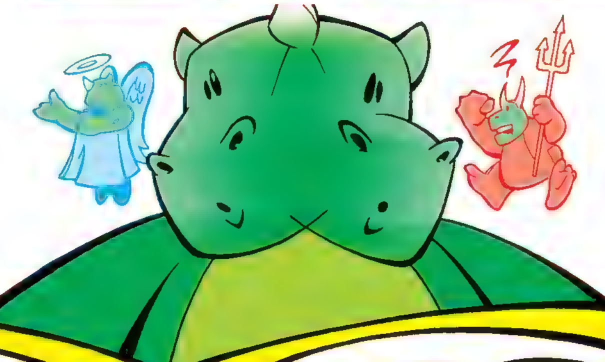
"DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME... I'LL JUST SUCK ON SOME SNOW... BUT WHEN I BLOW AWAY SKINNY... PLEASE WAVE AS I GO."

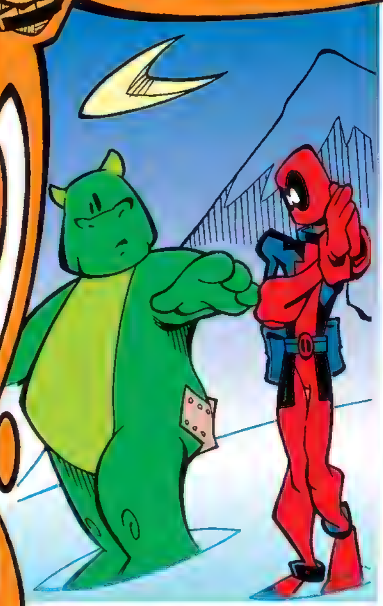


BLARNEY WAS TORN, HIS FRIEND WAS IN TROUBLE... BUT HE'D GIVEN HIS TAIL... NEED HE GIVE DOUBLE?

"IS DEADPOOL THE ONE WHO'S FILLED WITH GREED? YOU HAVE TWO GOOD ARMS, HOW MANY DO YOU NEED?"

"LET HIM STARVE! HE'S ALREADY HAD TAIL! IF YOU GIVE HIM YOUR ARM, I SWEAR YOU'LL HAVE FAILED!!!"

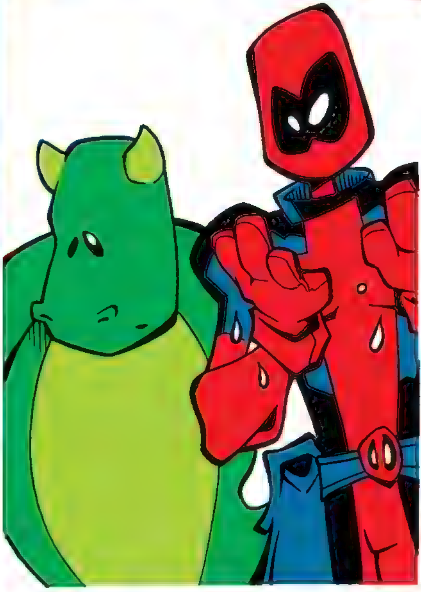




"WADE, LI'L BUDDY, I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL... I'LL GIVE YOU THE LEFT ARM; IF THAT ENDS YOUR MEAL.

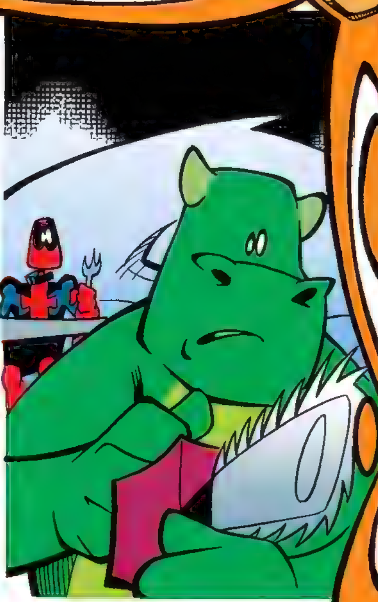
"BUT PLEASE, JUST ONE FAVOR, I DON'T LIKE ALL THAT SPURT. WHEN YOU CUT OFF THIS LIMB... PLEASE, DON'T MAKE IT HURT."

"OH BLARNEY! OH BLARNEY! YOU'RE THE MASTER OF CHARM! I'M VERY EXCITED TO DINE ON YOUR ARM!



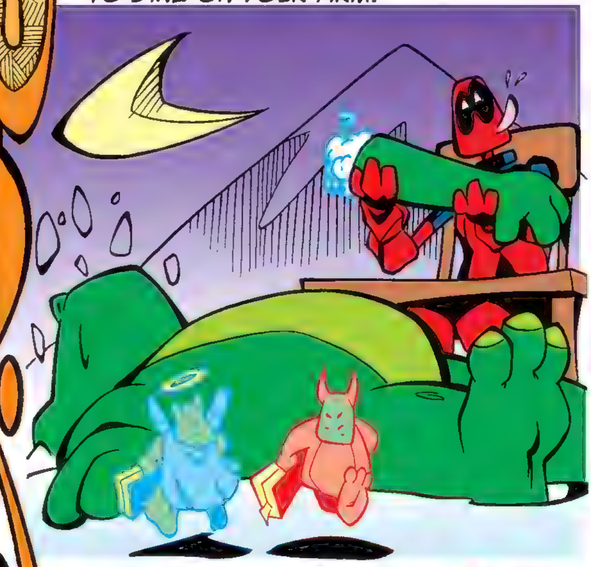
"THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM, IT'S EASY TO SEE; MY HANDS, WELL... FROM EATING... THEY'RE SORT OF GREASY.

"IF I DO THE CUTTING, I'M AFRAID THAT I'LL SLIP, WOULD YOU DO THE HONORS AND MAKE THE FIRST SNIP?"



"I'LL DO IT, FRIEND DEADPOOL, I'LL MAKE THE CUT NEAT... I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE; MY FRIEND'S GOT TO EAT."

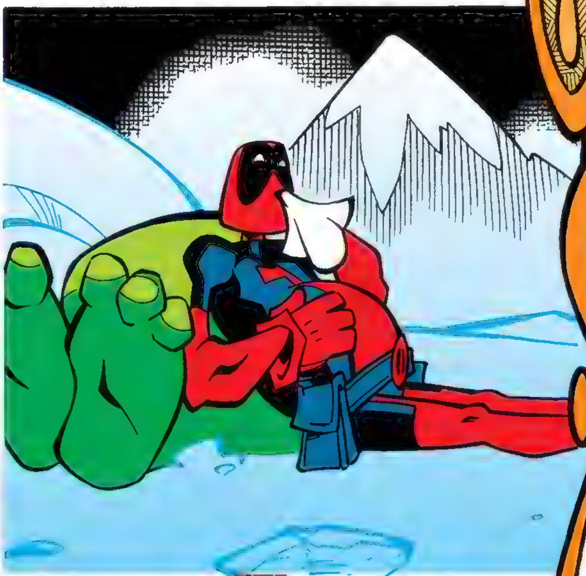
"GREAT! USE THE CHAINSAW. IT'S SHINY AND NEW! THAT SHOULD MAKE IT EASY. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO!"



"THANKS MY OLD FRIEND, YOU'RE REALLY A SPORT, SO NOW, I BEGIN CUTTING -- YIKES!!! OW, OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW!!!!"

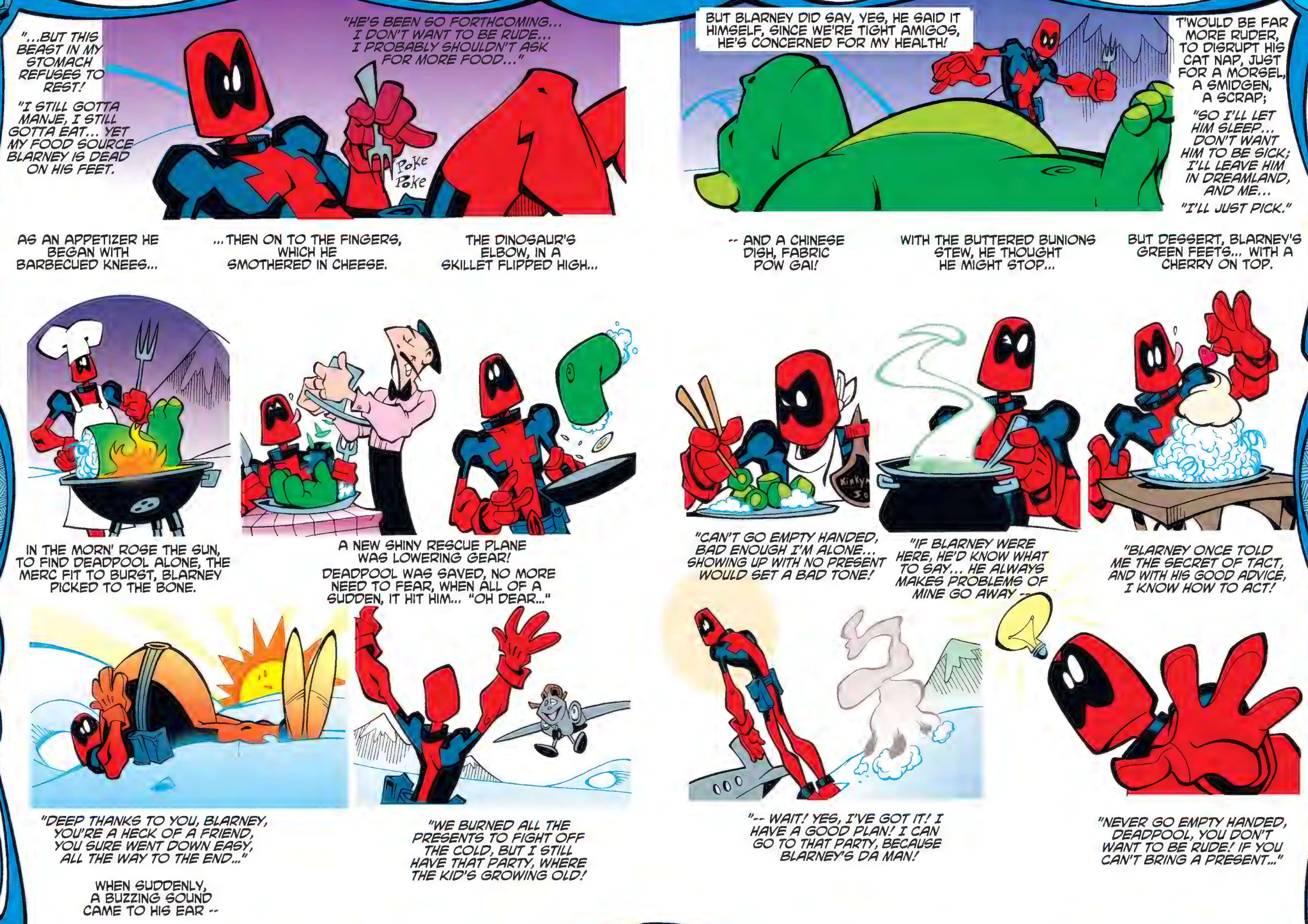
BLARNEY'S GENEROSITY WAS TOO MUCH TO BEAR, HE FELL DOWN UNCONSCIOUS, THE ARM TWITCHING THERE.

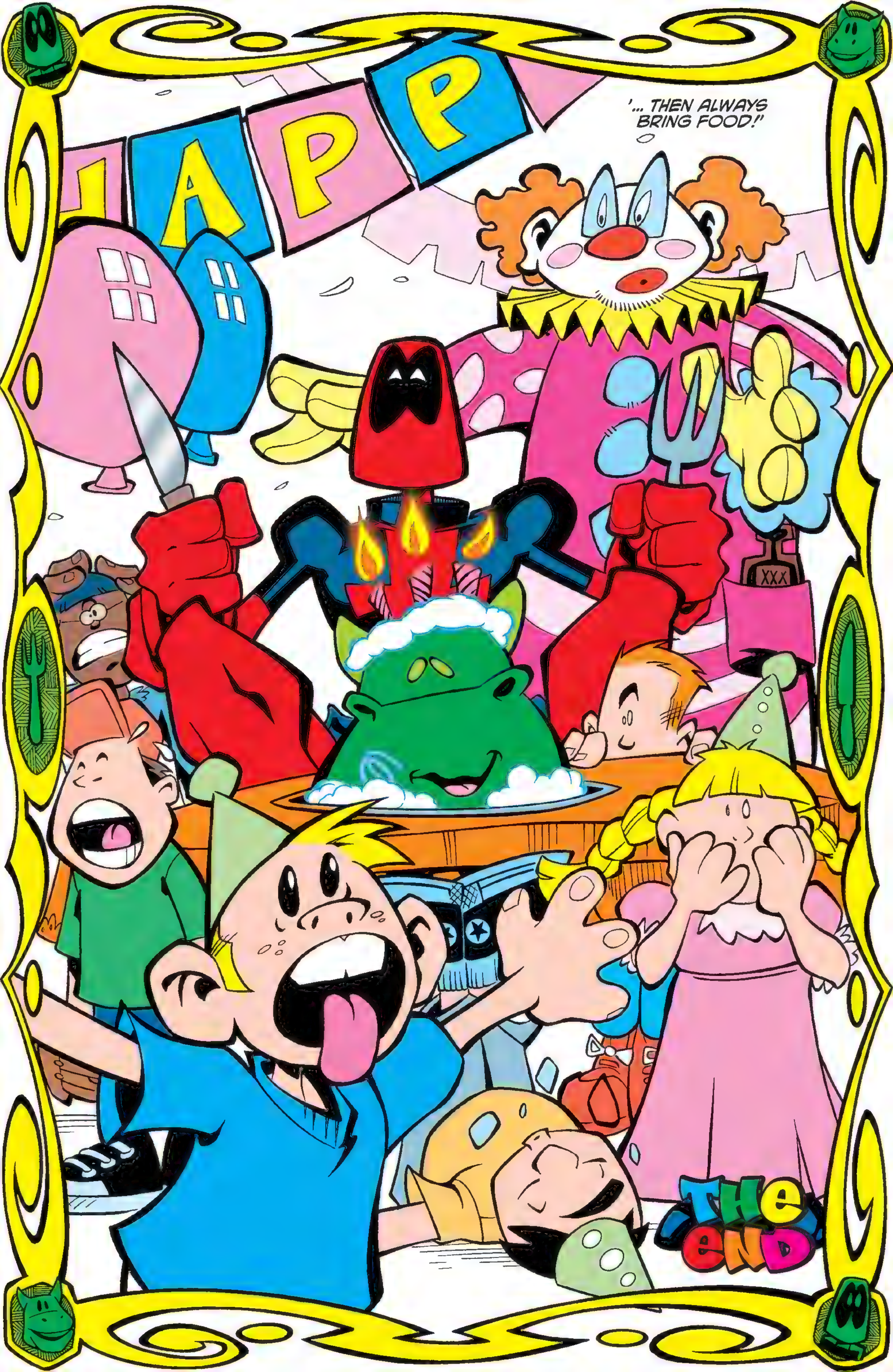
BUT DEADPOOL, WHAT AN EATER, SAT DOWN TO HIS MEAL! THE ARM SLICED LIKE BUTTA, AND MELTED LIKE VEAL.

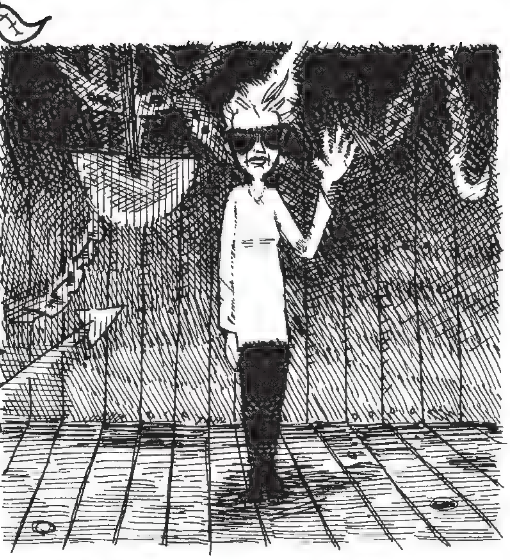


WHEN THE EATING WAS OVER, AND THE CHEWING WAS THROUGH, WADE SAT DOWN WITH BLARNEY, AS FRIENDS OUGHT TO DO.

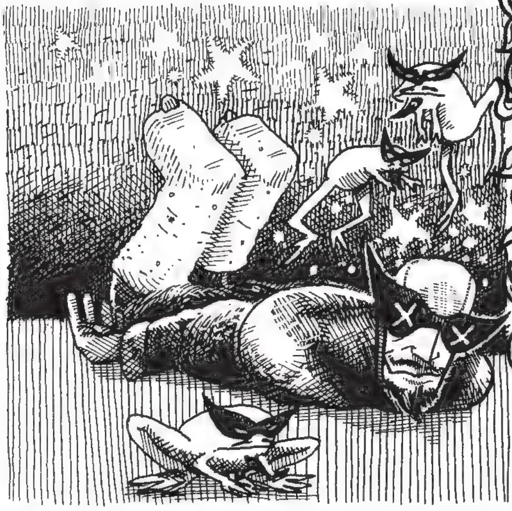
"NOW THAT WAS GOOD EATIN'! THAT ARM WAS THE BEST...


"...BUT THIS BEAST IN MY STOMACH REFUSES TO REST!
"I STILL GOTTA MANJE, I STILL GOTTA EAT... YET MY FOOD SOURCE BLARNEY IS DEAD ON HIS FEET.
"HE'S BEEN SO FORTHCOMING... I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE... I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T ASK FOR MORE FOOD..."
Poke
Poke
BUT BLARNEY DID SAY, YES, HE SAID IT HIMSELF, SINCE WE'RE TIGHT AMIGOS, HE'S CONCERNED FOR MY HEALTH!
T'WOULD BE FAR MORE RUDER, TO DISRUPT HIS CAT NAP, JUST FOR A MORSEL, A SMIDGEN, A SCRAP;
"SO I'LL LET HIM SLEEP... DON'T WANT HIM TO BE SICK; I'LL LEAVE HIM IN DREAMLAND, AND ME...
"I'LL JUST PICK."
AS AN APPETIZER HE BEGAN WITH BARBECUED KNEES...
...THEN ON TO THE FINGERS, WHICH HE SMOTHERED IN CHEESE.
THE DINOSAUR'S ELBOW, IN A SKILLET FLIPPED HIGH...
-- AND A CHINESE DISH, FABRIC POW GAI!
WITH THE BUTTERED BUNIONS STEW, HE THOUGHT HE MIGHT STOP...
BUT DESSERT, BLARNEY'S GREEN FEETS... WITH A CHERRY ON TOP.
IN THE MORN' ROSE THE SUN, TO FIND DEADPOOL ALONE, THE MERC FIT TO BURST, BLARNEY PICKED TO THE BONE.
"DEEP THANKS TO YOU, BLARNEY, YOU'RE A HECK OF A FRIEND, YOU SURE WENT DOWN EASY, ALL THE WAY TO THE END..."
WHEN SUDDENLY, A BUZZING SOUND CAME TO HIS EAR --
A NEW SHINY RESCUE PLANE WAS LOWERING GEAR!
DEADPOOL WAS SAVED, NO MORE NEED TO FEAR, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT HIT HIM... "OH DEAR..."
"WE BURNED ALL THE PRESENTS TO FIGHT OFF THE COLD, BUT I STILL HAVE THAT PARTY, WHERE THE KID'S GROWING OLD!
"CAN'T GO EMPTY HANDED, BAD ENOUGH I'M ALONE... SHOWING UP WITH NO PRESENT WOULD SET A BAD TONE!
"IF BLARNEY WERE HERE, HE'D KNOW WHAT TO SAY... HE ALWAYS MAKES PROBLEMS OF MINE GO AWAY --
"-- WAIT! YES, I'VE GOT IT! I HAVE A GOOD PLAN! I CAN GO TO THAT PARTY, BECAUSE BLARNEY'S DA MAN!
"BLARNEY ONCE TOLD ME THE SECRET OF TACT, AND WITH HIS GOOD ADVICE, I KNOW HOW TO ACT!
"NEVER GO EMPTY HANDED, DEADPOOL, YOU DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE! IF YOU CAN'T BRING A PRESENT..."

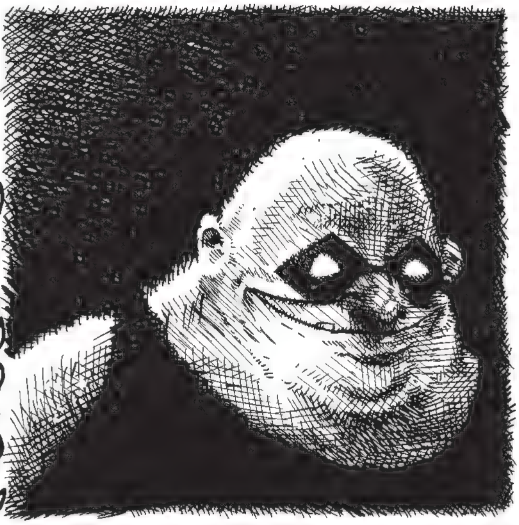

HAPP
'... THEN ALWAYS BRING FOOD!'
XXX
THE END



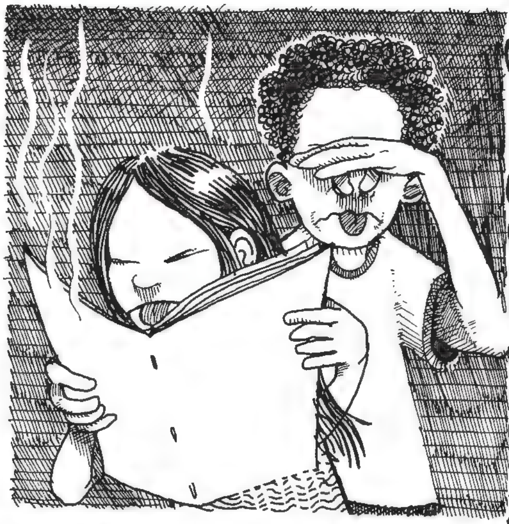
A is for AL
by Wade locked away.



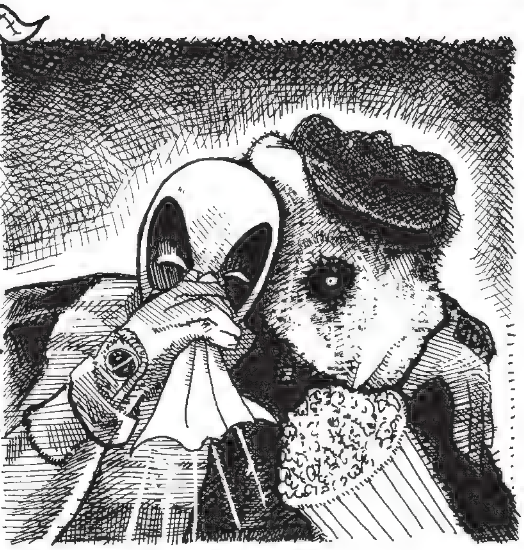
B is for BATROC,
whom 'Pool tried to
spay.



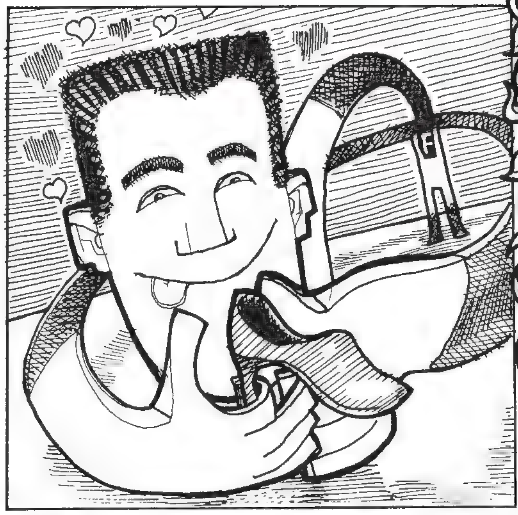
C is for CF,
his face never the same.



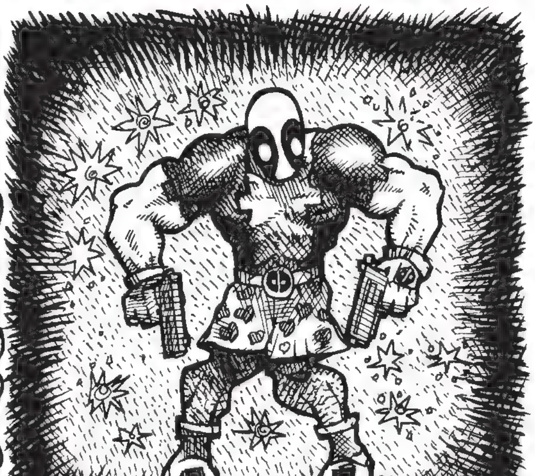
D is for DEATHTRAP,
who turned out, well,
lame...



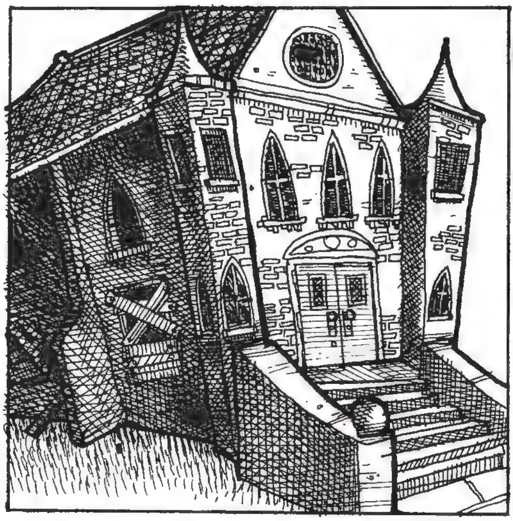
E is for "ELEPHANT MAN"
Wade's favorite movie



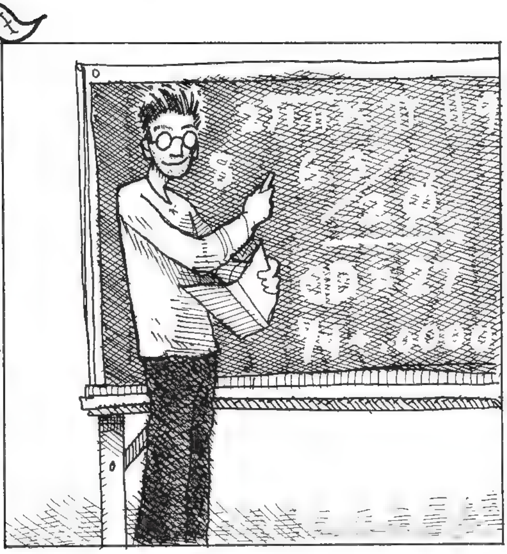
F is for FLATMAN
who finds high heels
groovy



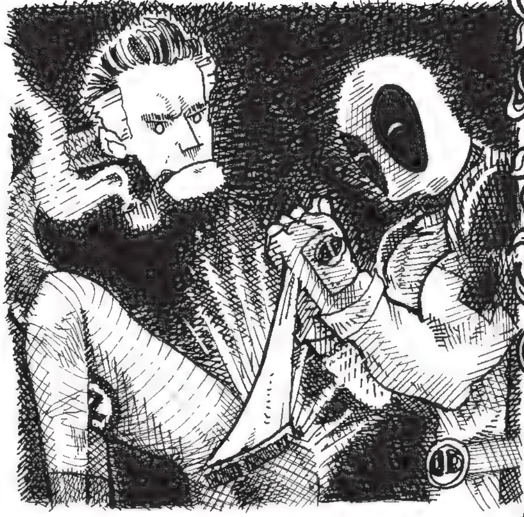
G is for "GREAT GOBS
OF GOOBERS!",
a fine exclamation



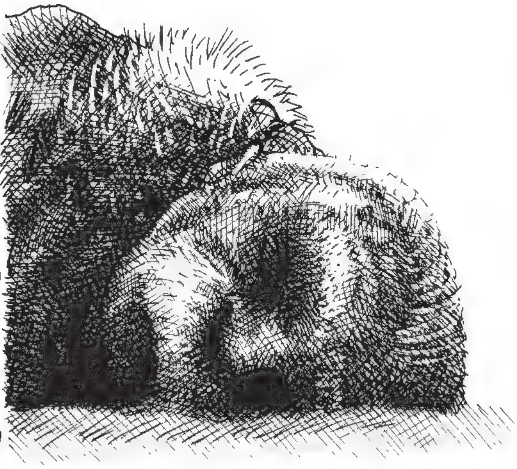
H is for HELLHOUSE,
where Mercs find
vocation.



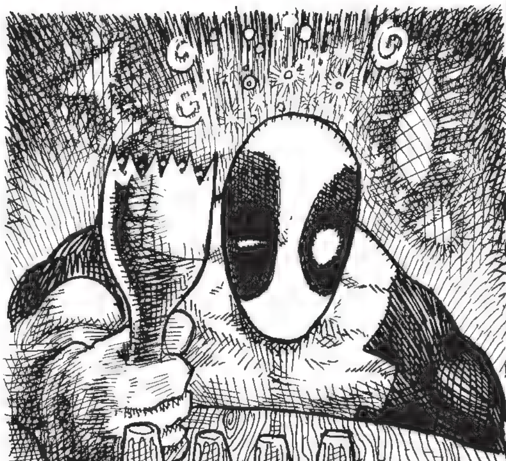
I is for INTELLECT,
which Weasel embodies



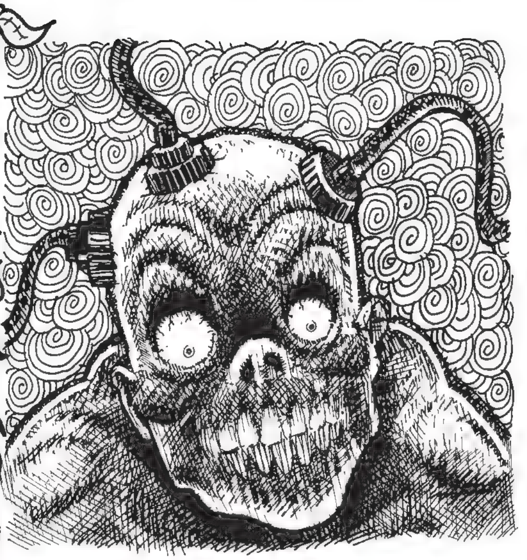
J is for JUVENILE,
Deadpool's obsession with
potties (humor, that is)



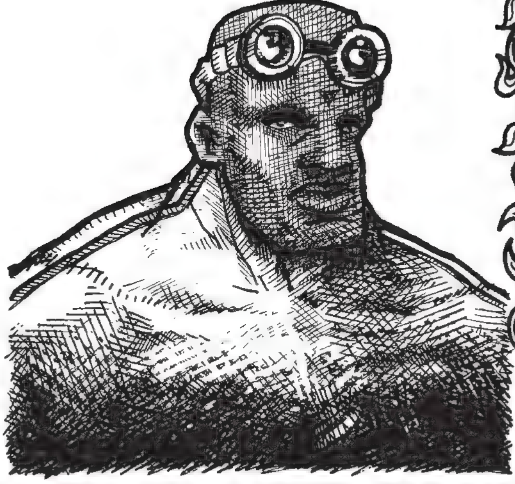
K is for KILLBREW,
killed by the Cleaner,



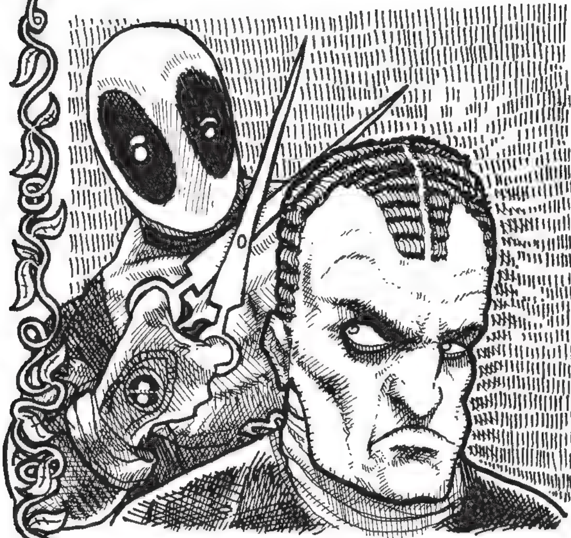
L is for LIQUOR,
which makes Deadpool
meaner!



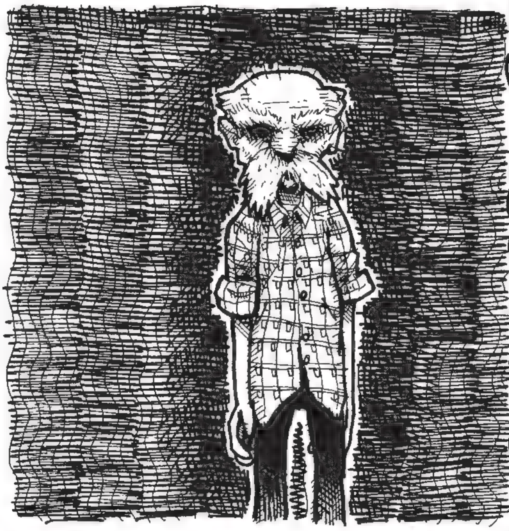
M is for Monty,
the guy with no skin,



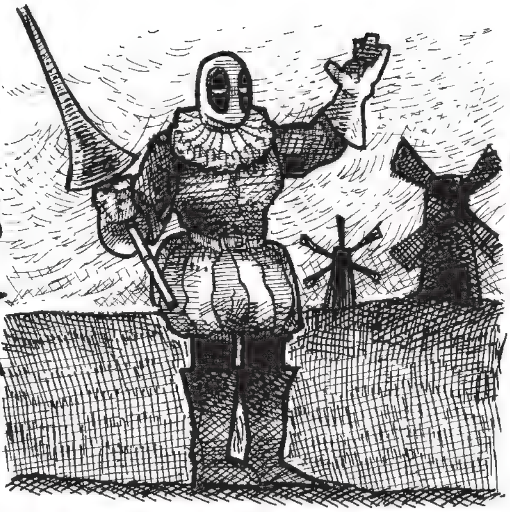
N is for Noah,
took one to the chin.



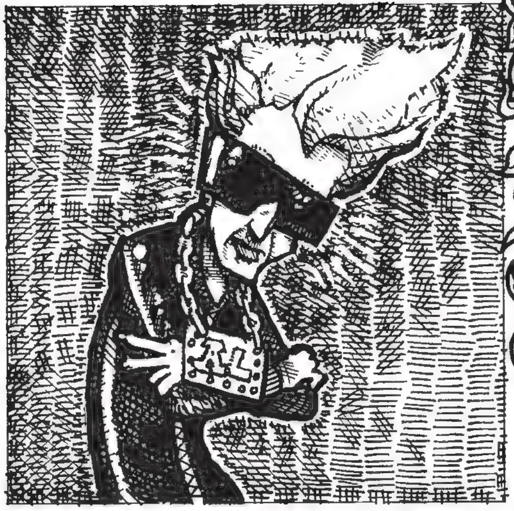
O is for Osborn,
his hair legendary,



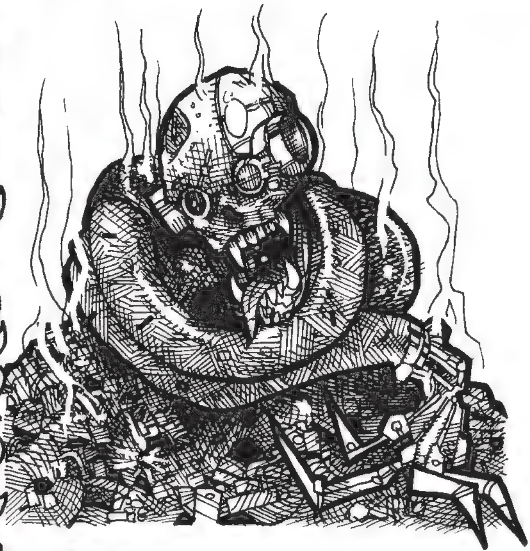
P is for Patch,
his mustache is scary.



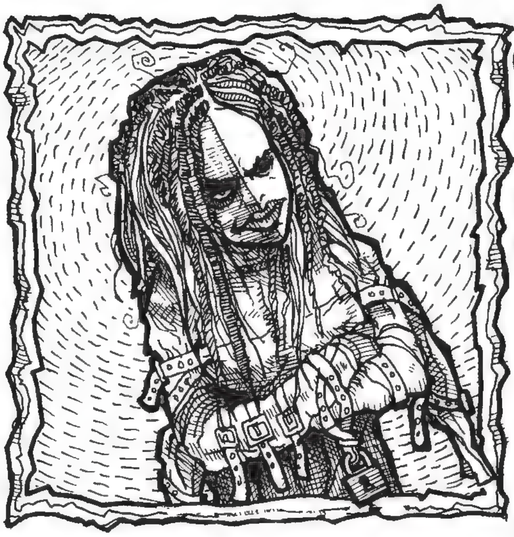
Q is for QUIXOTIC,
Wade's personal quest,



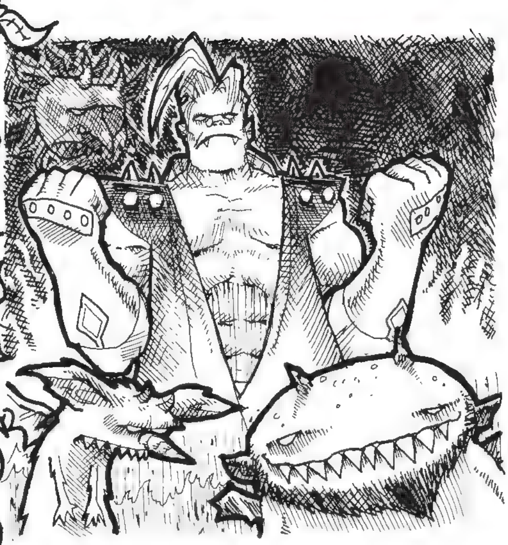
R is for RAP,
the music Al likes best.



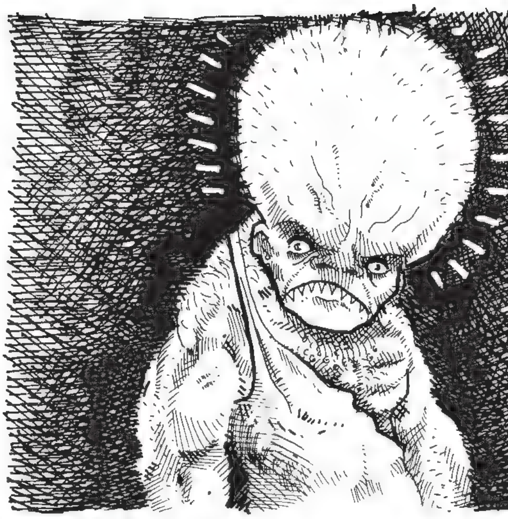
S is for SLAYBACK
reduced to a torte,



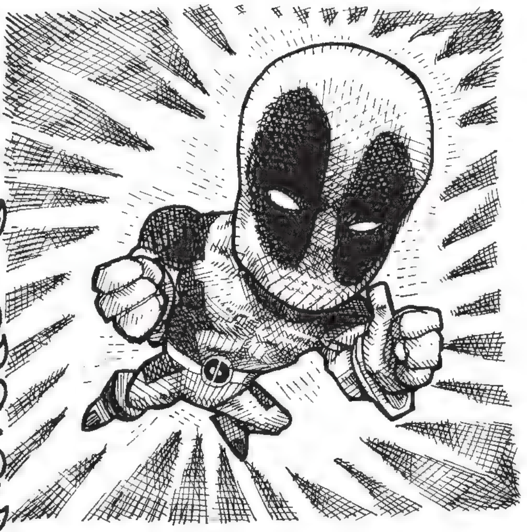
T is for TYPHOID,
a few sandwiches short.



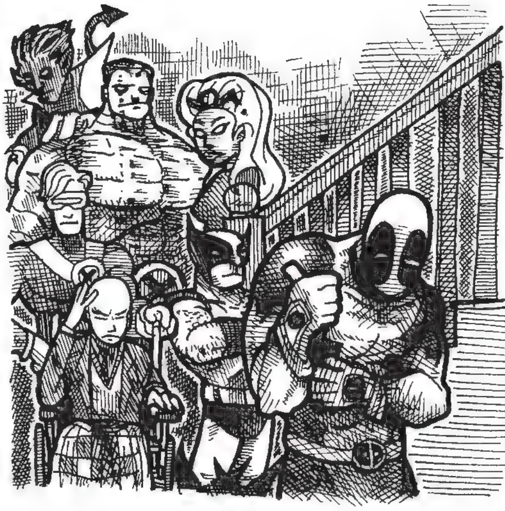
U is for UNDERWORLD,
where T-Ray gets power



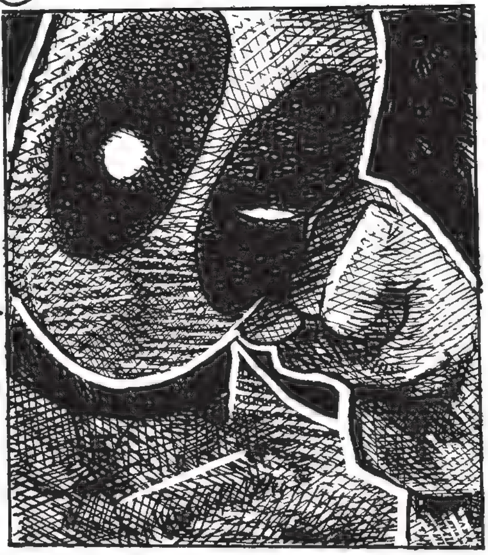
V is for VAMPANIMUS,
who's cranium doth
tower!



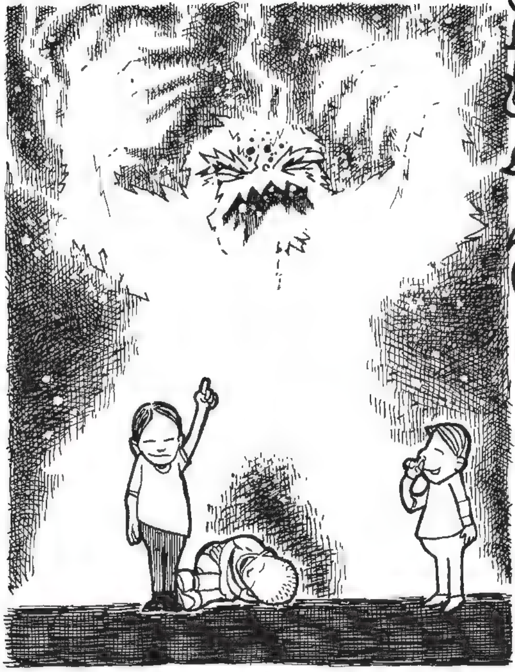
W is for WIDDLE WADE,
the cute and the dead,



X is for X-MEN...
This is best left unsaid.



Y is the question of life
which Wade asks



Z is for the lamest
villain of all...
ZZZAXX!

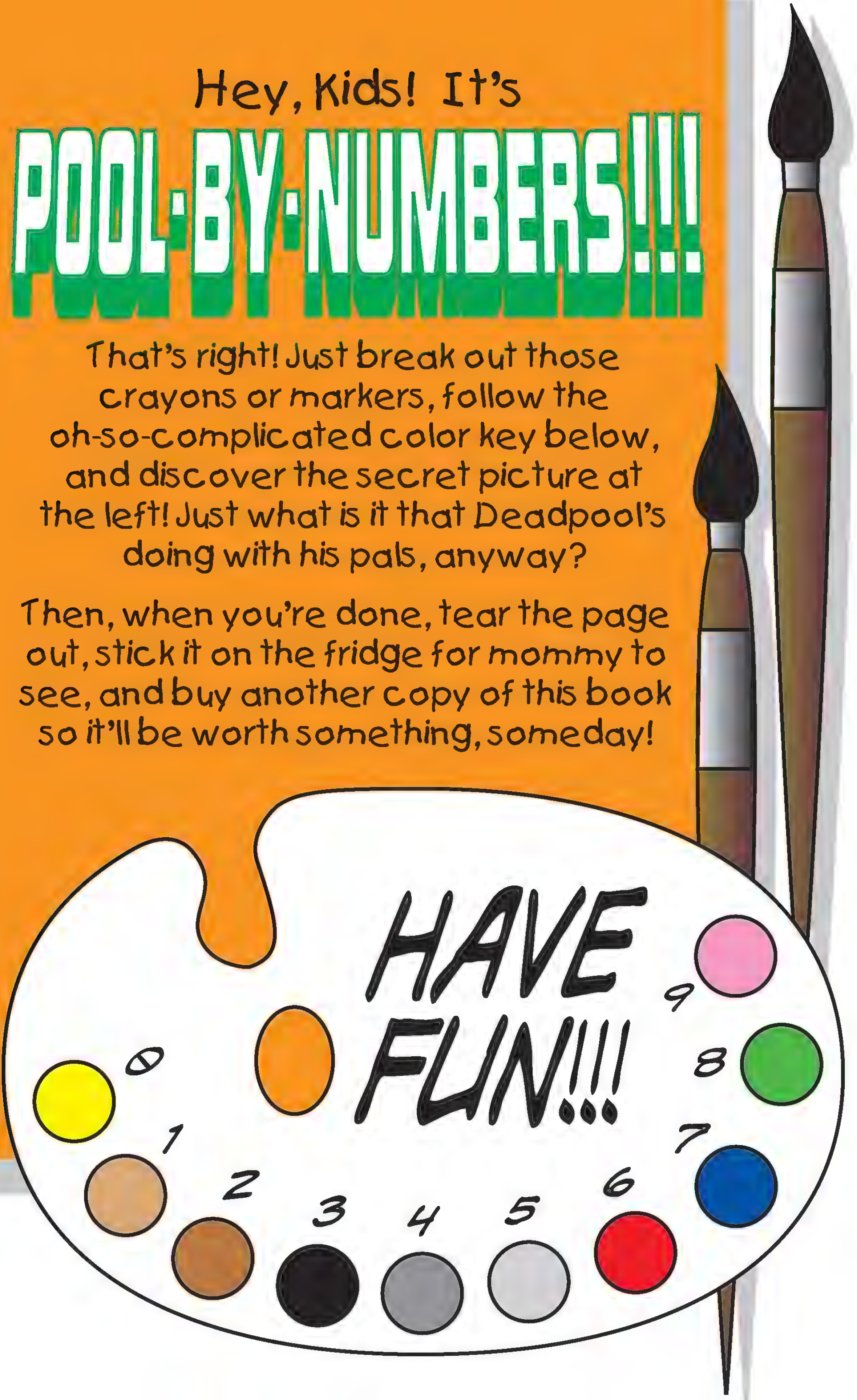
THE END

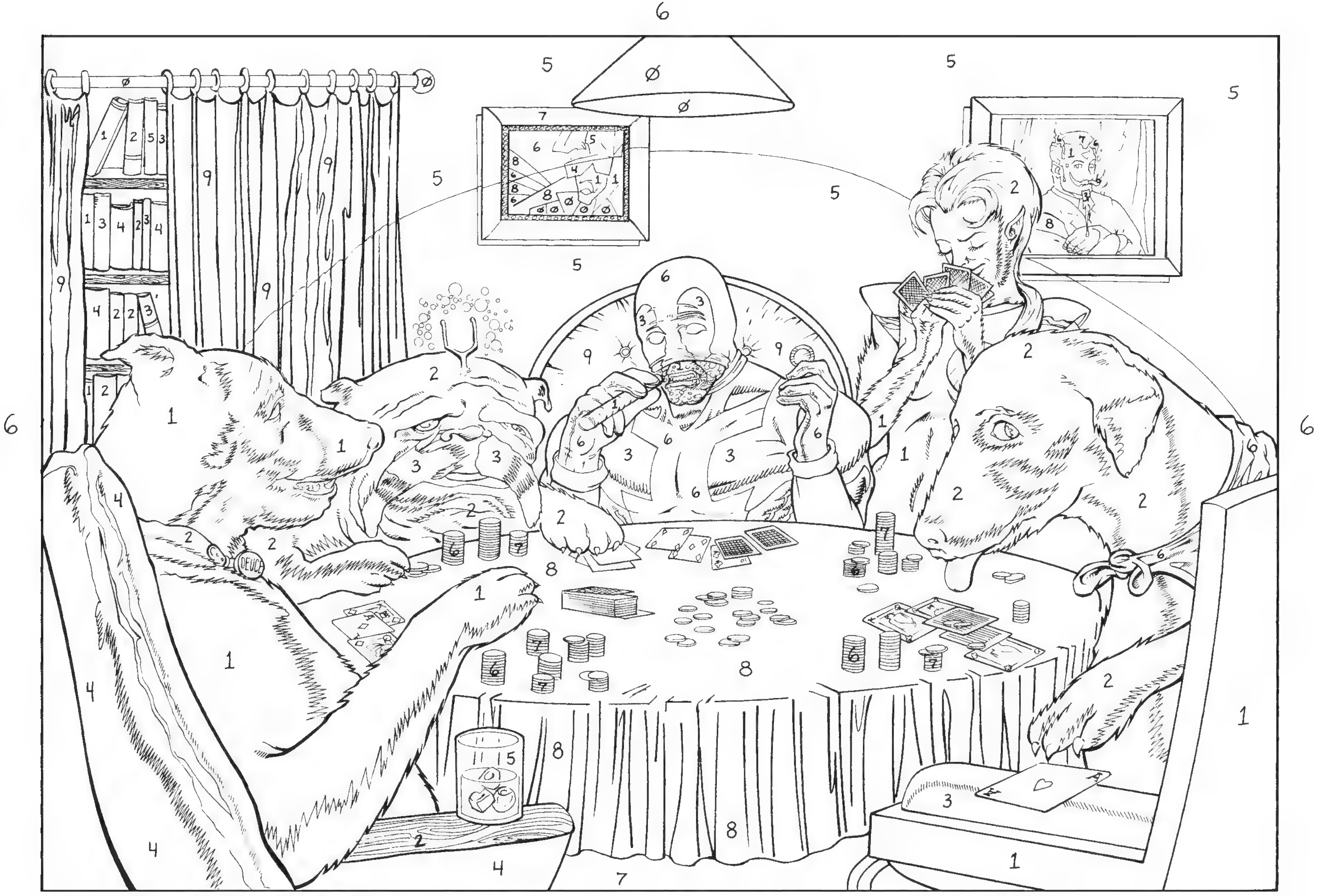
Hey, Kids! It's

POOL-BY-NUMBERS!!!

That's right! Just break out those crayons or markers, follow the oh-so-complicated color key below, and discover the secret picture at the left! Just what is it that Deadpool's doing with his pals, anyway?

Then, when you're done, tear the page out, stick it on the fridge for mommy to see, and buy another copy of this book so it'll be worth something, someday!




6
5
0
5
0
0
7
5
6
5
8
4
8
1
6
1
8
6
8
0
0
0
0
0
0
5
1
2
5
3
1
3
4
2
3
4
9
9
5
5
2
8
1
7
3
5
9
9
6
4
2
2
3
9
2
6
3
3
9
9
1
2
1
1
1
1
6
6
1
3
3
6
6
3
3
4
2
2
6
1
6
2
2
2
2
6
2
6
7
7
2
DEUCE
8
6
1
6
1
7
7
6
8
6
7
4
2
1
8
5
4
4
3
8
2
1
4
7

CREDITS and DUE BLAME

Title Page Art
Frank Teran

Design
Comicraft

Dresspool
Joe Cooper, Pond Scum, Johnny Greene & Dave Sharpe

"Make Way For Deadpool!"
Joe Kelly, Joe Cooper, & Sue Crespi

The Etiquette Lesson
Joe Kelly, Joe Cooper, Pond Scum, Johnny Greene & Sue Crespi

"Friends Share Because Friends Care"
Joe Kelly, Pete Woods, Walden Wong, Thomas Velazquez, & EM/Comicraft

The Alphadead
Joe Kelly, Brian Smith & Sue Crespi

Pool-by-numbers
Mark Powers, Pond Scum & Dave Sharpe

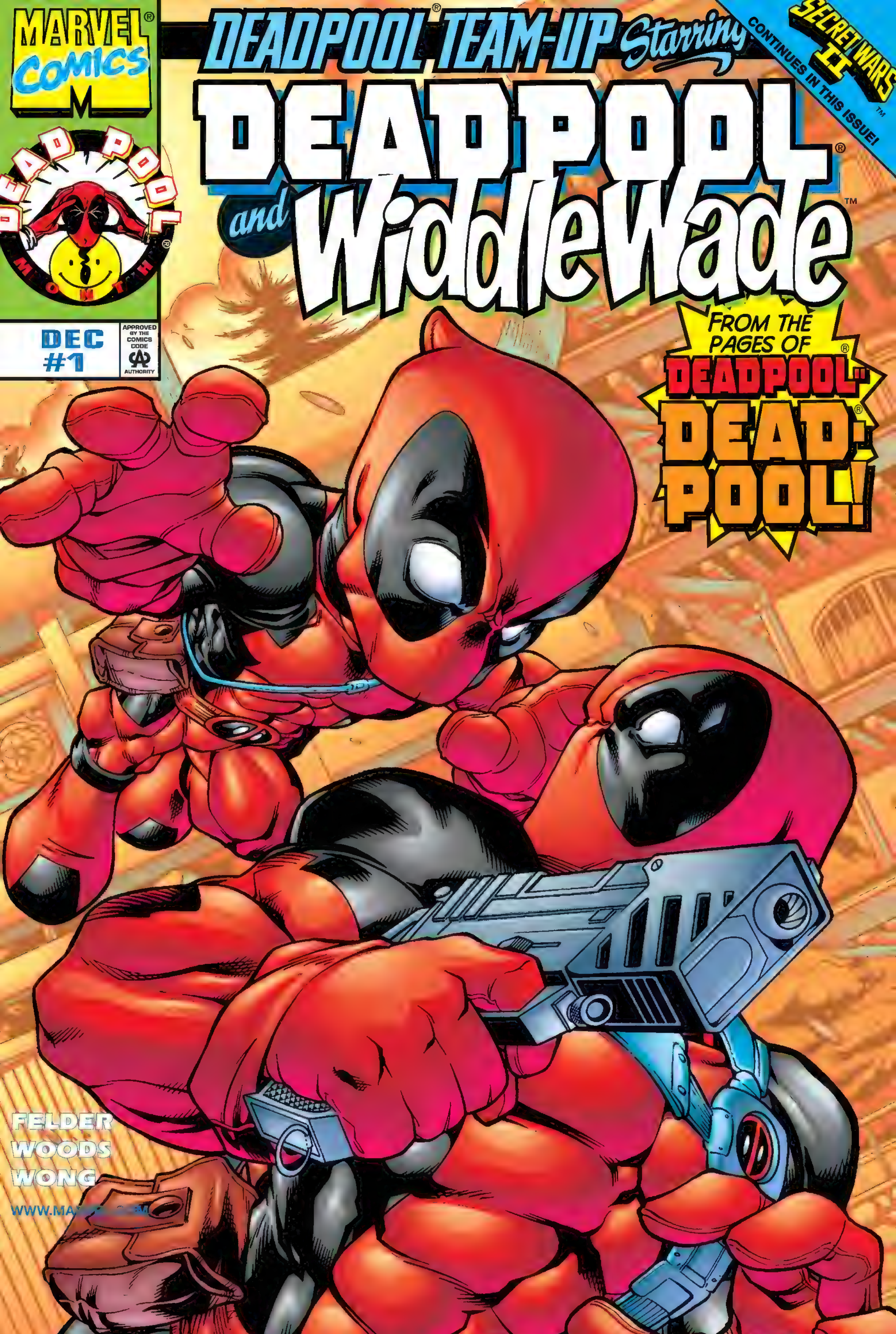
Cover
Joe Cooper, Scott Koblish, Chris Sotomayor & Comicraft

Special Thanks To The Bullpen **For Way Too Much Help**
& Frank Dunkerley **For Being The Freakiest of Interns**

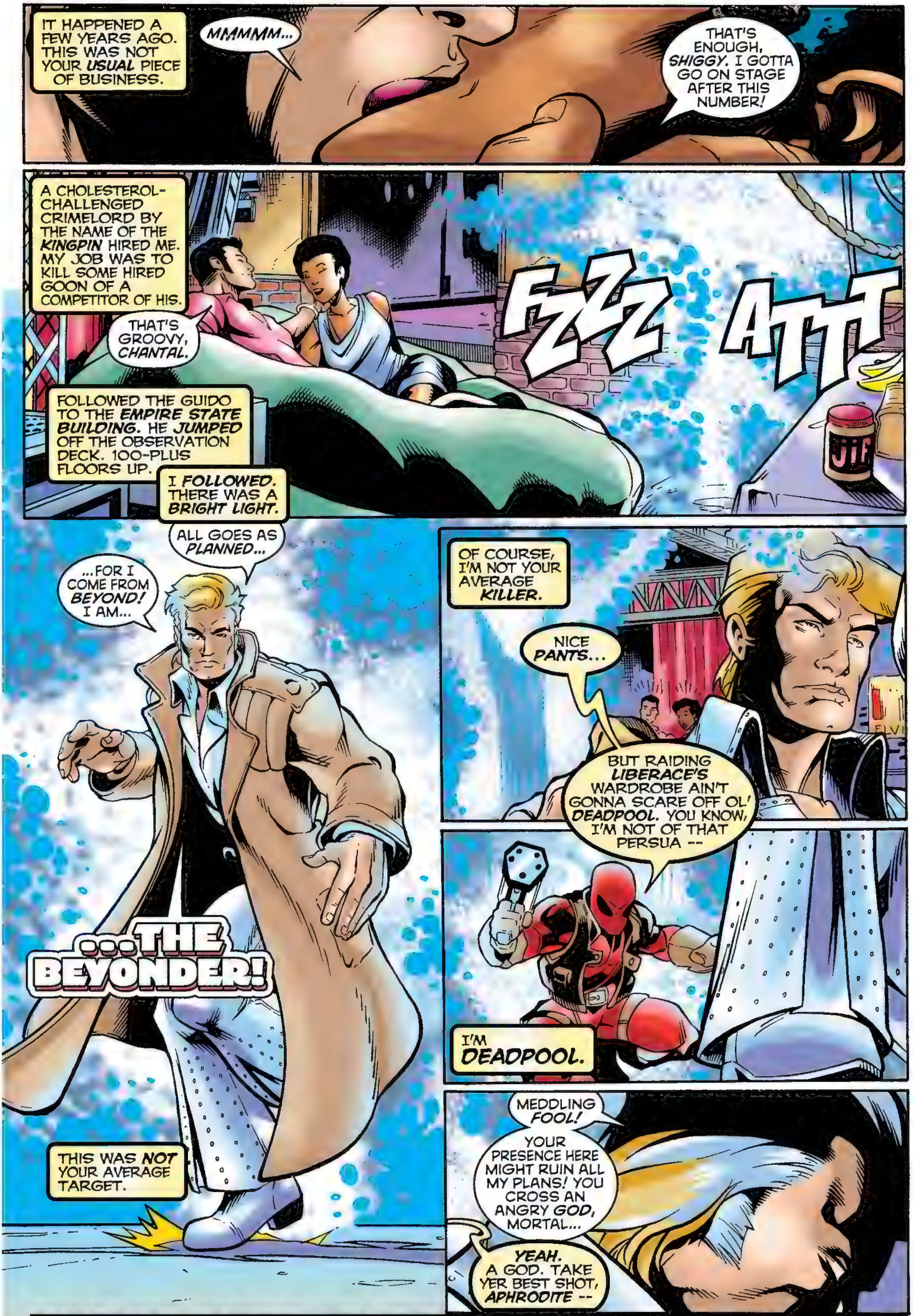
Assistant Editor
Paul Tutrone

Editor
Matt Idelson

Editor In Chief
Bob Harras


MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL TEAM-UP Starring
SECRET WARS II CONTINUES IN THIS ISSUE!
DEADPOOL and Widdle Wade
DEAD POOL MONTH
DEC #1
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FROM THE PAGES OF DEADPOOL: DEAD-POOL!
FELDER
WOODS
WONG
WWW.MARVEL.COM

©2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. WWW.MARVEL.COM


IT HAPPENED A FEW YEARS AGO. THIS WAS NOT YOUR USUAL PIECE OF BUSINESS.
MMMMM...
THAT'S ENOUGH, SHIGGY. I GOTTA GO ON STAGE AFTER THIS NUMBER!
A CHOLESTEROL-CHALLENGED CRIMELORD BY THE NAME OF THE KINGPIN HIRED ME. MY JOB WAS TO KILL SOME HIRED GOON OF A COMPETITOR OF HIS.
THAT'S GROOVY, CHANTAL.
FOLLOWED THE GUIDO TO THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. HE JUMPED OFF THE OBSERVATION DECK. 100-PLUS FLOORS UP.
I FOLLOWED. THERE WAS A BRIGHT LIGHT.
FZZZZ ATTT
JIF
ALL GOES AS PLANNED...
...FOR I COME FROM BEYOND! I AM...
...THE BEYONDER!
THIS WAS NOT YOUR AVERAGE TARGET.
OF COURSE, I'M NOT YOUR AVERAGE KILLER.
NICE PANTS...
BUT RAIDING LIBERACE'S WARDROBE AIN'T GONNA SCARE OFF OL' DEADPOOL. YOU KNOW, I'M NOT OF THAT PERSUA --
I'M DEADPOOL.
MEDDLING FOOL!
YOUR PRESENCE HERE MIGHT RUIN ALL MY PLANS! YOU CROSS AN ANGRY GOD, MORTAL...
YEAH. A GOD. TAKE YER BEST SHOT, APHRODITE --

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

TURNING JAPANESE

...OR LITTLE DEMON INSIDE

STAN LEE PROUDLY PRESENTS:
A TALE OF DEADPOOL'S PAST AND PRESENT

JAMES CORN-DOG FELDER
WRITER

PETE PEANUT BUTTER WOODS
PENCILER

WALDEN BANANA WONG
INKER

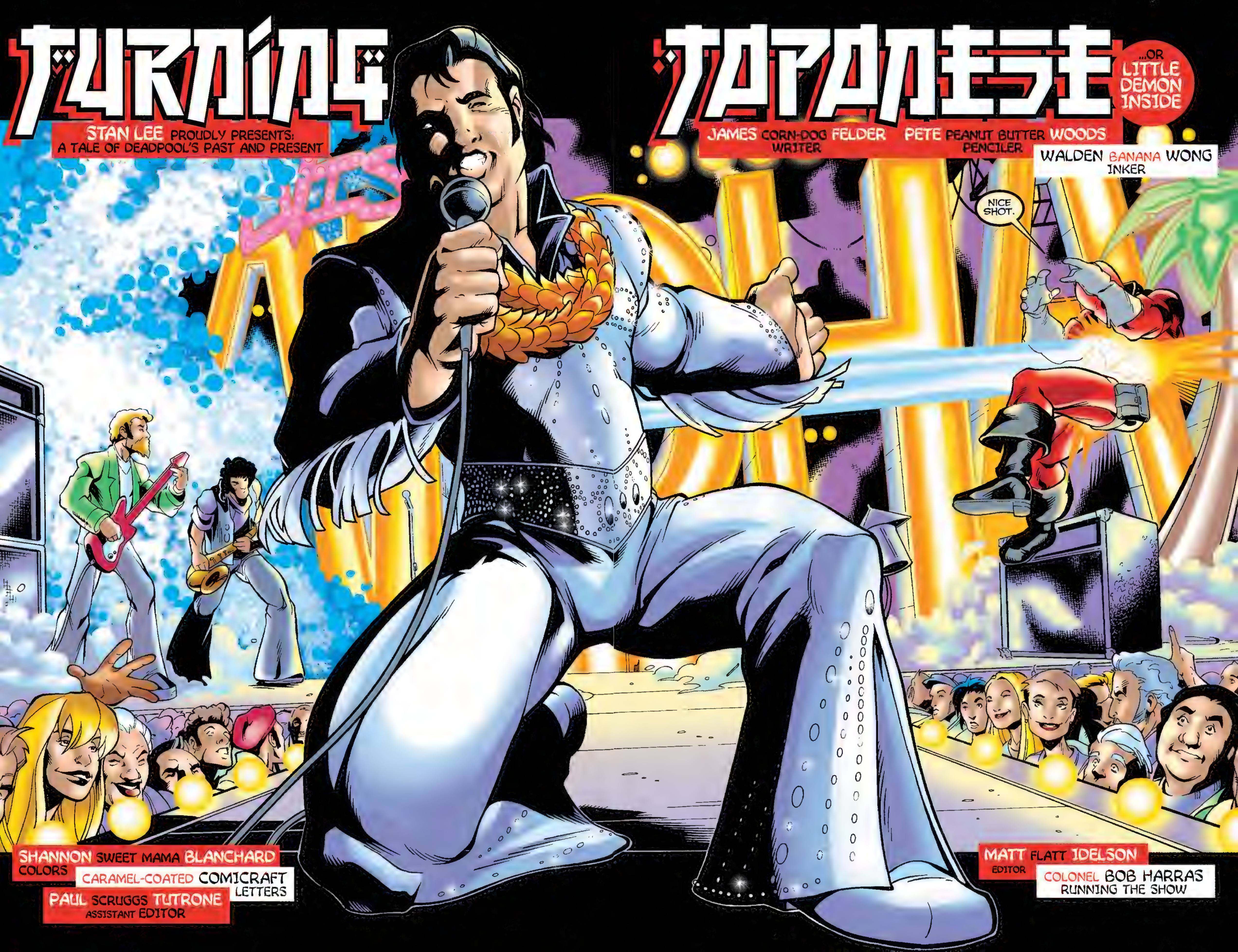
SHANNON SWEET MAMA BLANCHARD
COLORS

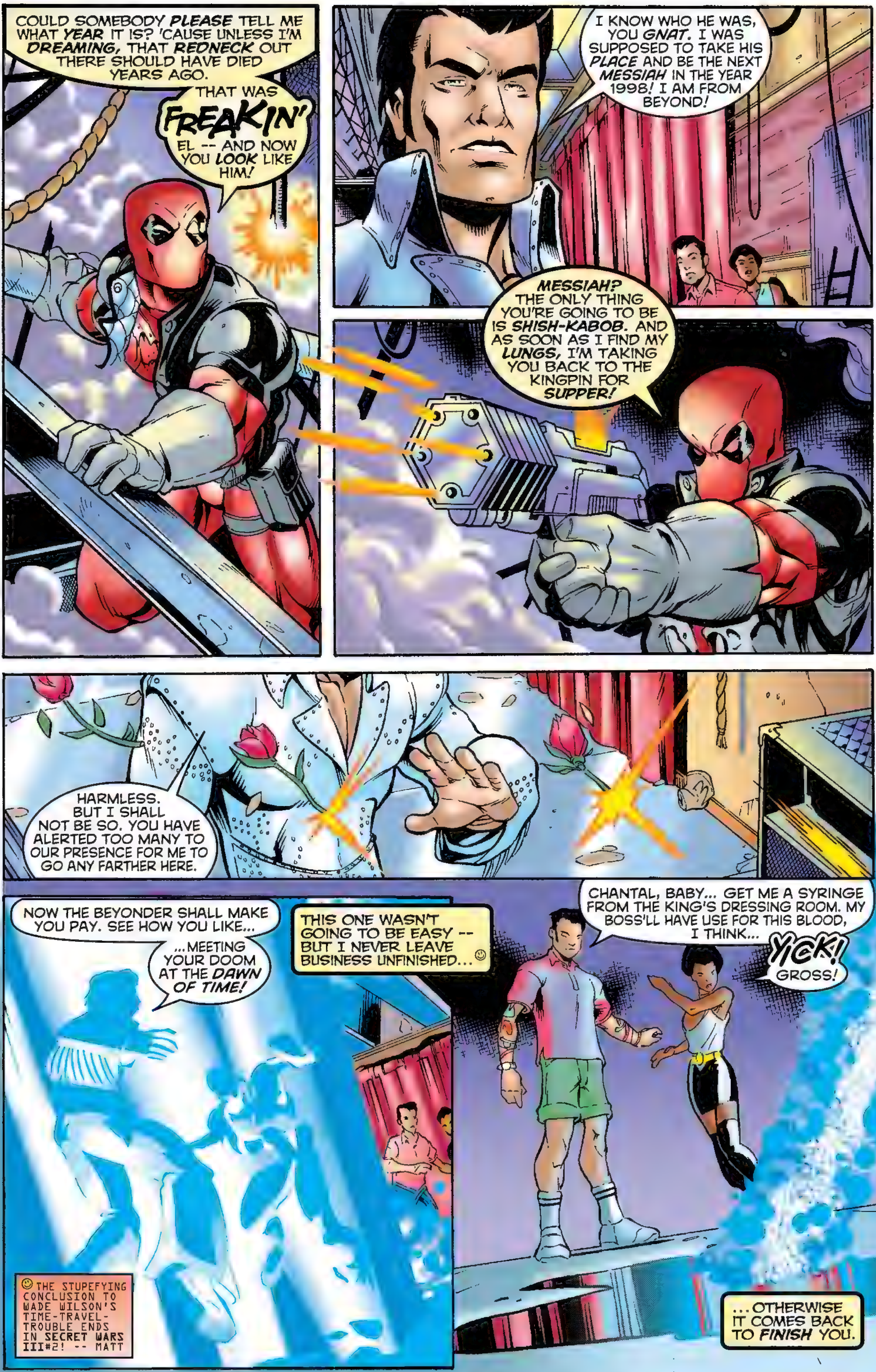
CARAMEL-COATED COMICRAFT
LETTERS

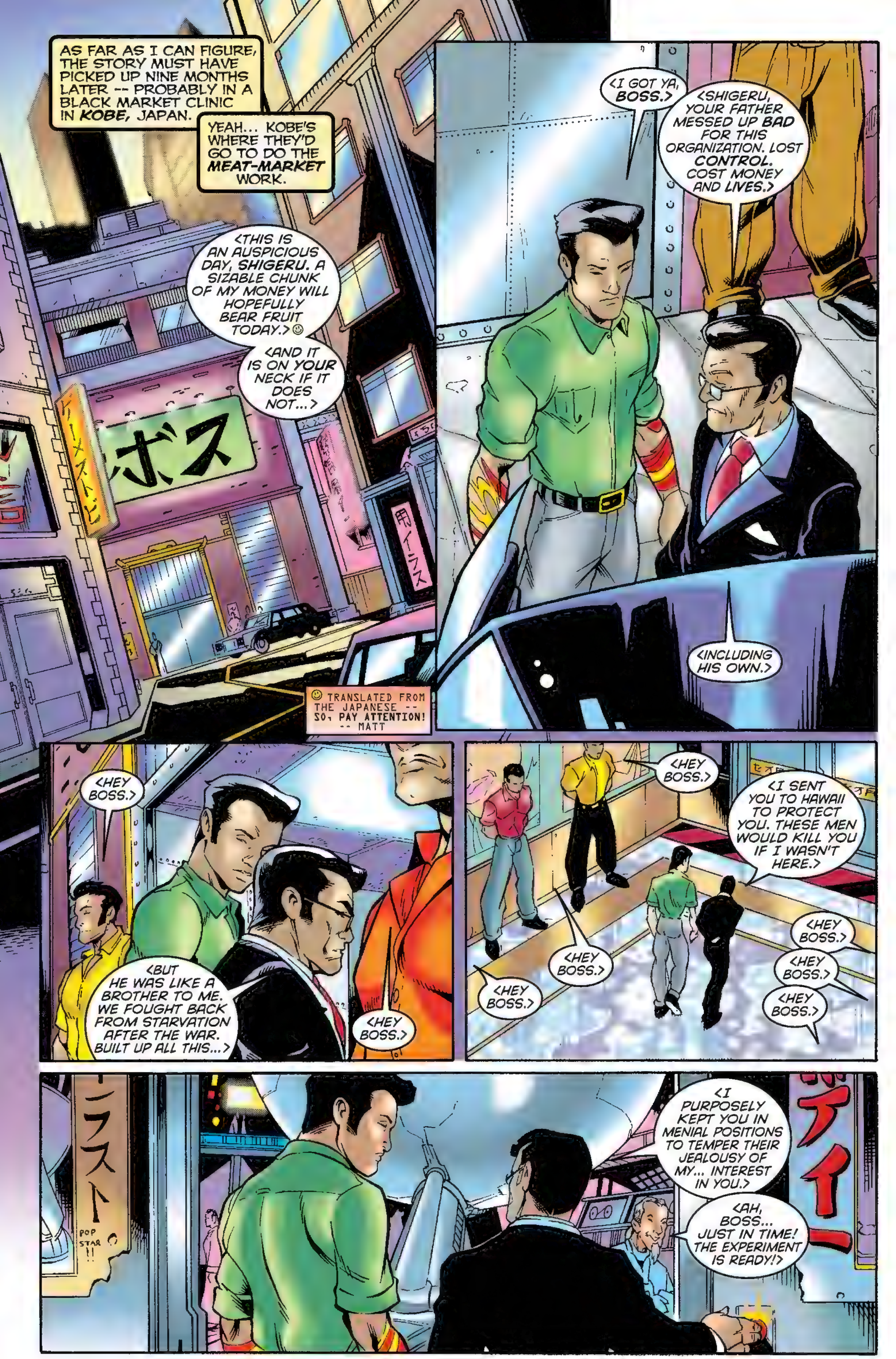
PAUL SCRUGGS TUTRONE
ASSISTANT EDITOR

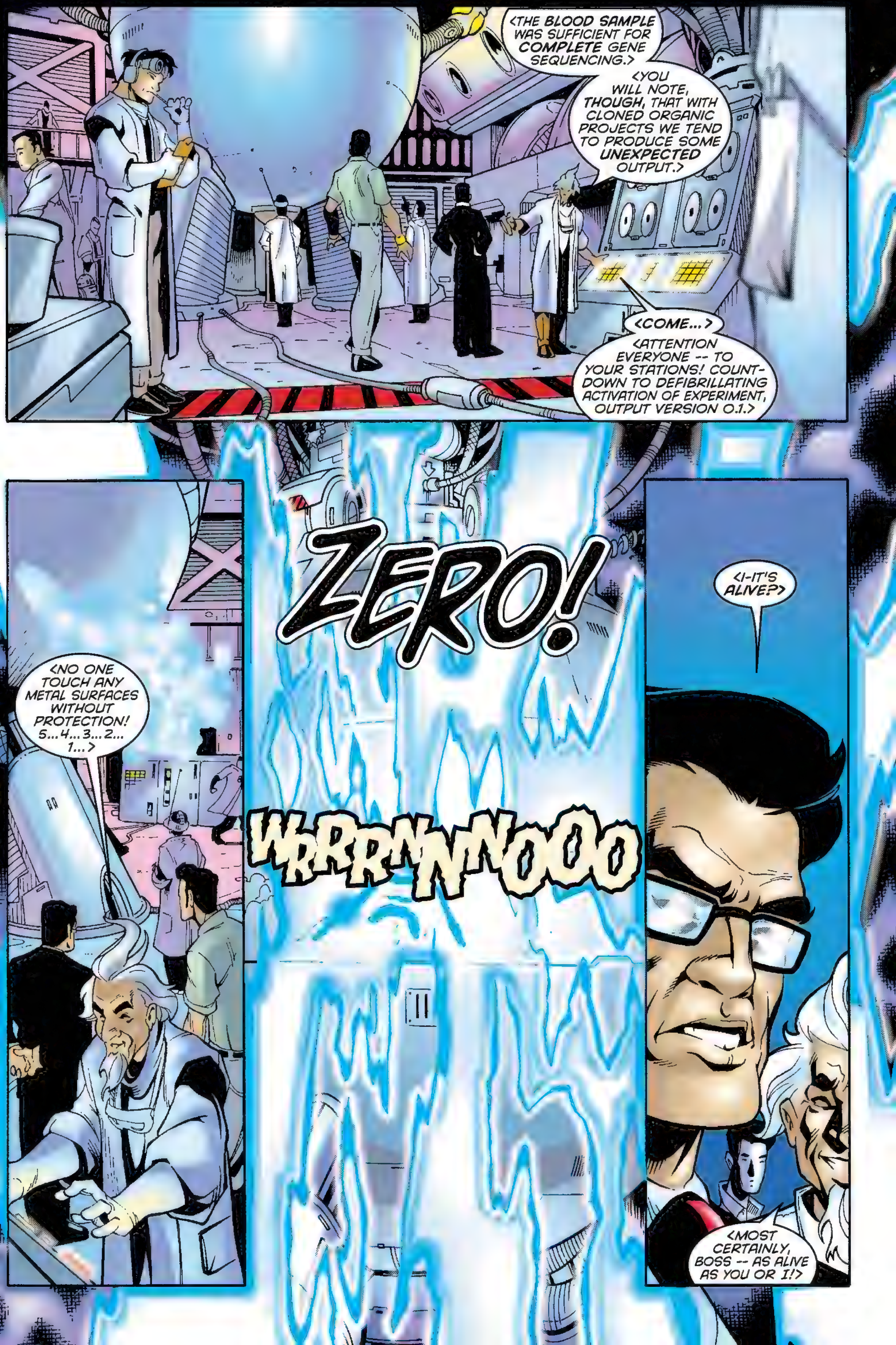
MATT FLATT IDELSON
EDITOR

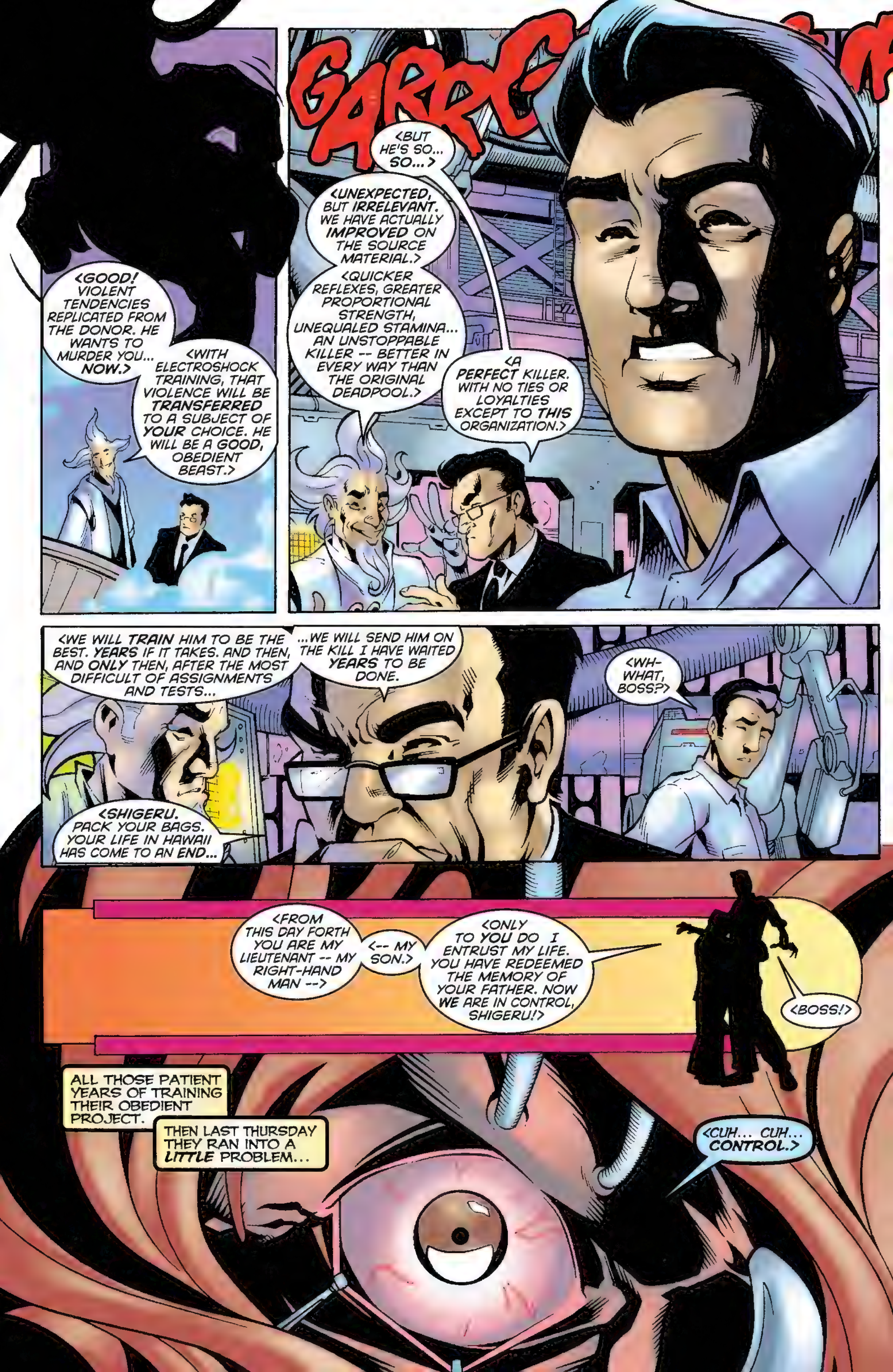
COLONEL BOB HARRAS
RUNNING THE SHOW

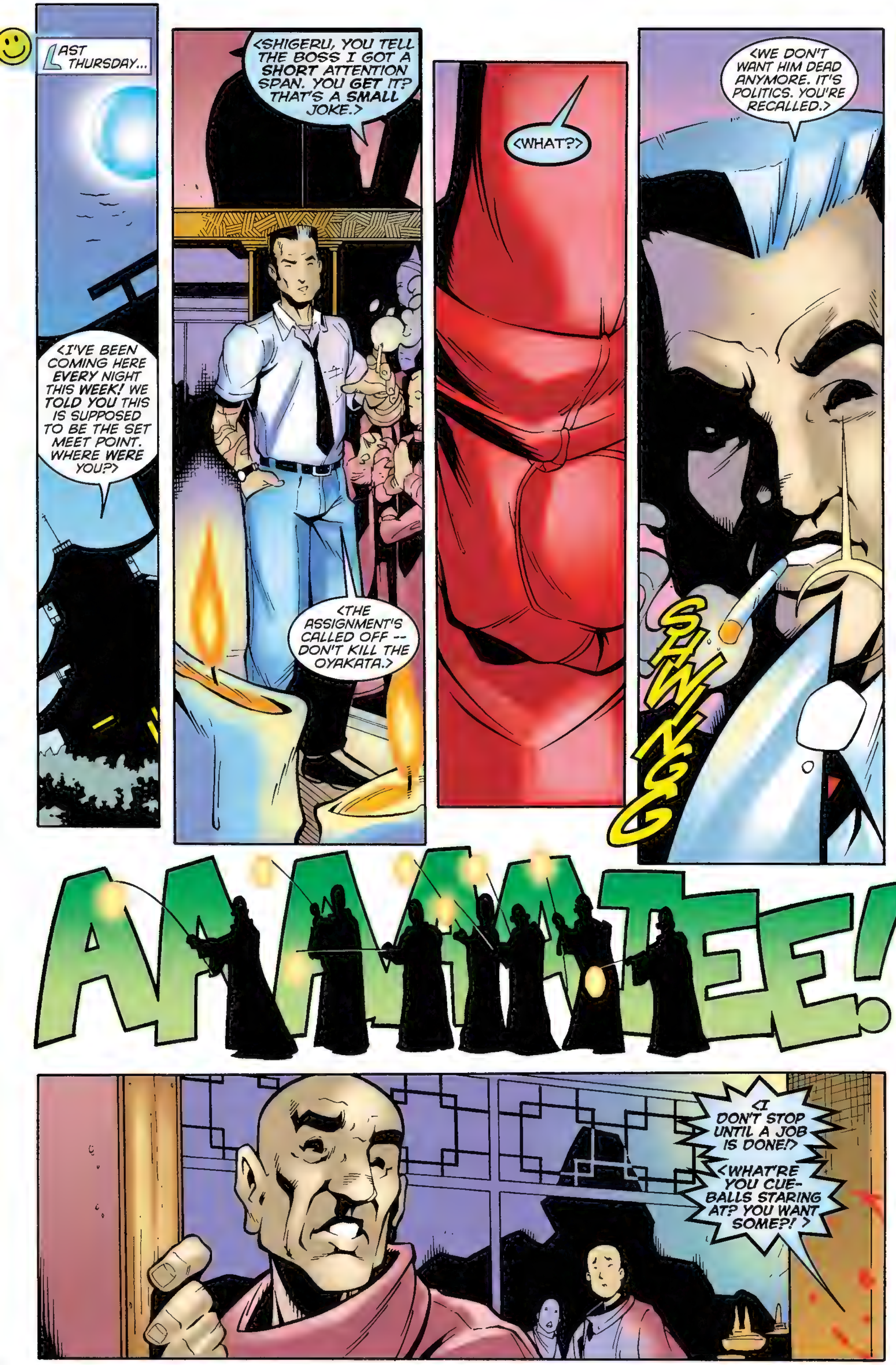


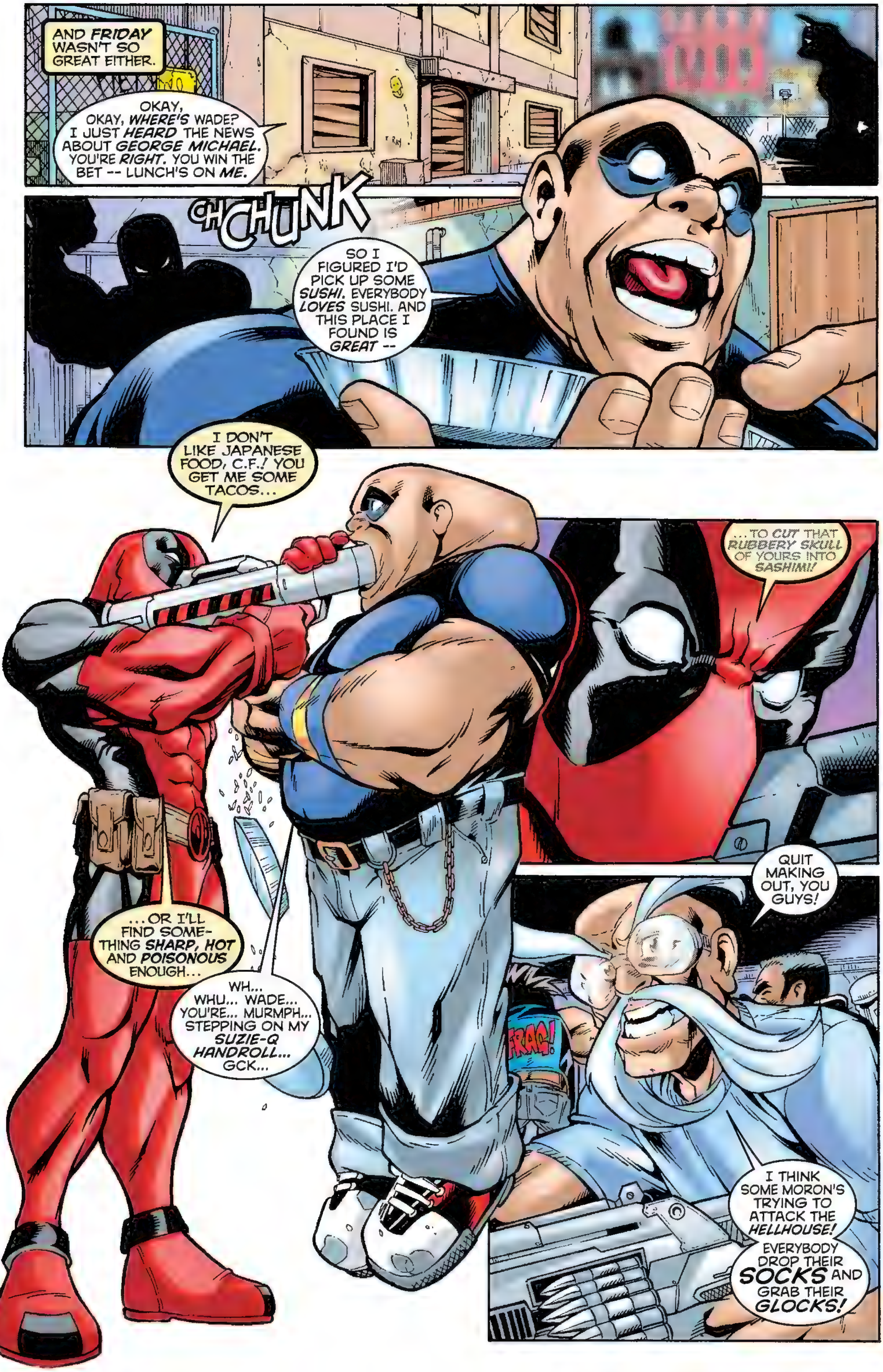

COULD SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YEAR IT IS? 'CAUSE UNLESS I'M DREAMING, THAT REDNECK OUT THERE SHOULD HAVE DIED YEARS AGO.
THAT WAS FREAKIN' EL -- AND NOW YOU LOOK LIKE HIM!
I KNOW WHO HE WAS, YOU GNAT. I WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE HIS PLACE AND BE THE NEXT MESSIAH IN THE YEAR 1998! I AM FROM BEYOND!
MESSIAH? THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO BE IS SHISH-KABOB. AND AS SOON AS I FIND MY LUNGS, I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE KINGPIN FOR SUPPER!
HARMLESS. BUT I SHALL NOT BE SO. YOU HAVE ALERTED TOO MANY TO OUR PRESENCE FOR ME TO GO ANY FARTHER HERE.
NOW THE BEYONDER SHALL MAKE YOU PAY. SEE HOW YOU LIKE...
...MEETING YOUR DOOM AT THE DAWN OF TIME!
THIS ONE WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY -- BUT I NEVER LEAVE BUSINESS UNFINISHED... ☺
CHANTAL, BABY... GET ME A SYRINGE FROM THE KING'S DRESSING ROOM. MY BOSS'LL HAVE USE FOR THIS BLOOD, I THINK...
YICK! GROSS!
☺ THE STUPEFYING CONCLUSION TO WADE WILSON'S TIME-TRAVEL-TROUBLE ENDS IN SECRET WARS III#2! -- MATT
...OTHERWISE IT COMES BACK TO FINISH YOU.

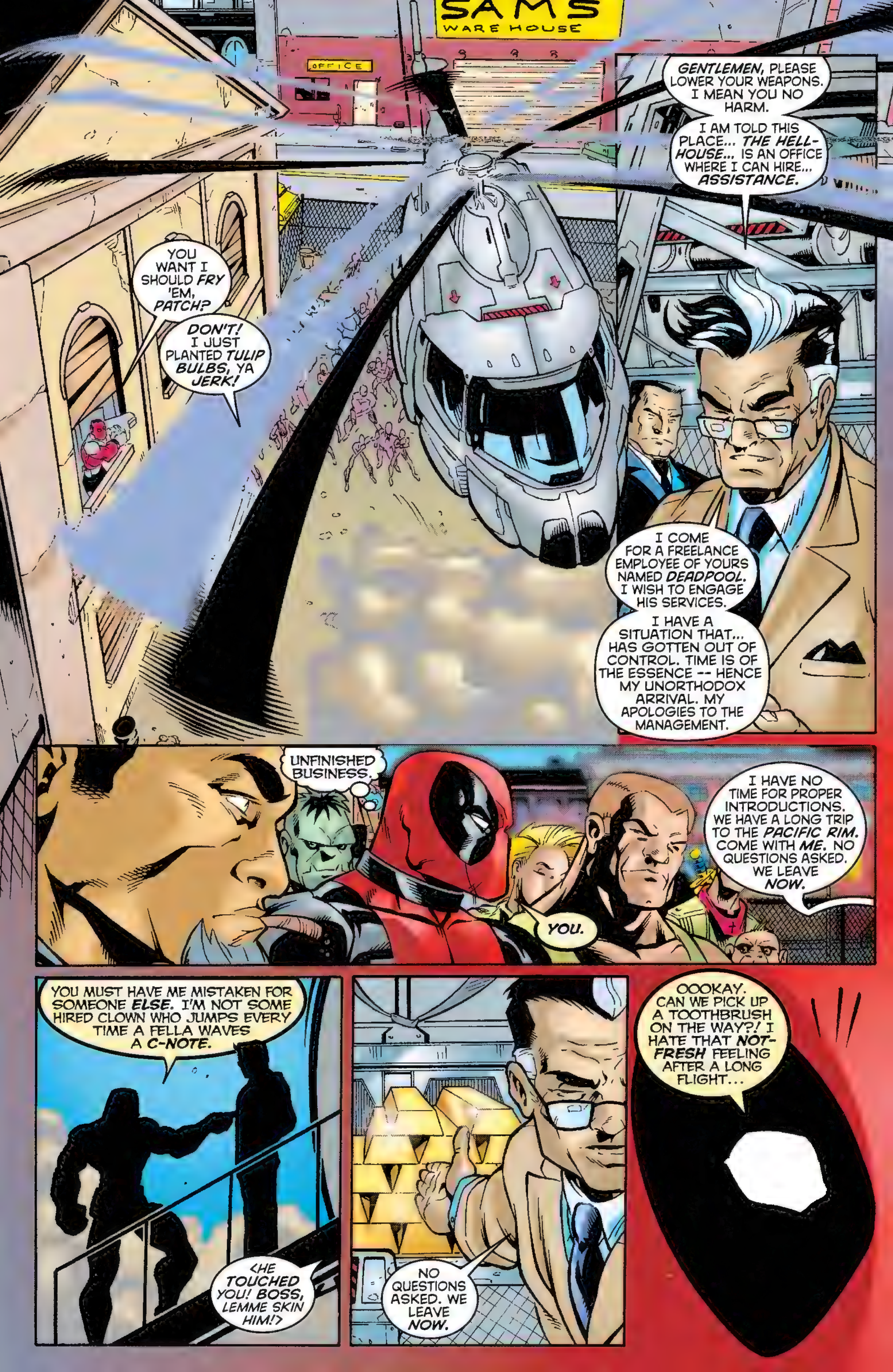

AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE, THE STORY MUST HAVE PICKED UP NINE MONTHS LATER -- PROBABLY IN A BLACK MARKET CLINIC IN **KOBE,** JAPAN.
YEAH... KOBE'S WHERE THEY'D GO TO DO THE ***MEAT-MARKET*** WORK.
<THIS IS AN AUSPICIOUS DAY, **SHIGERU.** A SIZABLE CHUNK OF MY MONEY WILL HOPEFULLY BEAR FRUIT TODAY.> ☺
<AND IT IS ON ***YOUR*** NECK IF IT DOES NOT...>
ボス
☺ TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE -- SO, PAY ATTENTION! -- MATT
<I GOT YA, **BOSS.**>
<SHIGERU, YOUR FATHER MESSED UP **BAD** FOR THIS ORGANIZATION. LOST **CONTROL.** COST MONEY AND **LIVES.**>
<INCLUDING HIS OWN.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<BUT HE WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO ME. WE FOUGHT BACK FROM STARVATION AFTER THE WAR. BUILT UP ALL THIS...>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<I SENT YOU TO HAWAII TO PROTECT YOU. THESE MEN WOULD KILL YOU IF I WASN'T HERE.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
ラスト
POP STAR !!
<I PURPOSELY KEPT YOU IN MENIAL POSITIONS TO TEMPER THEIR JEALOUSY OF MY... INTEREST IN YOU.>
<AH, BOSS... JUST IN TIME! THE EXPERIMENT IS READY!>

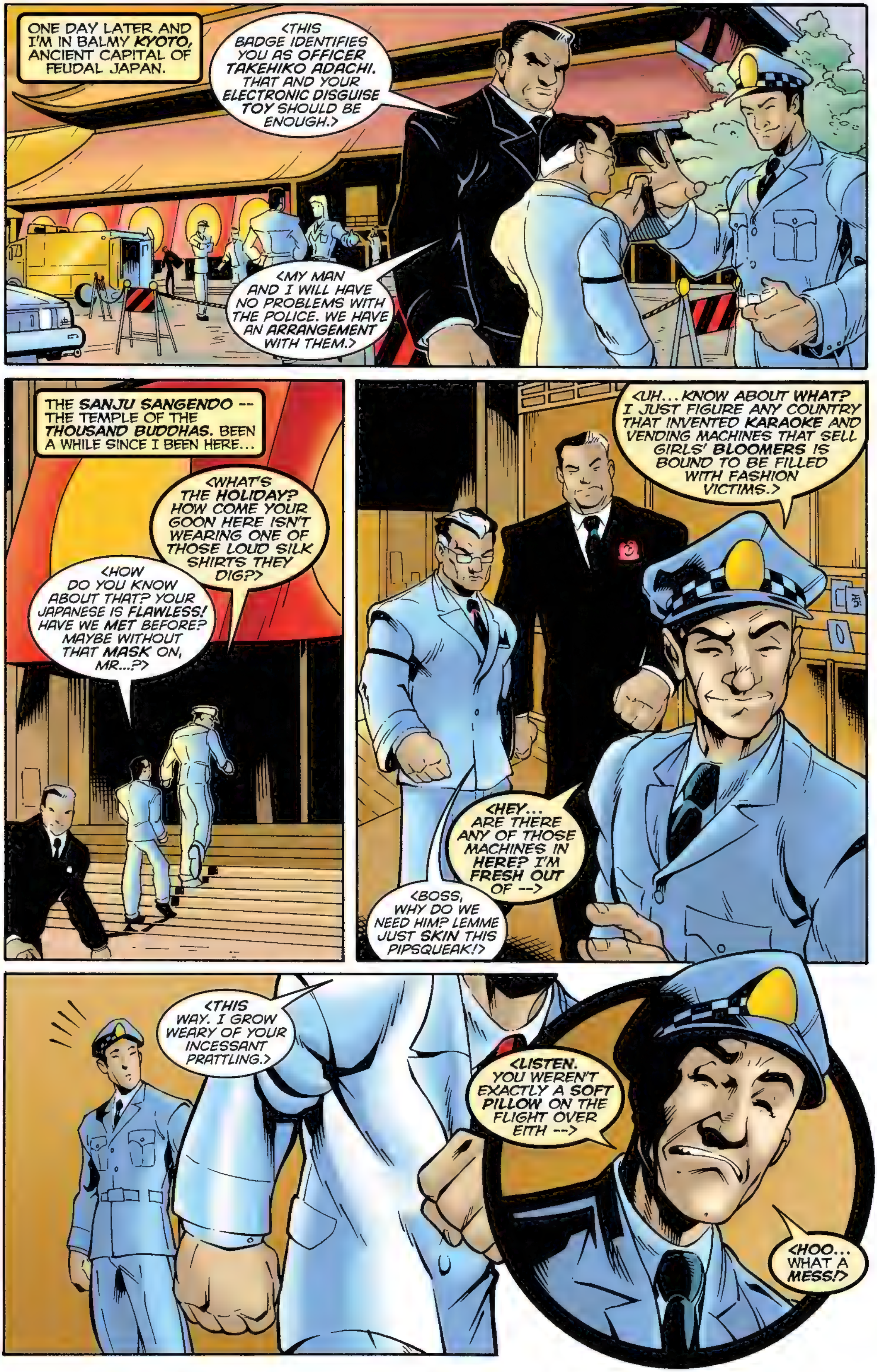

<THE BLOOD SAMPLE WAS SUFFICIENT FOR COMPLETE GENE SEQUENCING.>
<YOU WILL NOTE, THOUGH, THAT WITH CLONED ORGANIC PROJECTS WE TEND TO PRODUCE SOME UNEXPECTED OUTPUT.>
<COME...>
<ATTENTION EVERYONE -- TO YOUR STATIONS! COUNT-DOWN TO DEFIBRILLATING ACTIVATION OF EXPERIMENT, OUTPUT VERSION 0.1.>
<NO ONE TOUCH ANY METAL SURFACES WITHOUT PROTECTION! 5...4...3...2...1...>
ZERO!
WRRRNNNOOO
<I-IT'S ALIVE?>
<MOST CERTAINLY, BOSS -- AS ALIVE AS YOU OR I!>

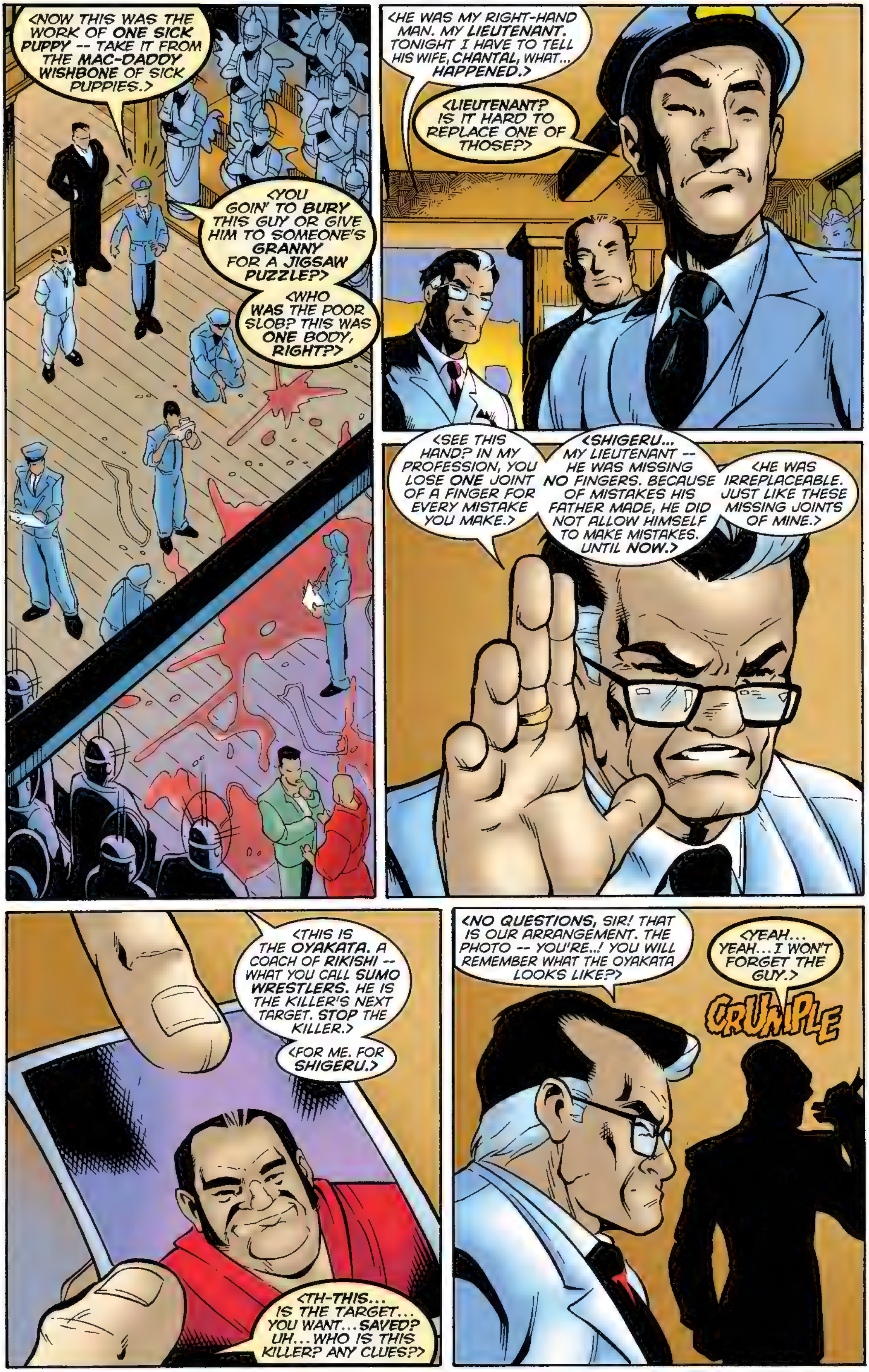

GARRG
<GOOD! VIOLENT TENDENCIES REPLICATED FROM THE DONOR. HE WANTS TO MURDER YOU... NOW.>
<WITH ELECTROSHOCK TRAINING, THAT VIOLENCE WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO A SUBJECT OF YOUR CHOICE. HE WILL BE A GOOD, OBEDIENT BEAST.>
<BUT HE'S SO... SO...>
<UNEXPECTED, BUT IRRELEVANT. WE HAVE ACTUALLY IMPROVED ON THE SOURCE MATERIAL.>
<QUICKER REFLEXES, GREATER PROPORTIONAL STRENGTH, UNEQUALED STAMINA... AN UNSTOPPABLE KILLER -- BETTER IN EVERY WAY THAN THE ORIGINAL DEADPOOL.>
<A PERFECT KILLER. WITH NO TIES OR LOYALTIES EXCEPT TO THIS ORGANIZATION.>
<WE WILL TRAIN HIM TO BE THE BEST. YEARS IF IT TAKES. AND THEN, AND ONLY THEN, AFTER THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ASSIGNMENTS AND TESTS...
...WE WILL SEND HIM ON THE KILL I HAVE WAITED YEARS TO BE DONE.
<WH-WHAT, BOSS?>
<SHIGERU. PACK YOUR BAGS. YOUR LIFE IN HAWAII HAS COME TO AN END...
<FROM THIS DAY FORTH YOU ARE MY LIEUTENANT -- MY RIGHT-HAND MAN -->
<-- MY SON.>
<ONLY TO YOU DO I ENTRUST MY LIFE. YOU HAVE REDEEMED THE MEMORY OF YOUR FATHER. NOW WE ARE IN CONTROL, SHIGERU!>
<BOSS!>
ALL THOSE PATIENT YEARS OF TRAINING THEIR OBEDIENT PROJECT.
THEN LAST THURSDAY THEY RAN INTO A LITTLE PROBLEM...
<CUH... CUH... CONTROL.>

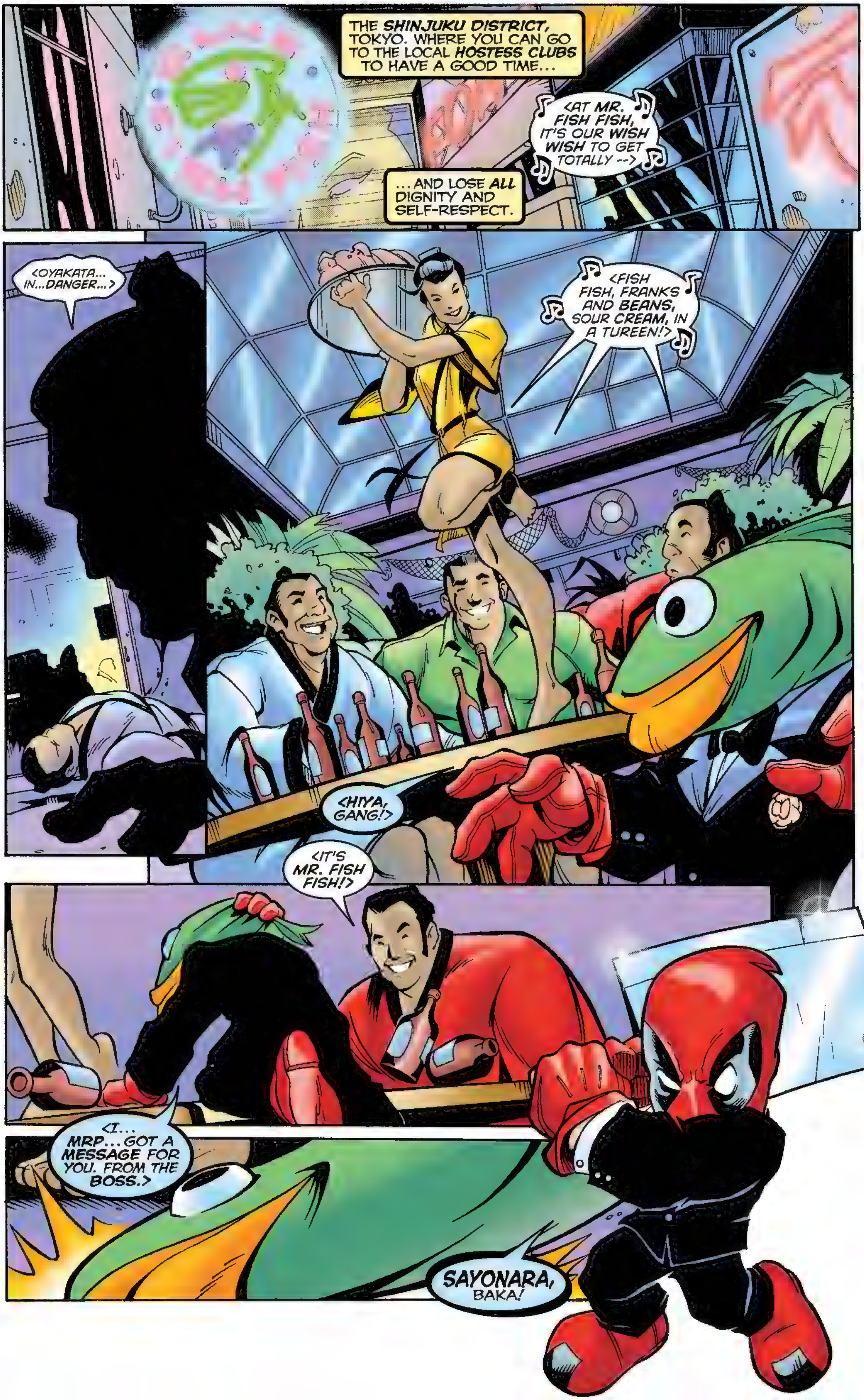

LAST THURSDAY...
<I'VE BEEN COMING HERE EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK! WE TOLD YOU THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE SET MEET POINT. WHERE WERE YOU?>
<SHIGERU, YOU TELL THE BOSS I GOT A SHORT ATTENTION SPAN. YOU GET IT? THAT'S A SMALL JOKE.>
<THE ASSIGNMENT'S CALLED OFF -- DON'T KILL THE OYAKATA.>
<WHAT?>
<WE DON'T WANT HIM DEAD ANYMORE. IT'S POLITICS. YOU'RE RECALLED.>
SHWING
AAAAIEE!
<I DON'T STOP UNTIL A JOB IS DONE!>
<WHAT'RE YOU CUE-BALLS STARING AT? YOU WANT SOME?! >

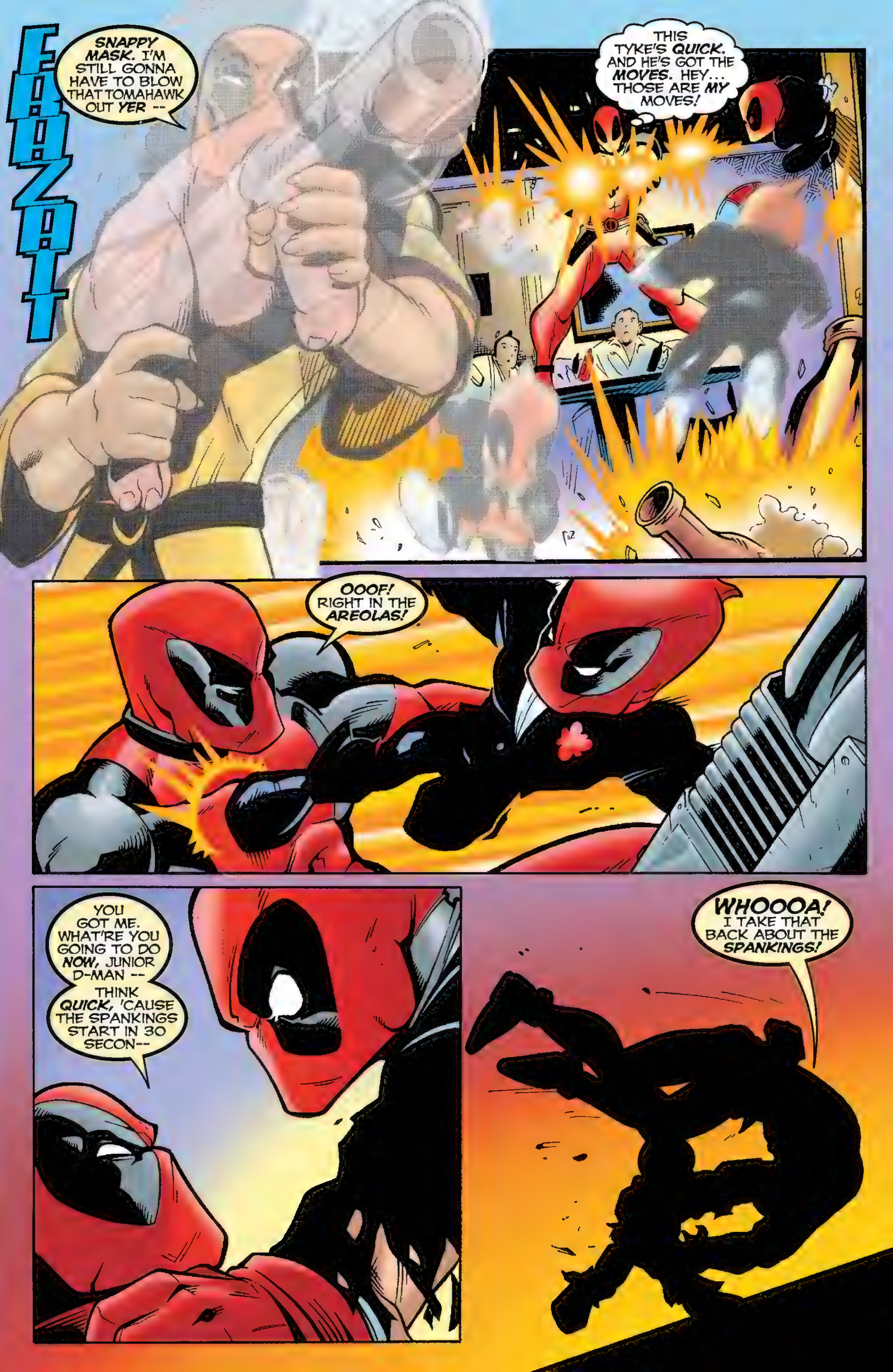

AND FRIDAY WASN'T SO GREAT EITHER.
OKAY, OKAY, WHERE'S WADE? I JUST HEARD THE NEWS ABOUT GEORGE MICHAEL. YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU WIN THE BET -- LUNCH'S ON ME.
CHCHUNK
SO I FIGURED I'D PICK UP SOME SUSHI. EVERYBODY LOVES SUSHI. AND THIS PLACE I FOUND IS GREAT --
I DON'T LIKE JAPANESE FOOD, C.F.! YOU GET ME SOME TACOS...
...TO CUT THAT RUBBERY SKULL OF YOURS INTO SASHIMI!
...OR I'LL FIND SOMETHING SHARP, HOT AND POISONOUS ENOUGH...
WH... WHU... WADE... YOU'RE... MURMPH... STEPPING ON MY SUZIE-Q HANDROLL... GCK...
QUIT MAKING OUT, YOU GUYS!
FRAG!
I THINK SOME MORON'S TRYING TO ATTACK THE HELLHOUSE!
EVERYBODY DROP THEIR SOCKS AND GRAB THEIR GLOCKS!

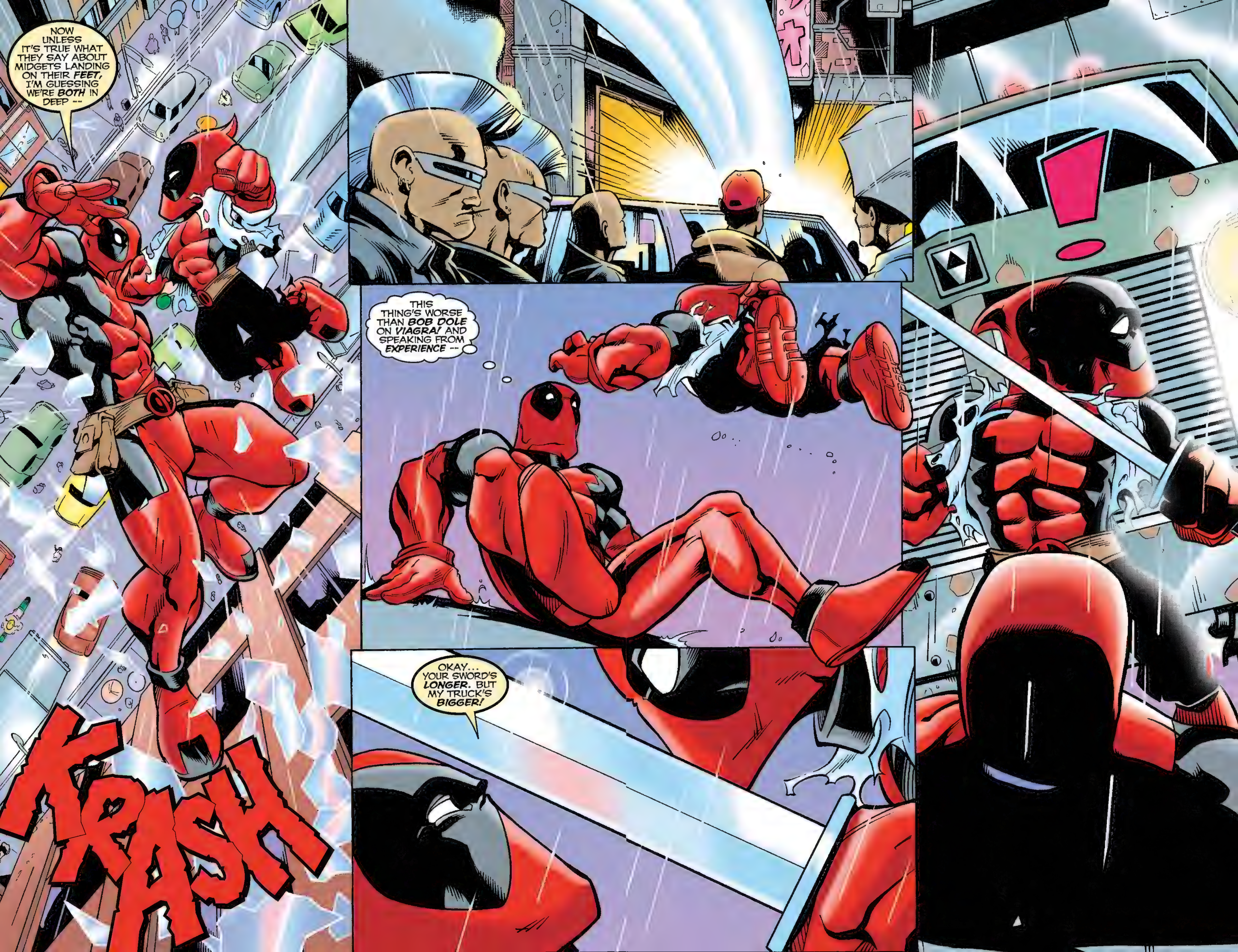

SAMS WARE HOUSE
OFFICE
GENTLEMEN, PLEASE LOWER YOUR WEAPONS. I MEAN YOU NO HARM.
I AM TOLD THIS PLACE... THE HELLHOUSE... IS AN OFFICE WHERE I CAN HIRE... ASSISTANCE.
YOU WANT I SHOULD FRY 'EM, PATCH?
DON'T! I JUST PLANTED TULIP BULBS, YA JERK!
I COME FOR A FREELANCE EMPLOYEE OF YOURS NAMED DEADPOOL. I WISH TO ENGAGE HIS SERVICES.
I HAVE A SITUATION THAT... HAS GOTTEN OUT OF CONTROL. TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE -- HENCE MY UNORTHODOX ARRIVAL. MY APOLOGIES TO THE MANAGEMENT.
UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
YOU.
I HAVE NO TIME FOR PROPER INTRODUCTIONS. WE HAVE A LONG TRIP TO THE PACIFIC RIM. COME WITH ME. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. WE LEAVE NOW.
YOU MUST HAVE ME MISTAKEN FOR SOMEONE ELSE. I'M NOT SOME HIRED CLOWN WHO JUMPS EVERY TIME A FELLA WAVES A C-NOTE.
<HE TOUCHED YOU! BOSS, LEMME SKIN HIM!>
NO QUESTIONS ASKED. WE LEAVE NOW.
OOOKAY. CAN WE PICK UP A TOOTHBRUSH ON THE WAY?! I HATE THAT NOT-FRESH FEELING AFTER A LONG FLIGHT...

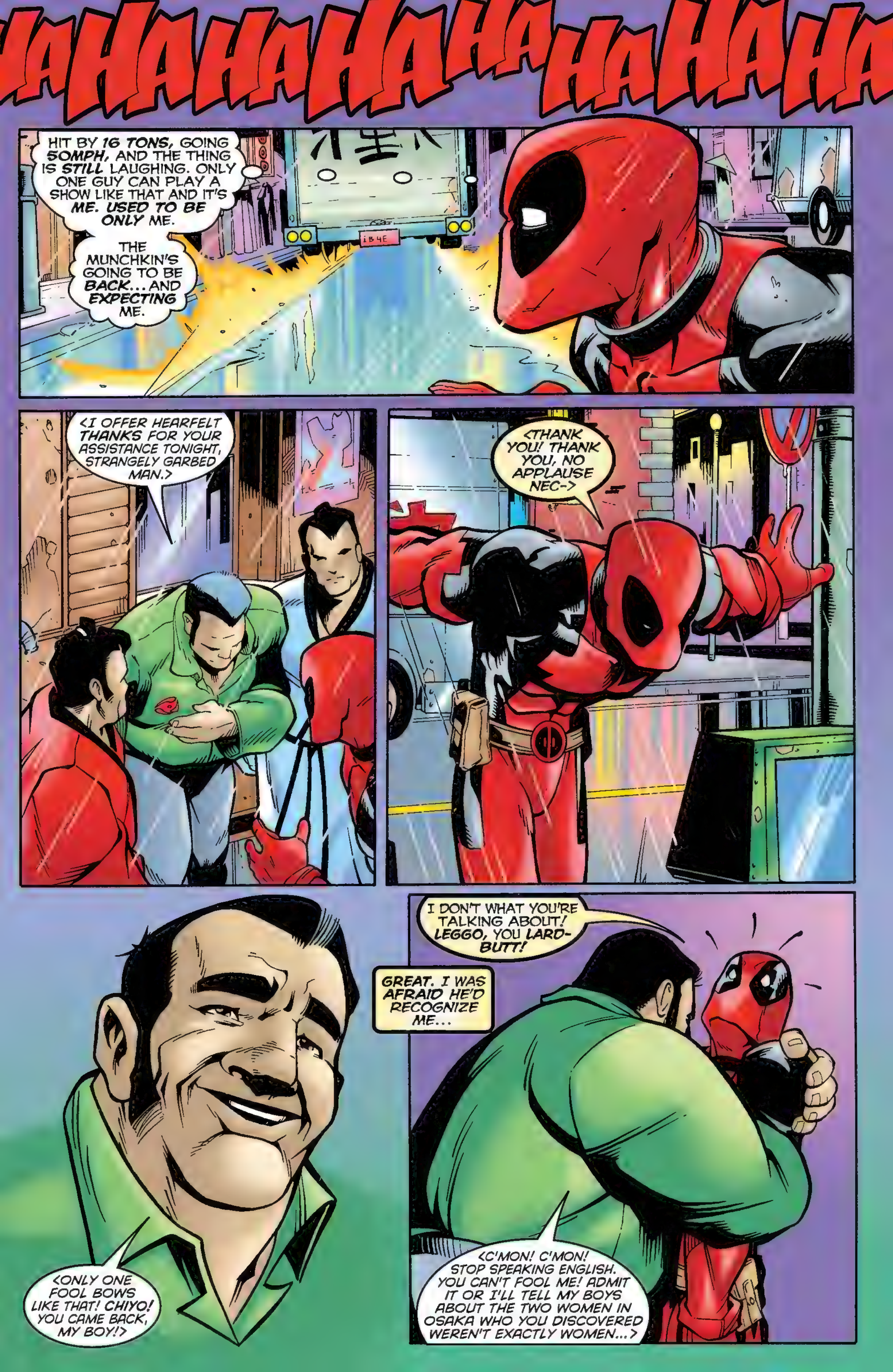

ONE DAY LATER AND I'M IN BALMY KYOTO, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF FEUDAL JAPAN.
<THIS BADGE IDENTIFIES YOU AS OFFICER TAKEHIKO ADACHI. THAT AND YOUR ELECTRONIC DISGUISE TOY SHOULD BE ENOUGH.>
<MY MAN AND I WILL HAVE NO PROBLEMS WITH THE POLICE. WE HAVE AN ARRANGEMENT WITH THEM.>
THE SANJU SANGENDO -- THE TEMPLE OF THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS. BEEN A WHILE SINCE I BEEN HERE...
<WHAT'S THE HOLIDAY? HOW COME YOUR GOON HERE ISN'T WEARING ONE OF THOSE LOUD SILK SHIRTS THEY DIG?>
<HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? YOUR JAPANESE IS FLAWLESS! HAVE WE MET BEFORE? MAYBE WITHOUT THAT MASK ON, MR...?>
<UH... KNOW ABOUT WHAT? I JUST FIGURE ANY COUNTRY THAT INVENTED KARAOKE AND VENDING MACHINES THAT SELL GIRLS' BLOOMERS IS BOUND TO BE FILLED WITH FASHION VICTIMS.>
<HEY... ARE THERE ANY OF THOSE MACHINES IN HERE? I'M FRESH OUT OF -->
<BOSS, WHY DO WE NEED HIM? LEMME JUST SKIN THIS PIPSQUEAK!>
<THIS WAY. I GROW WEARY OF YOUR INCESSANT PRATTLING.>
<LISTEN. YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY A SOFT PILLOW ON THE FLIGHT OVER EITH -->
<HOO... WHAT A MESS!>

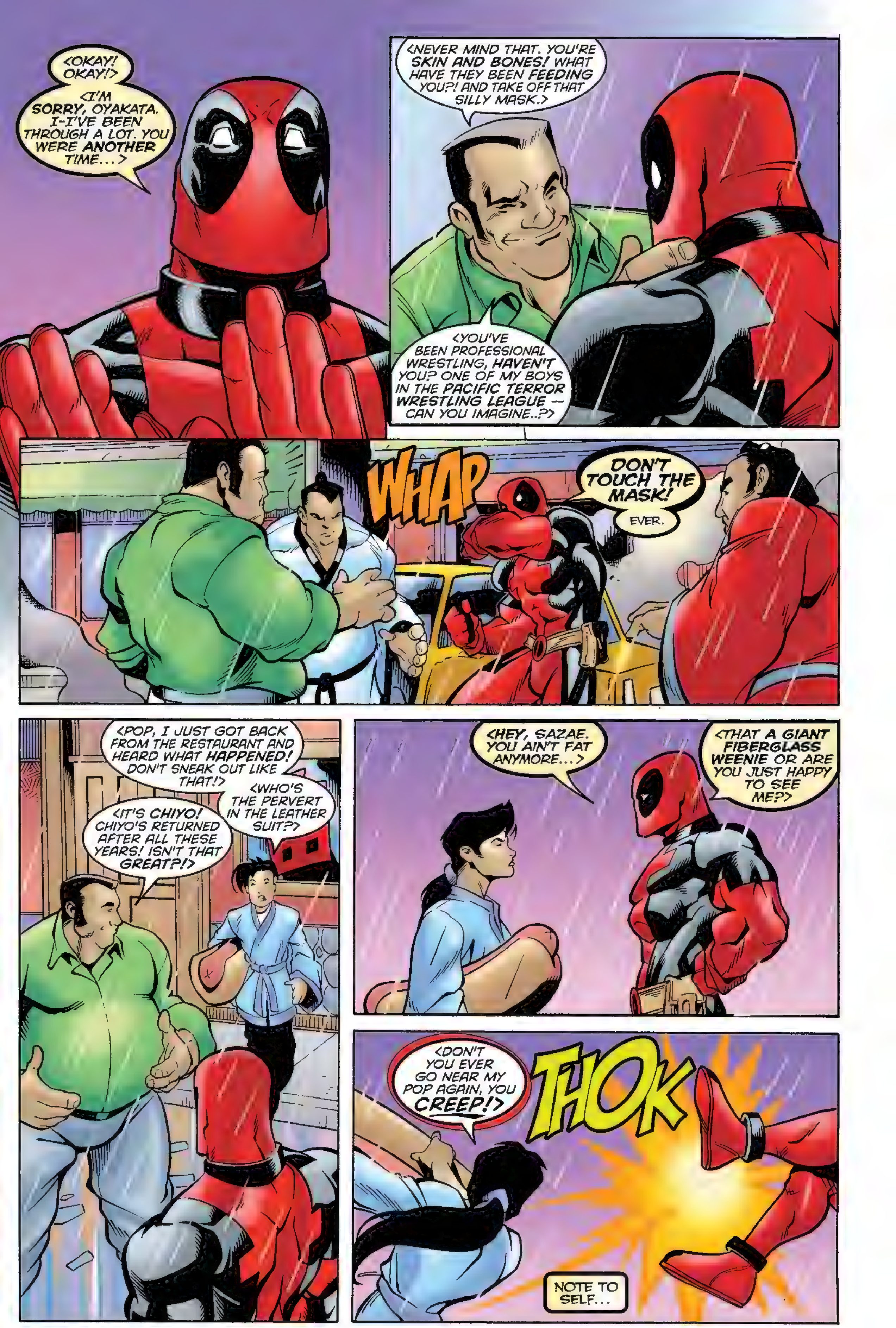

<NOW THIS WAS THE WORK OF ONE SICK PUPPY -- TAKE IT FROM THE MAC-DADDY WISHBONE OF SICK PUPPIES.>
<YOU GOIN' TO BURY THIS GUY OR GIVE HIM TO SOMEONE'S GRANNY FOR A JIGSAW PUZZLE?>
<WHO WAS THE POOR SLOB? THIS WAS ONE BODY, RIGHT?>
<HE WAS MY RIGHT-HAND MAN. MY LIEUTENANT. TONIGHT I HAVE TO TELL HIS WIFE, CHANTAL, WHAT... HAPPENED.>
<LIEUTENANT? IS IT HARD TO REPLACE ONE OF THOSE?>
<SEE THIS HAND? IN MY PROFESSION, YOU LOSE ONE JOINT OF A FINGER FOR EVERY MISTAKE YOU MAKE.>
<SHIGERU... MY LIEUTENANT -- HE WAS MISSING NO FINGERS. BECAUSE OF MISTAKES HIS FATHER MADE, HE DID NOT ALLOW HIMSELF TO MAKE MISTAKES. UNTIL NOW.>
<HE WAS IRREPLACEABLE. JUST LIKE THESE MISSING JOINTS OF MINE.>
<THIS IS THE OYAKATA. A COACH OF RIKISHI -- WHAT YOU CALL SUMO WRESTLERS. HE IS THE KILLER'S NEXT TARGET. STOP THE KILLER.>
<FOR ME. FOR SHIGERU.>
<TH-THIS... IS THE TARGET... YOU WANT... SAVED? UH... WHO IS THIS KILLER? ANY CLUES?>
<NO QUESTIONS, SIR! THAT IS OUR ARRANGEMENT. THE PHOTO -- YOU'RE..! YOU WILL REMEMBER WHAT THE OYAKATA LOOKS LIKE?>
<YEAH... YEAH... I WON'T FORGET THE GUY.>
CRUMPLE

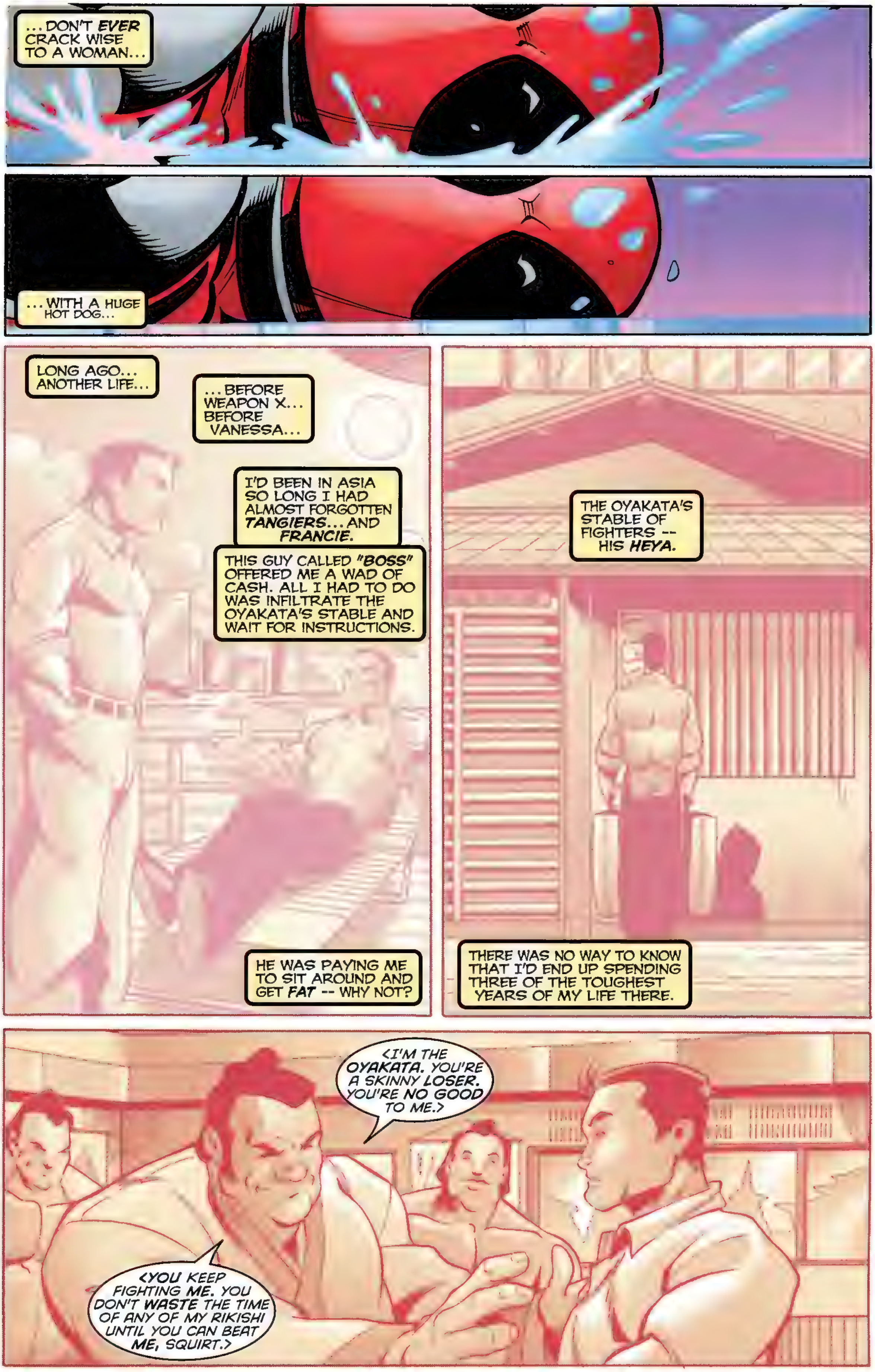

THE SHINJUKU DISTRICT, TOKYO. WHERE YOU CAN GO TO THE LOCAL HOSTESS CLUBS TO HAVE A GOOD TIME...
<AT MR. FISH FISH, IT'S OUR WISH WISH TO GET TOTALLY -->
...AND LOSE ALL DIGNITY AND SELF-RESPECT.
<OYAKATA... IN...DANGER...>
<FISH FISH, FRANKS AND BEANS, SOUR CREAM, IN A TUREEN!>
<HIYA, GANG!>
<IT'S MR. FISH FISH!>
<I... MRP...GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU. FROM THE BOSS.>
SAYONARA, BAKA!

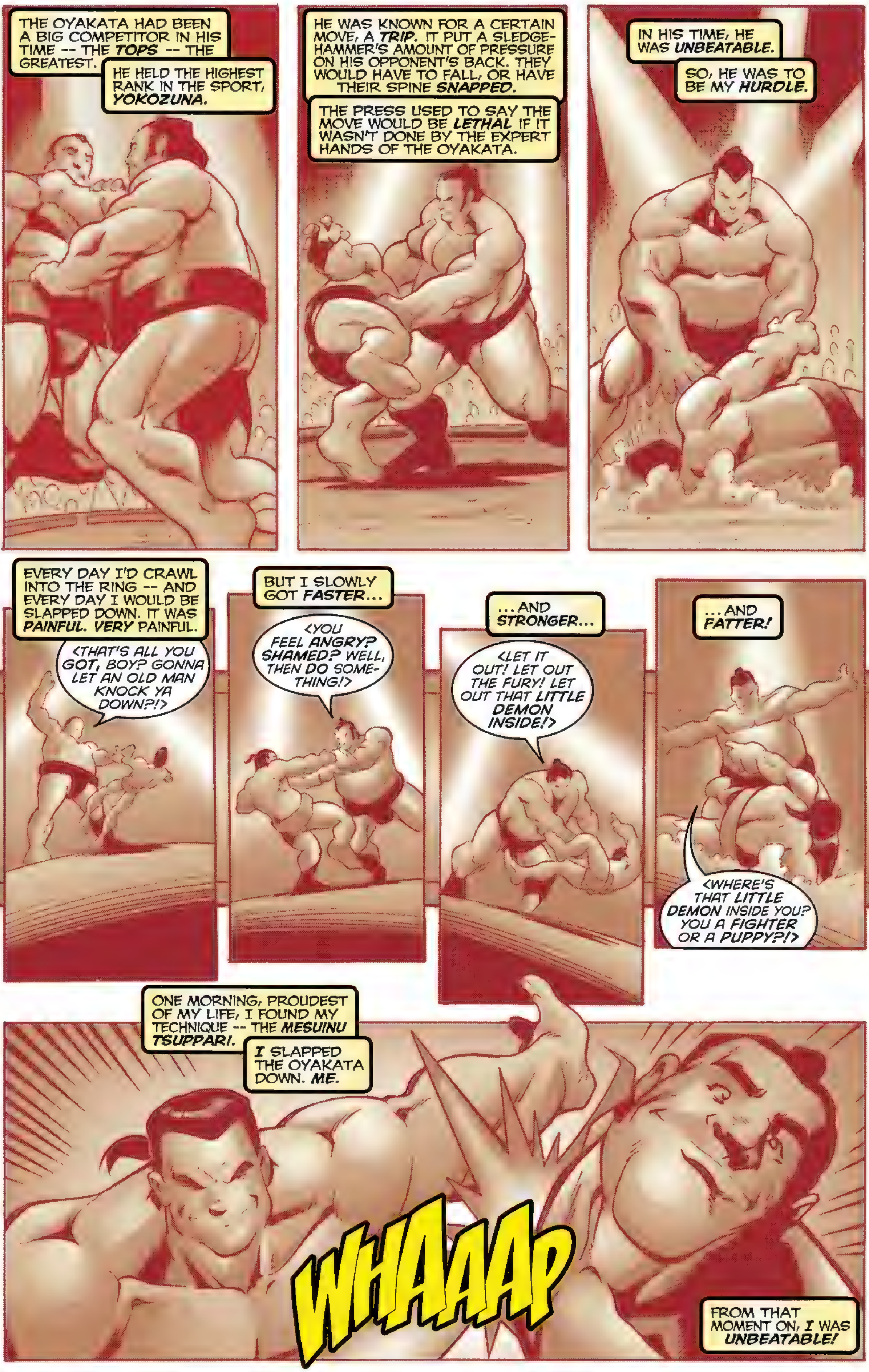

FRAZOTT
SNAPPY MASK. I'M STILL GONNA HAVE TO BLOW THAT TOMAHAWK OUT YER --
THIS TYKE'S QUICK. AND HE'S GOT THE MOVES. HEY... THOSE ARE MY MOVES!
OOOF! RIGHT IN THE AREOLAS!
YOU GOT ME. WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, JUNIOR D-MAN -- THINK QUICK, 'CAUSE THE SPANKINGS START IN 30 SECON--
WHOOOA! I TAKE THAT BACK ABOUT THE SPANKINGS!

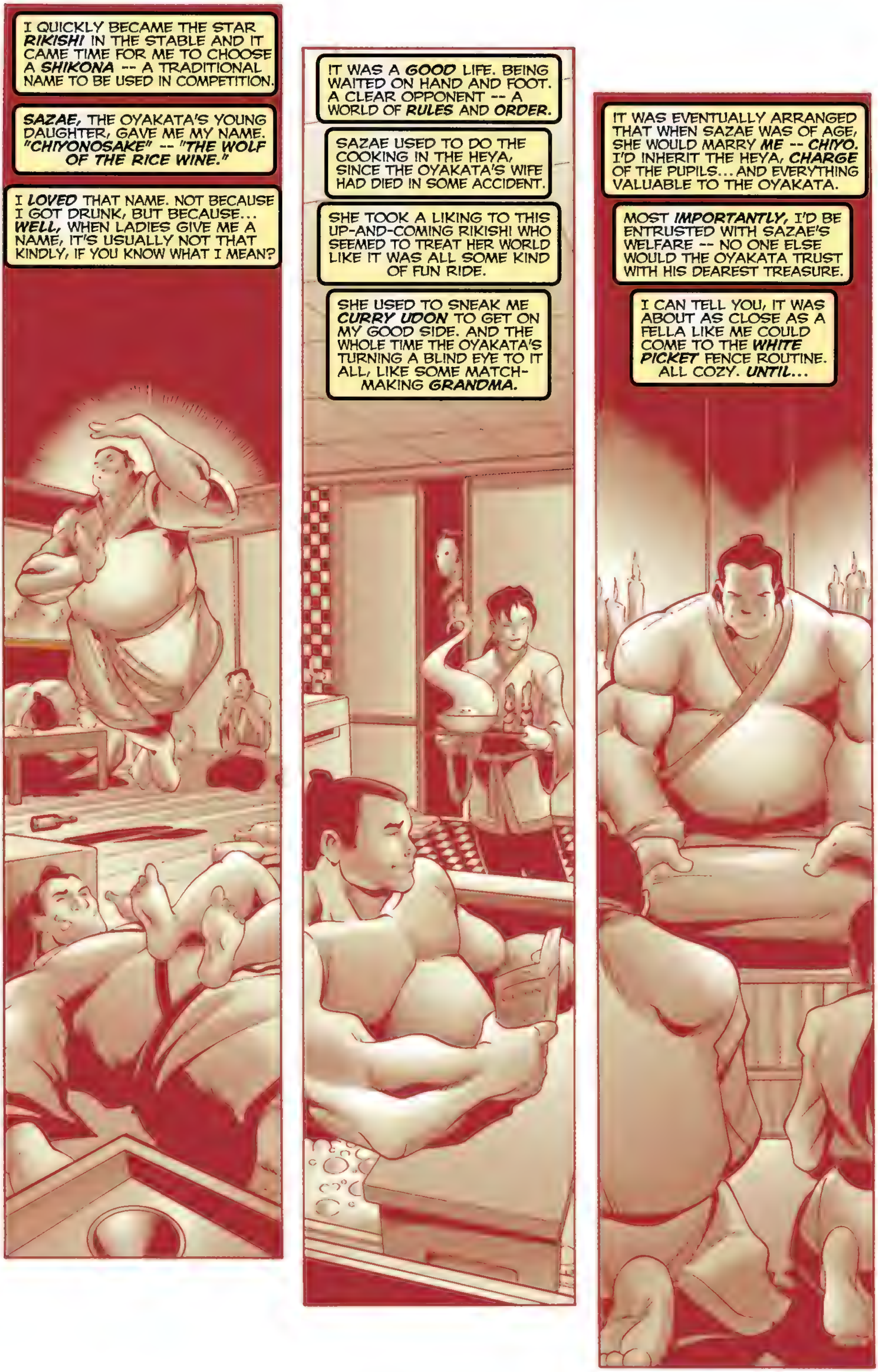

NOW UNLESS IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MIDGETS LANDING ON THEIR FEET, I'M GUESSING WE'RE BOTH IN DEEP --
KRASH
THIS THING'S WORSE THAN BOB DOLE ON VIAGRA! AND SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE --
OKAY... YOUR SWORD'S LONGER. BUT MY TRUCK'S BIGGER!

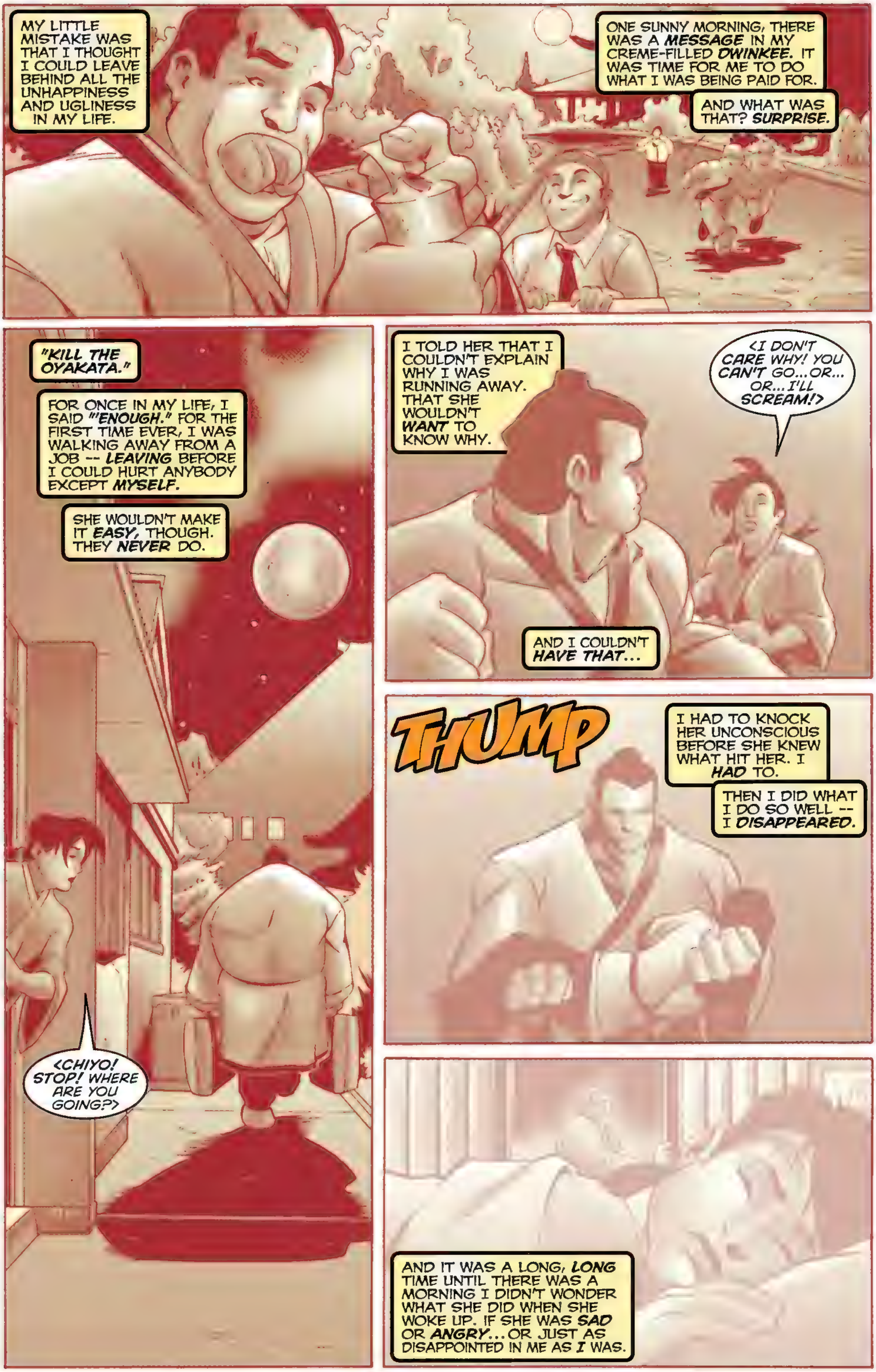

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HIT BY 16 TONS, GOING 50MPH, AND THE THING IS STILL LAUGHING. ONLY ONE GUY CAN PLAY A SHOW LIKE THAT AND IT'S ME. USED TO BE ONLY ME.
THE MUNCHKIN'S GOING TO BE BACK... AND EXPECTING ME.
IB4E
<I OFFER HEARFELT THANKS FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE TONIGHT, STRANGELY GARBED MAN.>
<THANK YOU! THANK YOU, NO APPLAUSE NEC->
<ONLY ONE FOOL BOWS LIKE THAT! CHIYO! YOU CAME BACK, MY BOY!>
I DON'T WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! LEGGO, YOU LARD-BUTT!
GREAT. I WAS AFRAID HE'D RECOGNIZE ME...
<C'MON! C'MON! STOP SPEAKING ENGLISH. YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! ADMIT IT OR I'LL TELL MY BOYS ABOUT THE TWO WOMEN IN OSAKA WHO YOU DISCOVERED WEREN'T EXACTLY WOMEN...>

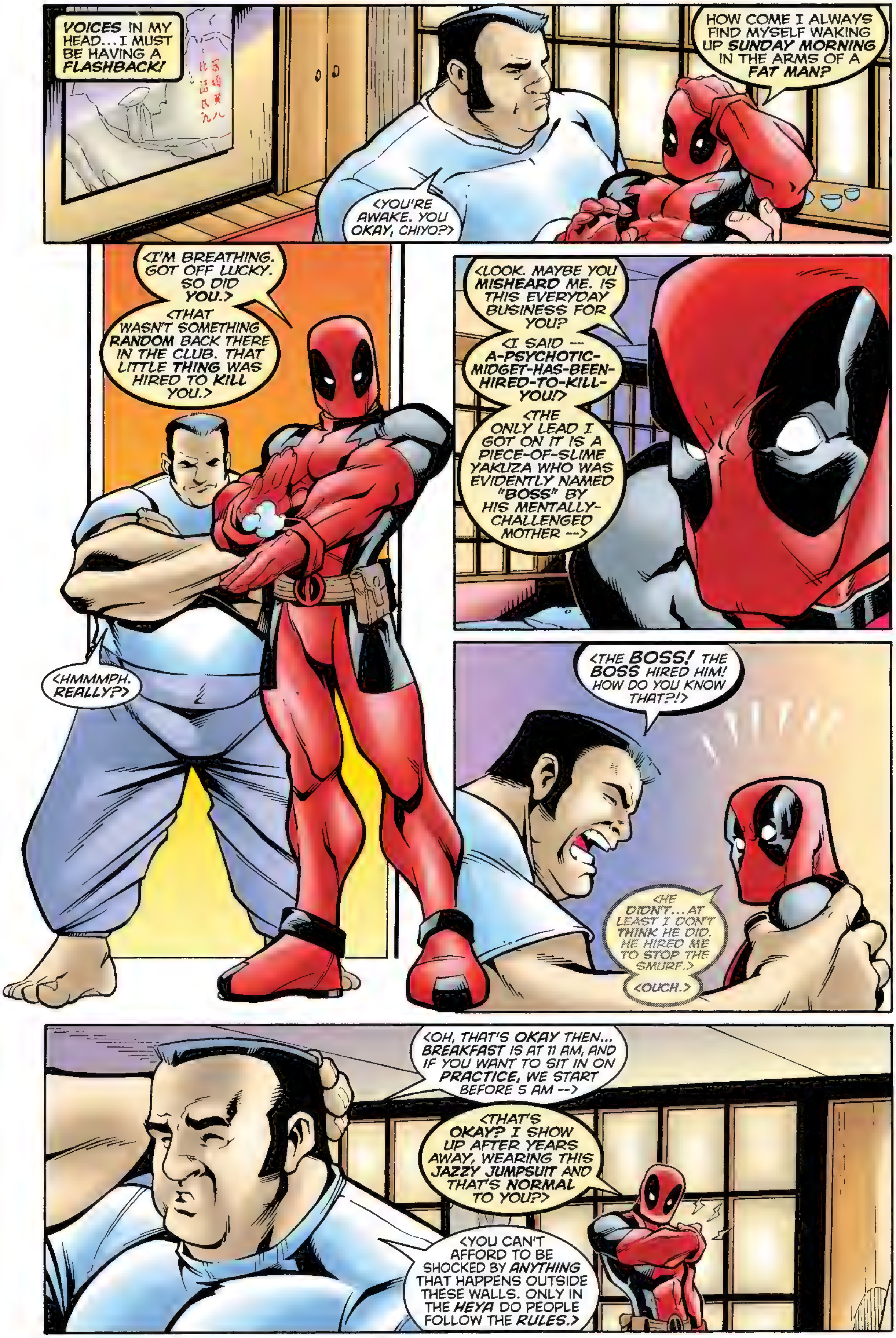

<OKAY! OKAY!>
<I'M SORRY, OYAKATA. I-I'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT. YOU WERE ANOTHER TIME...>
<NEVER MIND THAT. YOU'RE SKIN AND BONES! WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN FEEDING YOU?! AND TAKE OFF THAT SILLY MASK.>
<YOU'VE BEEN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING, HAVEN'T YOU? ONE OF MY BOYS IN THE PACIFIC TERROR WRESTLING LEAGUE -- CAN YOU IMAGINE..?>
WHAP
DON'T TOUCH THE MASK!
EVER.
<POP, I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE RESTAURANT AND HEARD WHAT HAPPENED! DON'T SNEAK OUT LIKE THAT!>
<WHO'S THE PERVERT IN THE LEATHER SUIT?>
<IT'S CHIYO! CHIYO'S RETURNED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! ISN'T THAT GREAT?!>
<HEY, SAZAE. YOU AIN'T FAT ANYMORE...>
<THAT A GIANT FIBERGLASS WEENIE OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?>
<DON'T YOU EVER GO NEAR MY POP AGAIN, YOU CREEP!>
THOK
NOTE TO SELF...

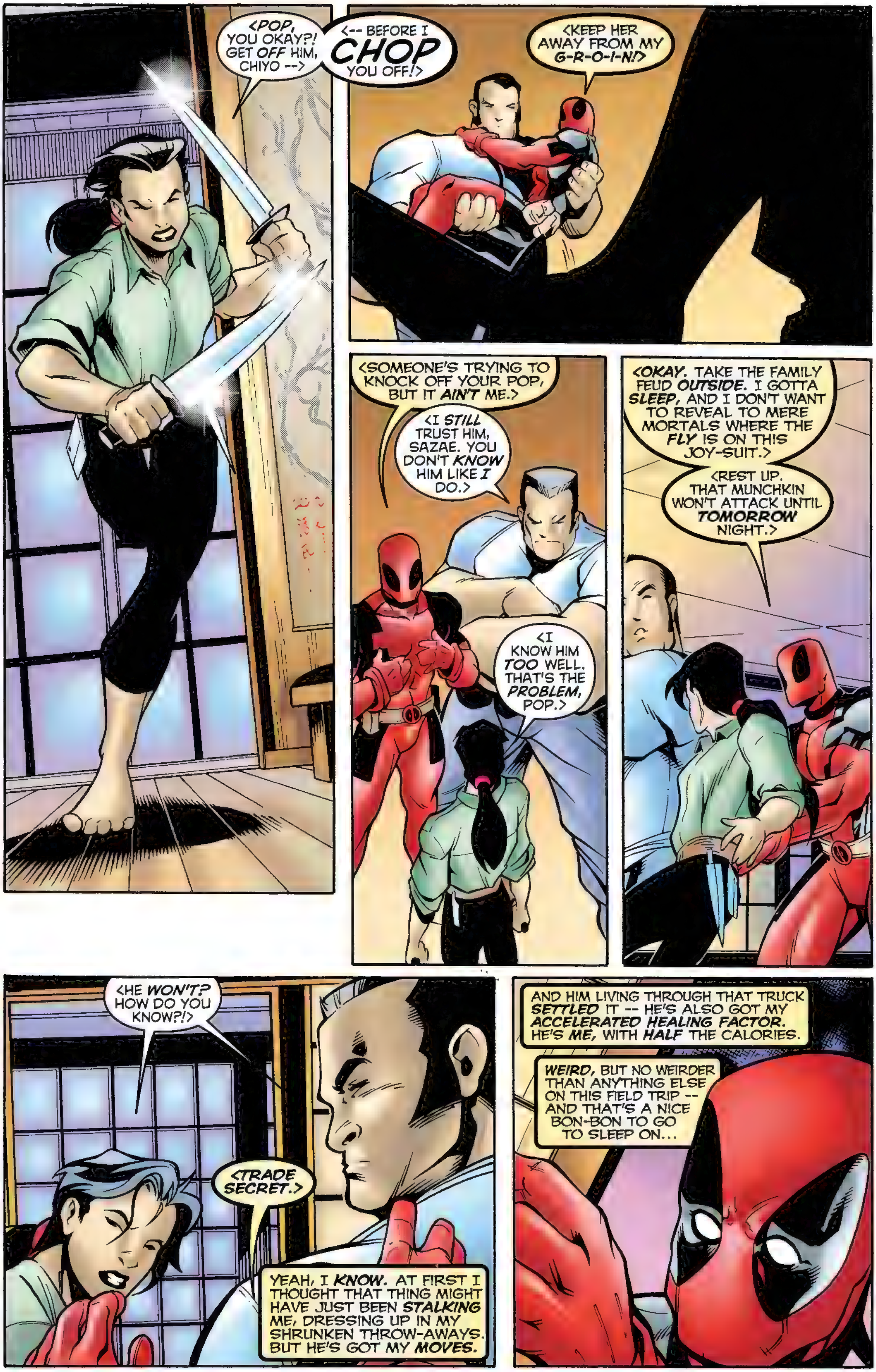

...DON'T EVER CRACK WISE TO A WOMAN...
...WITH A HUGE HOT DOG...
LONG AGO... ANOTHER LIFE...
...BEFORE WEAPON X... BEFORE VANESSA...
I'D BEEN IN ASIA SO LONG I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN TANGIERS... AND FRANCIE.
THIS GUY CALLED "BOSS" OFFERED ME A WAD OF CASH. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS INFILTRATE THE OYAKATA'S STABLE AND WAIT FOR INSTRUCTIONS.
HE WAS PAYING ME TO SIT AROUND AND GET FAT -- WHY NOT?
THE OYAKATA'S STABLE OF FIGHTERS -- HIS HEYA.
THERE WAS NO WAY TO KNOW THAT I'D END UP SPENDING THREE OF THE TOUGHEST YEARS OF MY LIFE THERE.
<I'M THE OYAKATA. YOU'RE A SKINNY LOSER. YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME.>
<YOU KEEP FIGHTING ME. YOU DON'T WASTE THE TIME OF ANY OF MY RIKISHI UNTIL YOU CAN BEAT ME, SQUIRT.>

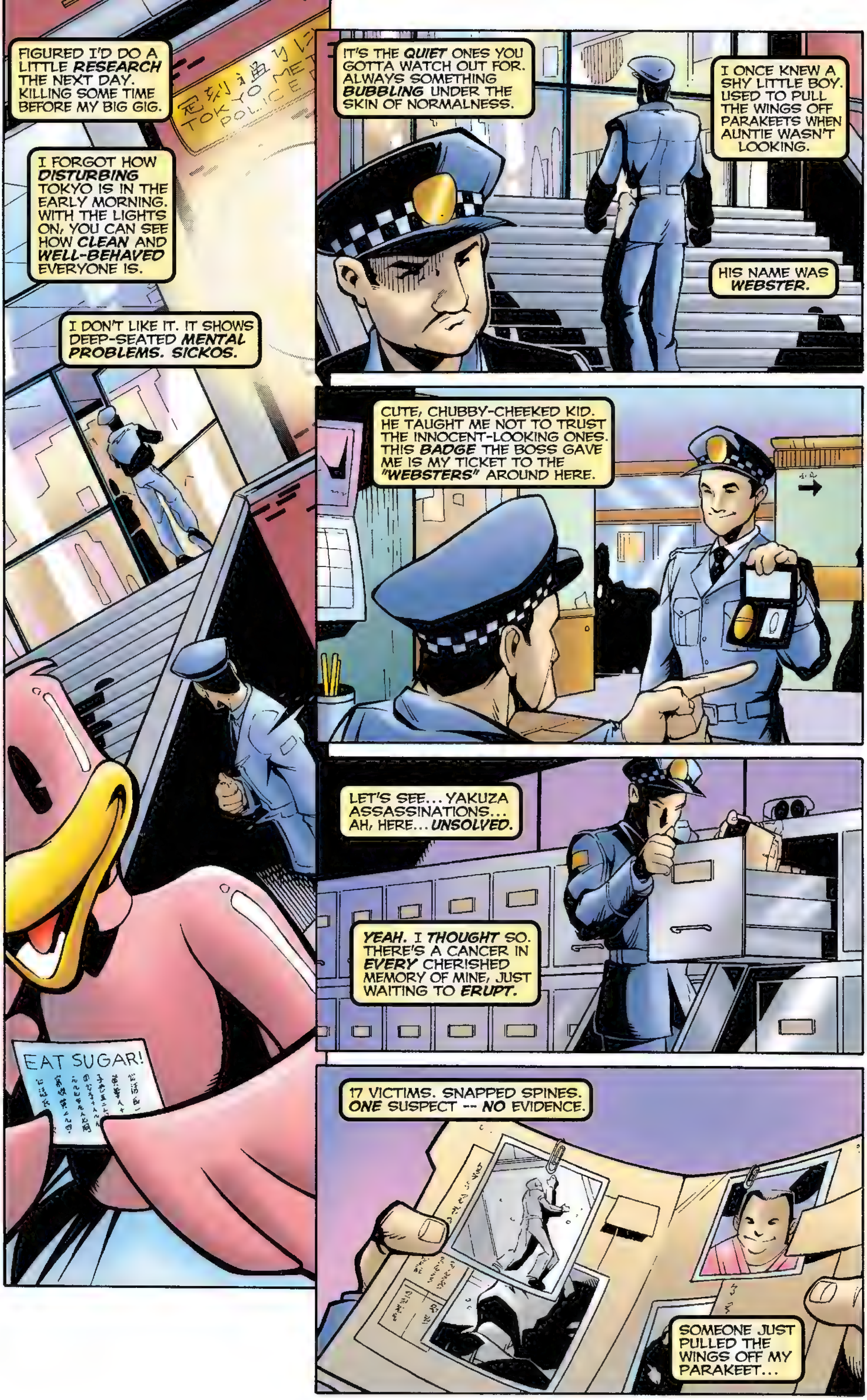

THE OYAKATA HAD BEEN A BIG COMPETITOR IN HIS TIME -- THE TOPS -- THE GREATEST.
HE HELD THE HIGHEST RANK IN THE SPORT, YOKOZUNA.
HE WAS KNOWN FOR A CERTAIN MOVE, A TRIP. IT PUT A SLEDGEHAMMER'S AMOUNT OF PRESSURE ON HIS OPPONENT'S BACK. THEY WOULD HAVE TO FALL, OR HAVE THEIR SPINE SNAPPED.
THE PRESS USED TO SAY THE MOVE WOULD BE LETHAL IF IT WASN'T DONE BY THE EXPERT HANDS OF THE OYAKATA.
IN HIS TIME, HE WAS UNBEATABLE.
SO, HE WAS TO BE MY HURDLE.
EVERY DAY I'D CRAWL INTO THE RING -- AND EVERY DAY I WOULD BE SLAPPED DOWN. IT WAS PAINFUL. VERY PAINFUL.
<THAT'S ALL YOU GOT, BOY? GONNA LET AN OLD MAN KNOCK YA DOWN?!>
BUT I SLOWLY GOT FASTER...
<YOU FEEL ANGRY? SHAMED? WELL, THEN DO SOMETHING!>
...AND STRONGER...
<LET IT OUT! LET OUT THE FURY! LET OUT THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE!>
...AND FATTER!
<WHERE'S THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE YOU? YOU A FIGHTER OR A PUPPY?!>
ONE MORNING, PROUDEST OF MY LIFE, I FOUND MY TECHNIQUE -- THE MESUINU TSUPPARI.
I SLAPPED THE OYAKATA DOWN. ME.
WHAAAP
FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I WAS UNBEATABLE!

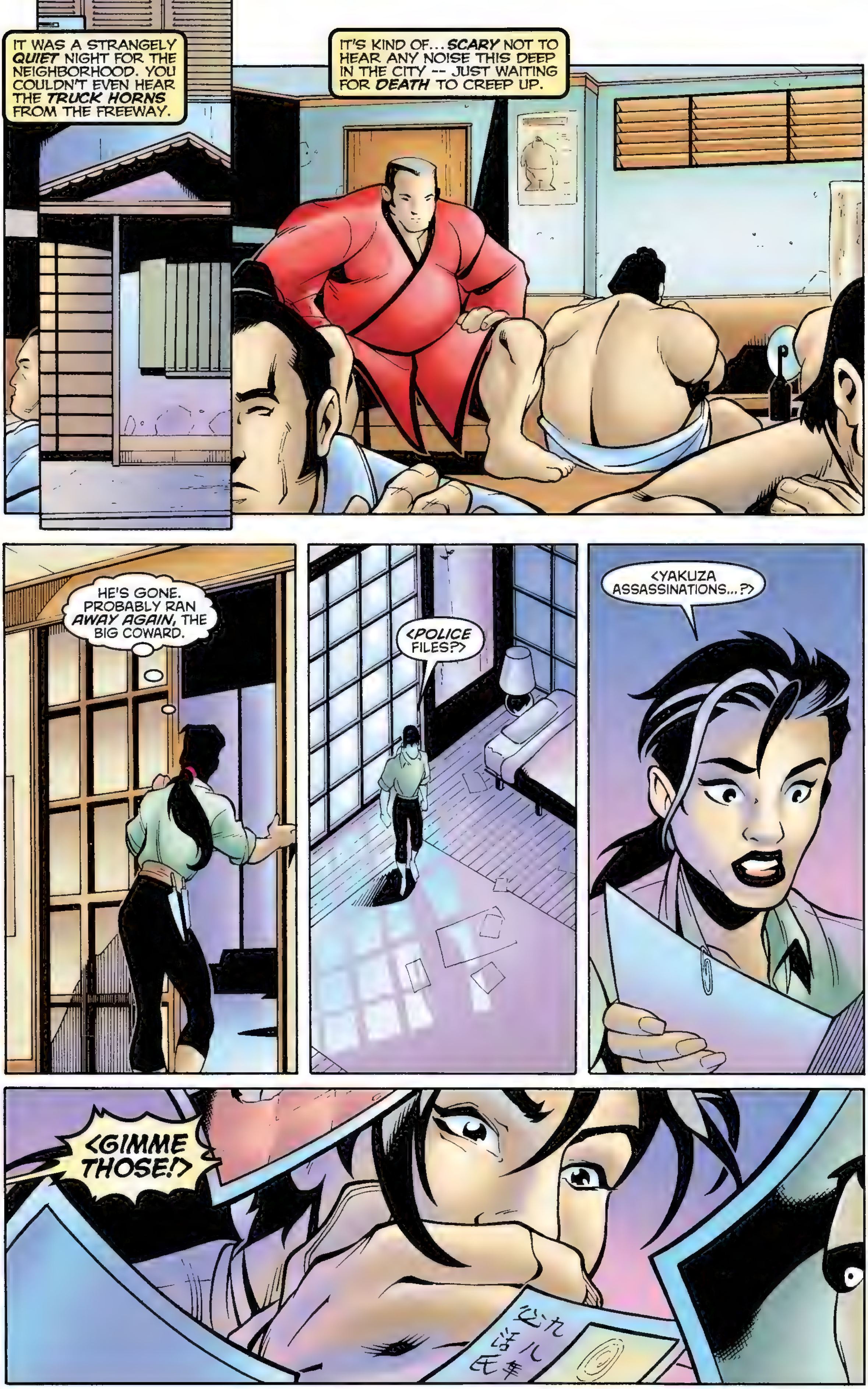

I QUICKLY BECAME THE STAR **RIKISHI** IN THE STABLE AND IT CAME TIME FOR ME TO CHOOSE A **SHIKONA** -- A TRADITIONAL NAME TO BE USED IN COMPETITION.
SAZAE, THE OYAKATA'S YOUNG DAUGHTER, GAVE ME MY NAME. **"CHIYONOSAKE"** -- **"THE WOLF OF THE RICE WINE."**
I **LOVED** THAT NAME. NOT BECAUSE I GOT DRUNK, BUT BECAUSE... **WELL,** WHEN LADIES GIVE ME A NAME, IT'S USUALLY NOT THAT KINDLY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
IT WAS A **GOOD** LIFE. BEING WAITED ON HAND AND FOOT. A CLEAR OPPONENT -- A WORLD OF **RULES** AND **ORDER.**
SAZAE USED TO DO THE COOKING IN THE HEYA, SINCE THE OYAKATA'S WIFE HAD DIED IN SOME ACCIDENT.
SHE TOOK A LIKING TO THIS UP-AND-COMING RIKISHI WHO SEEMED TO TREAT HER WORLD LIKE IT WAS ALL SOME KIND OF FUN RIDE.
SHE USED TO SNEAK ME **CURRY UDON** TO GET ON MY GOOD SIDE. AND THE WHOLE TIME THE OYAKATA'S TURNING A BLIND EYE TO IT ALL, LIKE SOME MATCH-MAKING **GRANDMA.**
IT WAS EVENTUALLY ARRANGED THAT WHEN SAZAE WAS OF AGE, SHE WOULD MARRY **ME** -- **CHIYO.** I'D INHERIT THE HEYA, **CHARGE** OF THE PUPILS... AND EVERYTHING VALUABLE TO THE OYAKATA.
MOST **IMPORTANTLY,** I'D BE ENTRUSTED WITH SAZAE'S WELFARE -- NO ONE ELSE WOULD THE OYAKATA TRUST WITH HIS DEAREST TREASURE.
I CAN TELL YOU, IT WAS ABOUT AS CLOSE AS A FELLA LIKE ME COULD COME TO THE **WHITE PICKET** FENCE ROUTINE. ALL COZY. **UNTIL...**

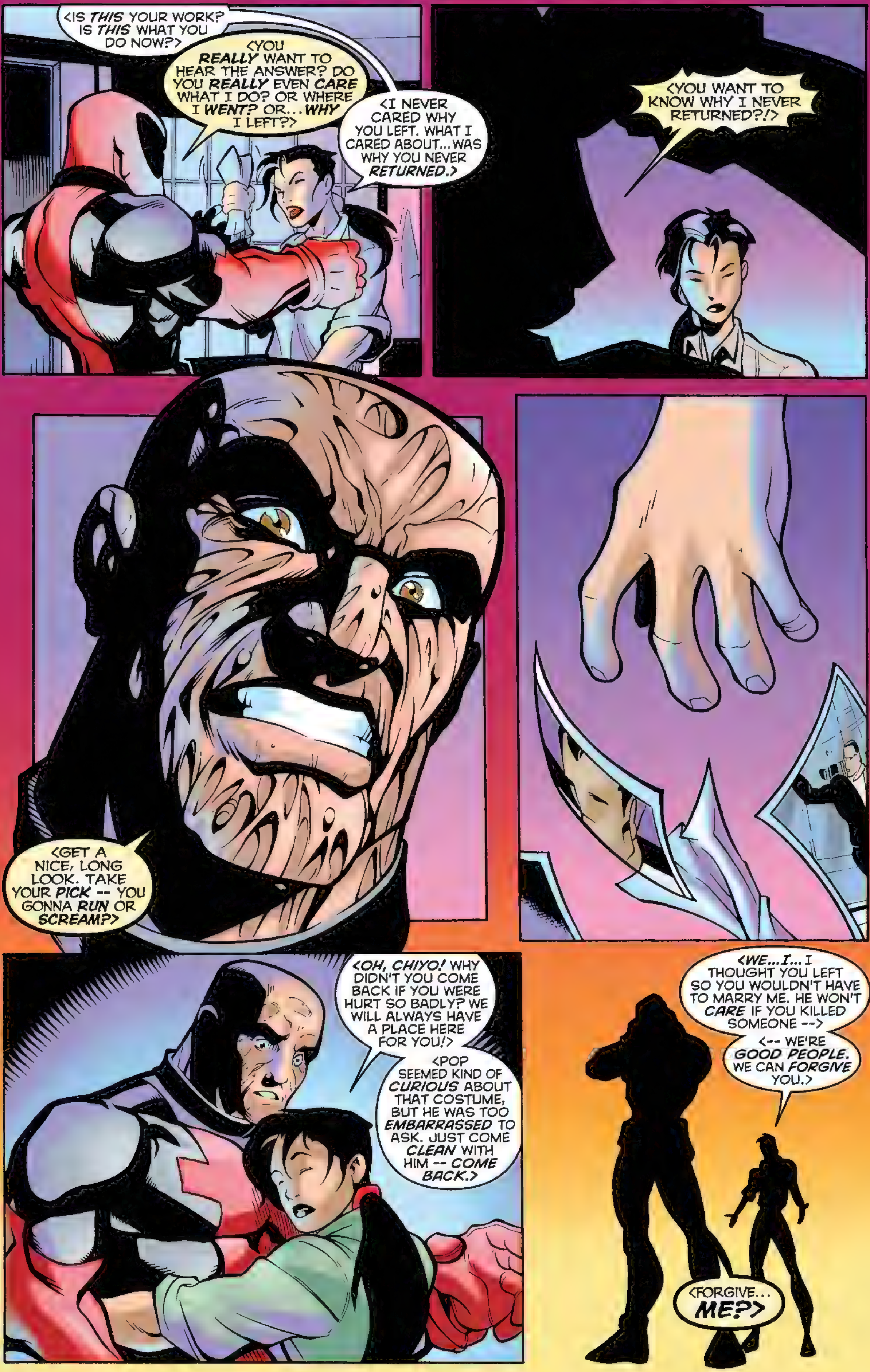

MY LITTLE MISTAKE WAS THAT I THOUGHT I COULD LEAVE BEHIND ALL THE UNHAPPINESS AND UGLINESS IN MY LIFE.
ONE SUNNY MORNING, THERE WAS A MESSAGE IN MY CREME-FILLED DWINKEE. IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO DO WHAT I WAS BEING PAID FOR.
AND WHAT WAS THAT? SURPRISE.
"KILL THE OYAKATA."
FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, I SAID "'ENOUGH." FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, I WAS WALKING AWAY FROM A JOB -- LEAVING BEFORE I COULD HURT ANYBODY EXCEPT MYSELF.
SHE WOULDN'T MAKE IT EASY, THOUGH. THEY NEVER DO.
<CHIYO! STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?>
I TOLD HER THAT I COULDN'T EXPLAIN WHY I WAS RUNNING AWAY. THAT SHE WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW WHY.
<I DON'T CARE WHY! YOU CAN'T GO...OR... OR...I'LL SCREAM!>
AND I COULDN'T HAVE THAT...
THUMP
I HAD TO KNOCK HER UNCONSCIOUS BEFORE SHE KNEW WHAT HIT HER. I HAD TO.
THEN I DID WHAT I DO SO WELL -- I DISAPPEARED.
AND IT WAS A LONG, LONG TIME UNTIL THERE WAS A MORNING I DIDN'T WONDER WHAT SHE DID WHEN SHE WOKE UP. IF SHE WAS SAD OR ANGRY...OR JUST AS DISAPPOINTED IN ME AS I WAS.

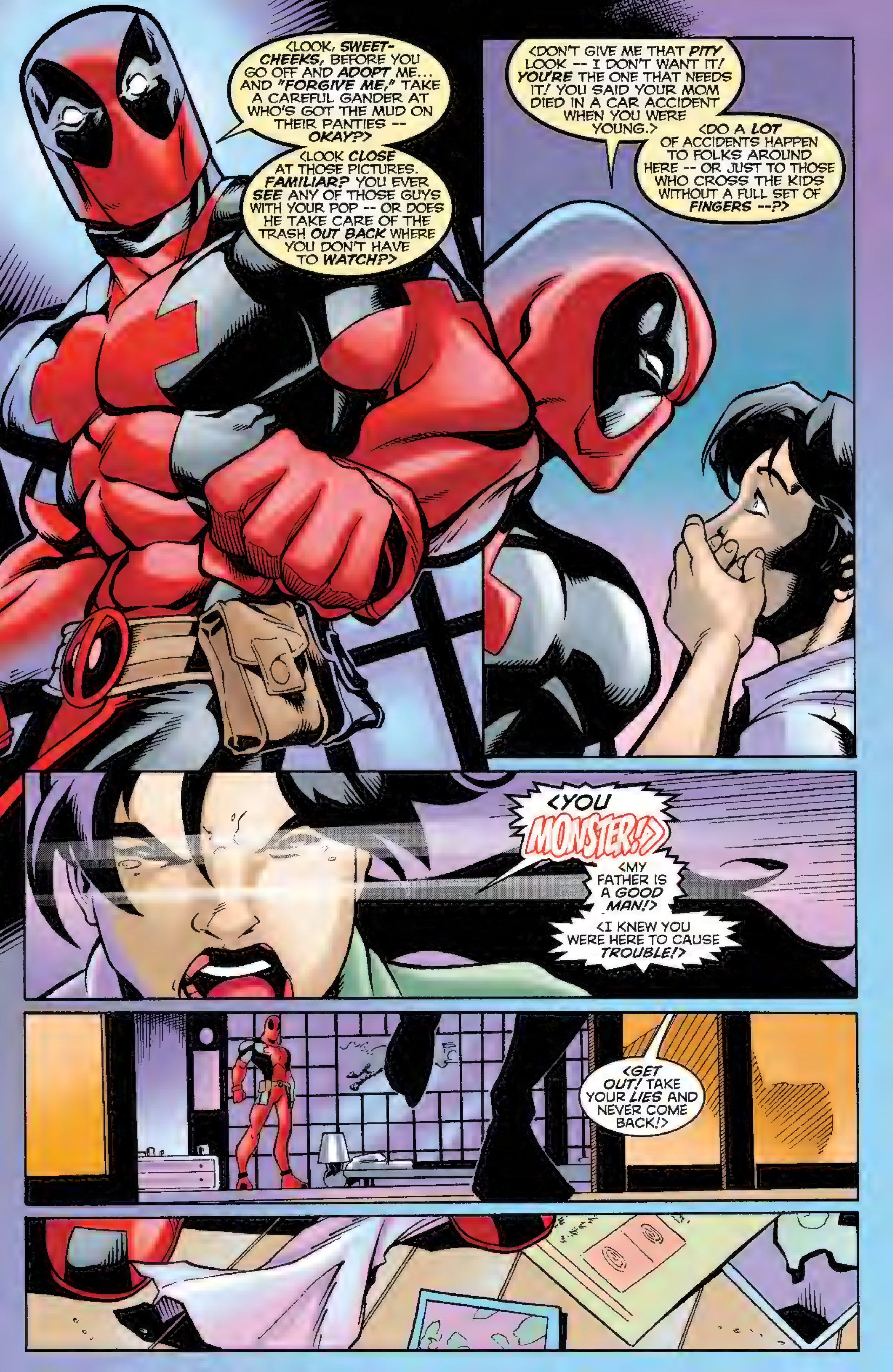

VOICES IN MY HEAD... I MUST BE HAVING A FLASHBACK!
HOW COME I ALWAYS FIND MYSELF WAKING UP SUNDAY MORNING IN THE ARMS OF A FAT MAN?
<YOU'RE AWAKE. YOU OKAY, CHIYO?>
<I'M BREATHING. GOT OFF LUCKY. SO DID YOU.>
<THAT WASN'T SOMETHING RANDOM BACK THERE IN THE CLUB. THAT LITTLE THING WAS HIRED TO KILL YOU.>
<HMMMPH. REALLY?>
<LOOK. MAYBE YOU MISHEARD ME. IS THIS EVERYDAY BUSINESS FOR YOU?
<I SAID -- A-PSYCHOTIC-MIDGET-HAS-BEEN-HIRED-TO-KILL-YOU!>
<THE ONLY LEAD I GOT ON IT IS A PIECE-OF-SLIME YAKUZA WHO WAS EVIDENTLY NAMED "BOSS" BY HIS MENTALLY-CHALLENGED MOTHER -->
<THE BOSS! THE BOSS HIRED HIM! HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?!>
<HE DIDN'T... AT LEAST I DON'T THINK HE DID. HE HIRED ME TO STOP THE SMURF.>
<OUCH.>
<OH, THAT'S OKAY THEN... BREAKFAST IS AT 11 AM, AND IF YOU WANT TO SIT IN ON PRACTICE, WE START BEFORE 5 AM -->
<THAT'S OKAY? I SHOW UP AFTER YEARS AWAY, WEARING THIS JAZZY JUMPSUIT AND THAT'S NORMAL TO YOU?>
<YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SHOCKED BY ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS OUTSIDE THESE WALLS. ONLY IN THE HEYA DO PEOPLE FOLLOW THE RULES.>

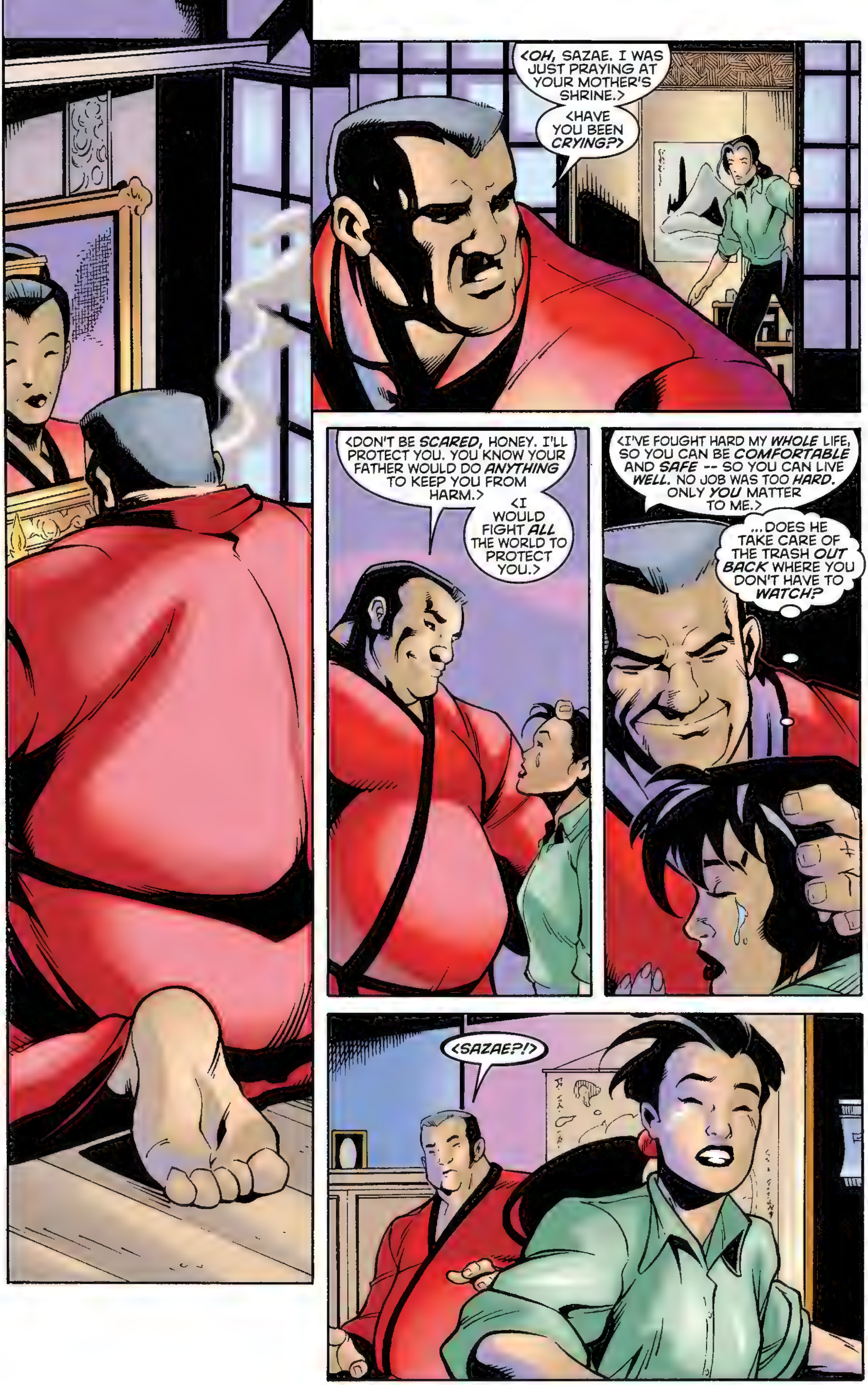

<POP, YOU OKAY?! GET OFF HIM, CHIYO -->
<-- BEFORE I CHOP YOU OFF!>
<KEEP HER AWAY FROM MY G-R-O-I-N!>
<SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KNOCK OFF YOUR POP, BUT IT AIN'T ME.>
<I STILL TRUST HIM, SAZAE. YOU DON'T KNOW HIM LIKE I DO.>
<I KNOW HIM TOO WELL. THAT'S THE PROBLEM, POP.>
<OKAY. TAKE THE FAMILY FEUD OUTSIDE. I GOTTA SLEEP, AND I DON'T WANT TO REVEAL TO MERE MORTALS WHERE THE FLY IS ON THIS JOY-SUIT.>
<REST UP. THAT MUNCHKIN WON'T ATTACK UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT.>
<HE WON'T? HOW DO YOU KNOW?!>
<TRADE SECRET.>
YEAH, I KNOW. AT FIRST I THOUGHT THAT THING MIGHT HAVE JUST BEEN STALKING ME, DRESSING UP IN MY SHRUNKEN THROW-AWAYS. BUT HE'S GOT MY MOVES.
AND HIM LIVING THROUGH THAT TRUCK SETTLED IT -- HE'S ALSO GOT MY ACCELERATED HEALING FACTOR. HE'S ME, WITH HALF THE CALORIES.
WEIRD, BUT NO WEIRDER THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON THIS FIELD TRIP -- AND THAT'S A NICE BON-BON TO GO TO SLEEP ON...

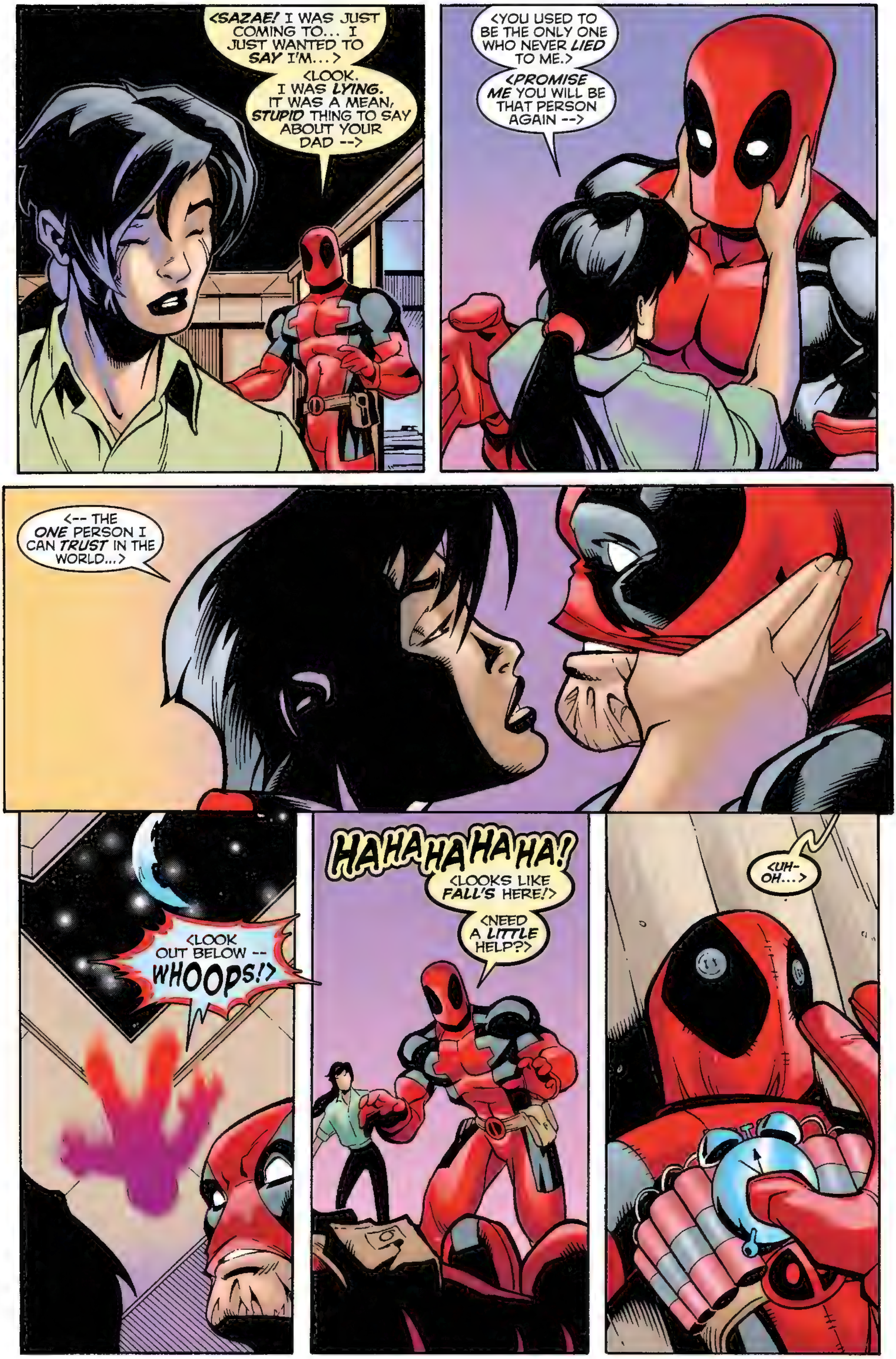

FIGURED I'D DO A LITTLE **RESEARCH** THE NEXT DAY. KILLING SOME TIME BEFORE MY BIG GIG.
TOKYO METRO POLICE
I FORGOT HOW **DISTURBING** TOKYO IS IN THE EARLY MORNING. WITH THE LIGHTS ON, YOU CAN SEE HOW **CLEAN** AND **WELL-BEHAVED** EVERYONE IS.
I DON'T LIKE IT. IT SHOWS DEEP-SEATED **MENTAL PROBLEMS. SICKOS.**
EAT SUGAR!
IT'S THE **QUIET** ONES YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR. ALWAYS SOMETHING **BUBBLING** UNDER THE SKIN OF NORMALNESS.
I ONCE KNEW A SHY LITTLE BOY. USED TO PULL THE WINGS OFF PARAKEETS WHEN AUNTIE WASN'T LOOKING.
HIS NAME WAS **WEBSTER.**
CUTE, CHUBBY-CHEEKED KID. HE TAUGHT ME NOT TO TRUST THE INNOCENT-LOOKING ONES. THIS **BADGE** THE BOSS GAVE ME IS MY TICKET TO THE **"WEBSTERS"** AROUND HERE.
LET'S SEE... YAKUZA ASSASSINATIONS... AH, HERE... **UNSOLVED.**
YEAH. I **THOUGHT** SO. THERE'S A CANCER IN **EVERY** CHERISHED MEMORY OF MINE, JUST WAITING TO **ERUPT.**
17 VICTIMS. SNAPPED SPINES. **ONE** SUSPECT -- **NO** EVIDENCE.
SOMEONE JUST PULLED THE WINGS OFF MY PARAKEET...

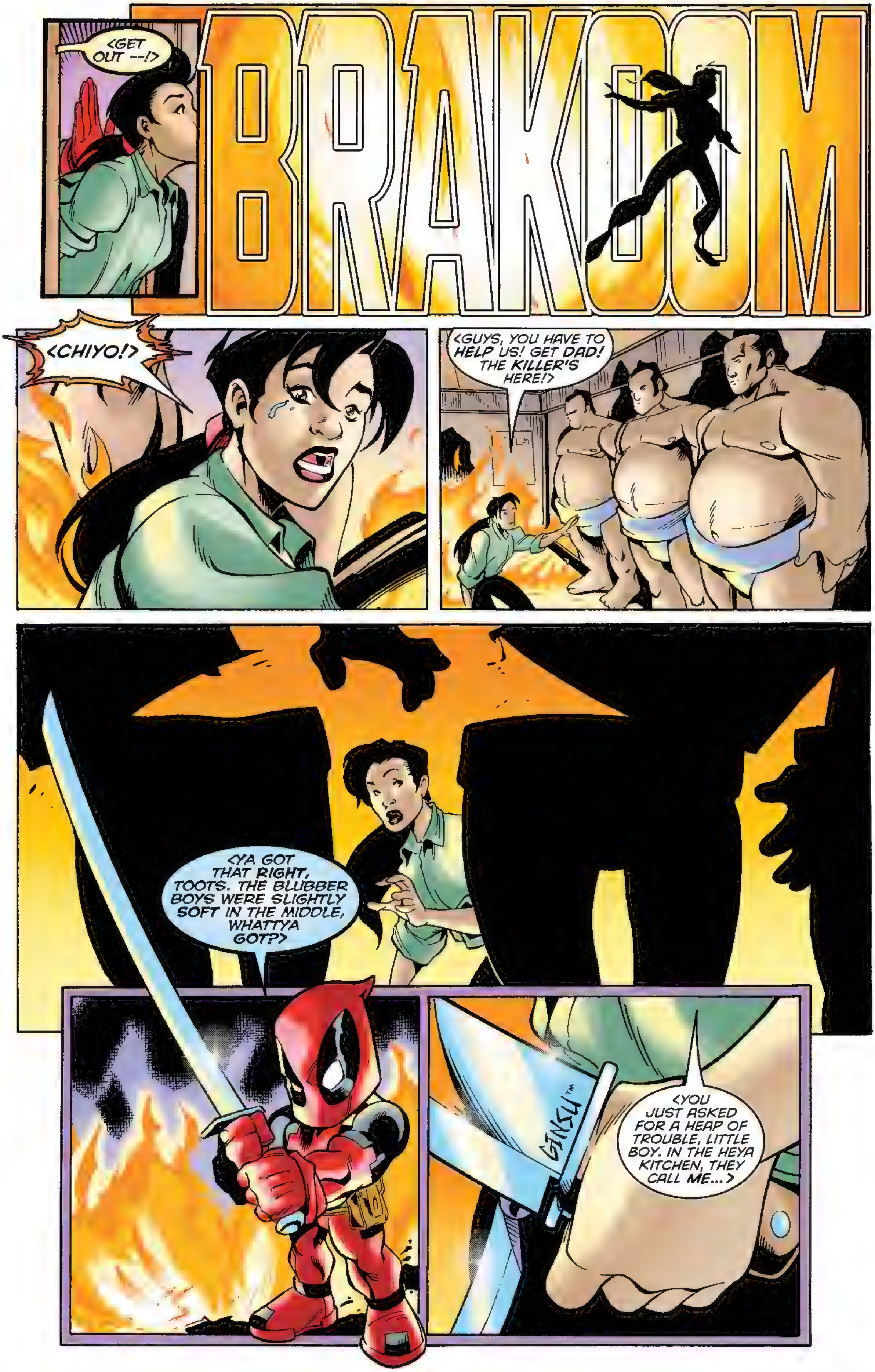

IT WAS A STRANGELY *QUIET* NIGHT FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD. YOU COULDN'T EVEN HEAR THE *TRUCK HORNS* FROM THE FREEWAY.
IT'S KIND OF... *SCARY* NOT TO HEAR ANY NOISE THIS DEEP IN THE CITY -- JUST WAITING FOR *DEATH* TO CREEP UP.
HE'S GONE. PROBABLY RAN *AWAY AGAIN,* THE BIG COWARD.
<*POLICE* FILES?>
<YAKUZA ASSASSINATIONS...?>
<GIMME THOSE!>

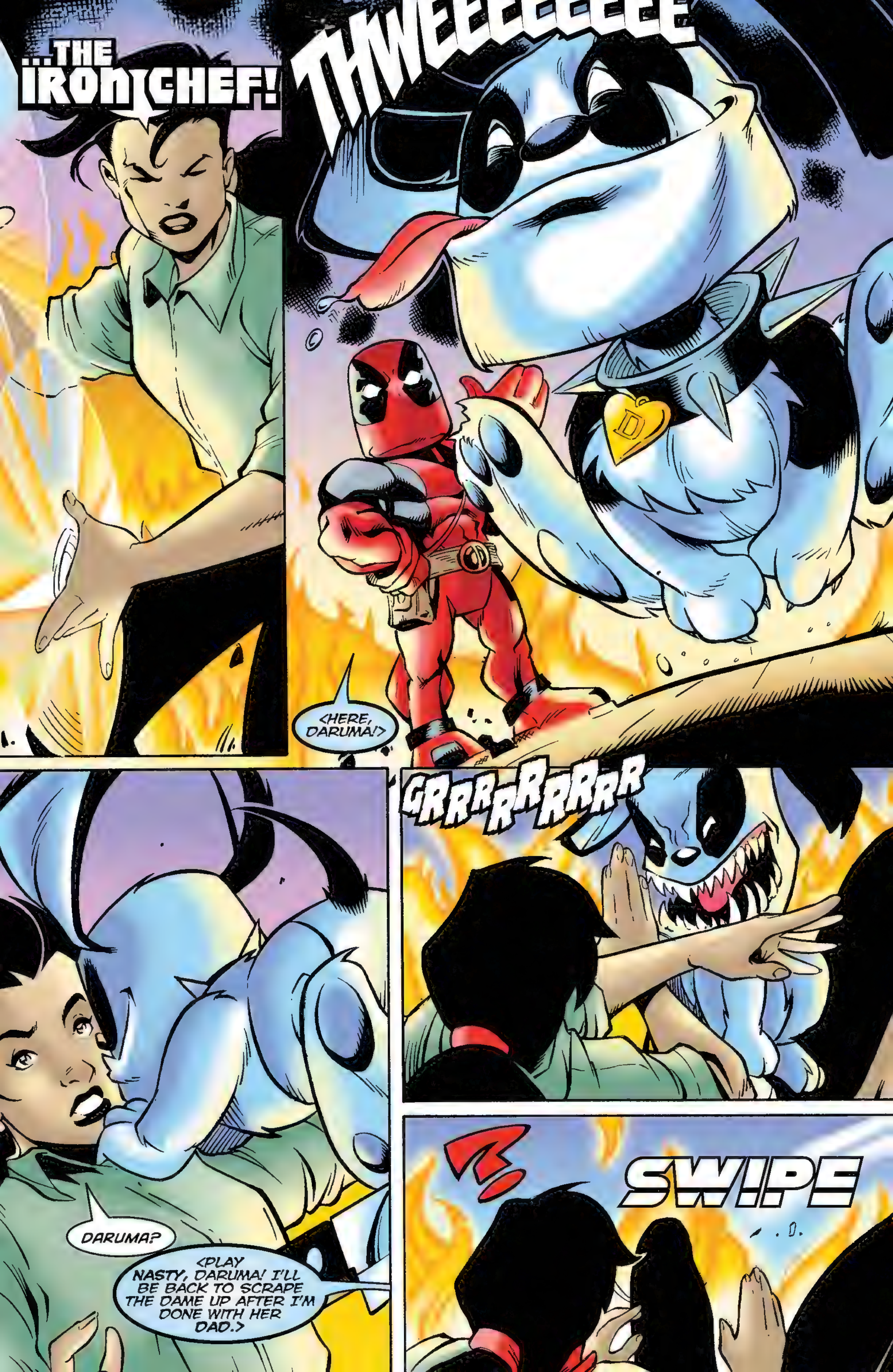

<IS *THIS* YOUR WORK? IS *THIS* WHAT YOU DO NOW?>
<YOU *REALLY* WANT TO HEAR THE ANSWER? DO YOU *REALLY* EVEN *CARE* WHAT I DO? OR WHERE I *WENT?* OR... *WHY* I LEFT?>
<I NEVER CARED WHY YOU LEFT. WHAT I CARED ABOUT... WAS WHY YOU NEVER *RETURNED*.>
<YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I NEVER RETURNED?!>
<GET A NICE, LONG LOOK. TAKE YOUR *PICK* -- YOU GONNA *RUN* OR *SCREAM?*>
<*OH, CHIYO!* WHY DIDN'T YOU COME BACK IF YOU WERE HURT SO BADLY? WE WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE HERE FOR YOU!>
<POP SEEMED KIND OF *CURIOUS* ABOUT THAT COSTUME, BUT HE WAS TOO *EMBARRASSED* TO ASK. JUST COME *CLEAN* WITH HIM -- *COME BACK*.>
<*WE... I...* I THOUGHT YOU LEFT SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO MARRY ME. HE WON'T *CARE* IF YOU KILLED SOMEONE -->
<-- WE'RE *GOOD PEOPLE*. WE CAN *FORGIVE* YOU.>
<FORGIVE... *ME?*>

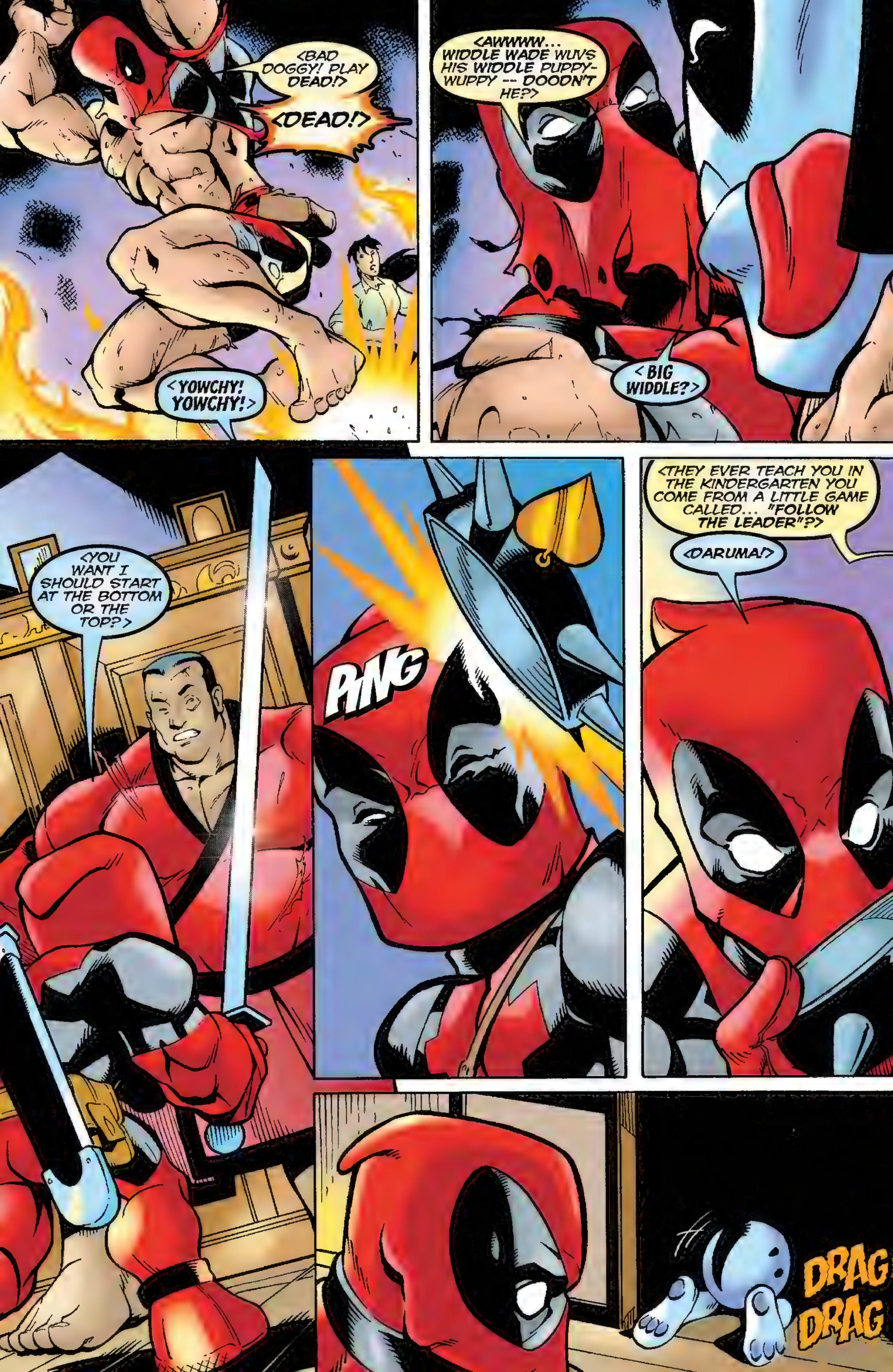


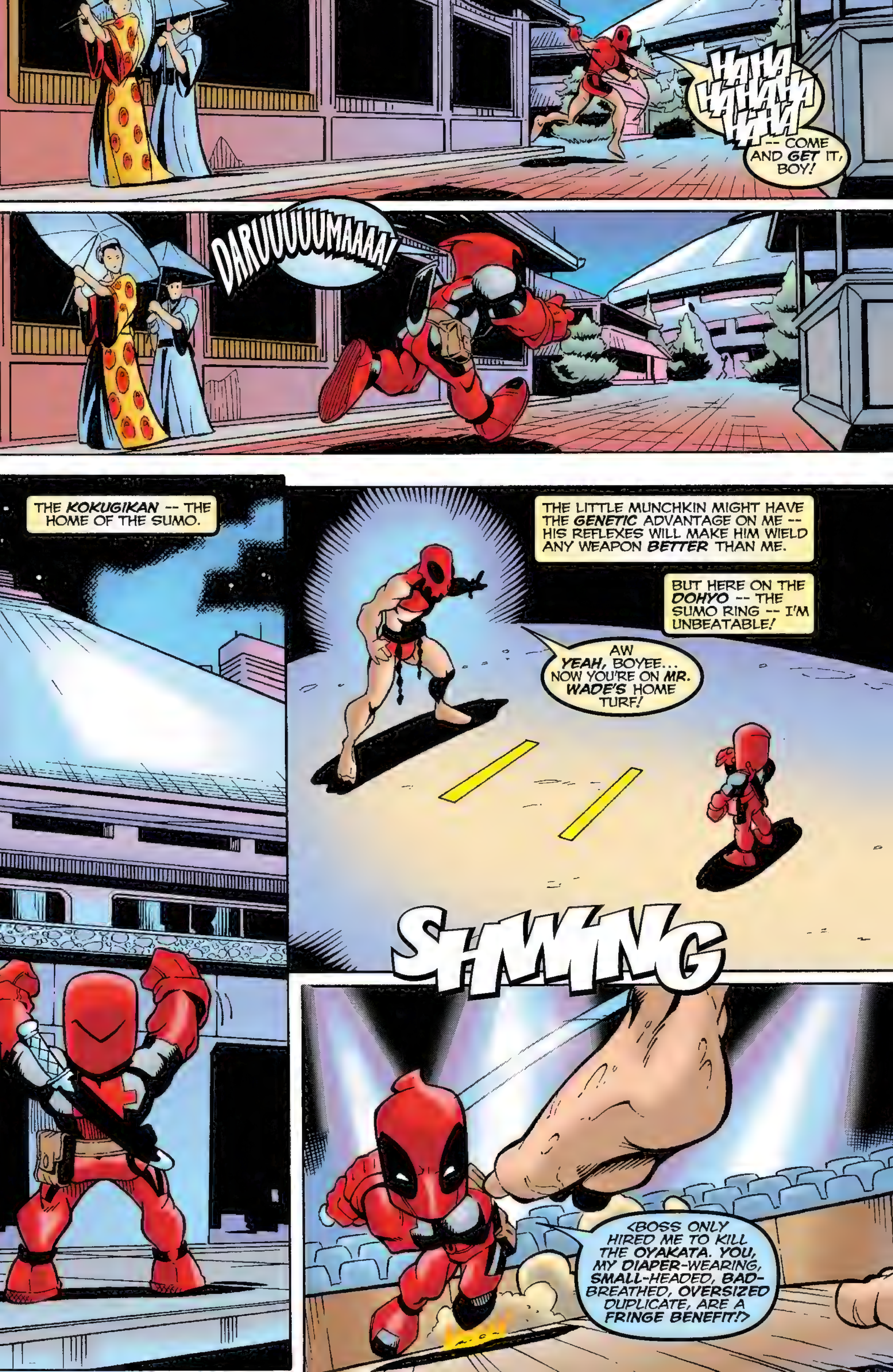

<OH, SAZAE. I WAS JUST PRAYING AT YOUR MOTHER'S SHRINE.>
<HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING?>
<DON'T BE SCARED, HONEY. I'LL PROTECT YOU. YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER WOULD DO ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU FROM HARM.>
<I WOULD FIGHT ALL THE WORLD TO PROTECT YOU.>
<I'VE FOUGHT HARD MY WHOLE LIFE, SO YOU CAN BE COMFORTABLE AND SAFE -- SO YOU CAN LIVE WELL. NO JOB WAS TOO HARD. ONLY YOU MATTER TO ME.>
...DOES HE TAKE CARE OF THE TRASH OUT BACK WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WATCH?
<SAZAE?!>

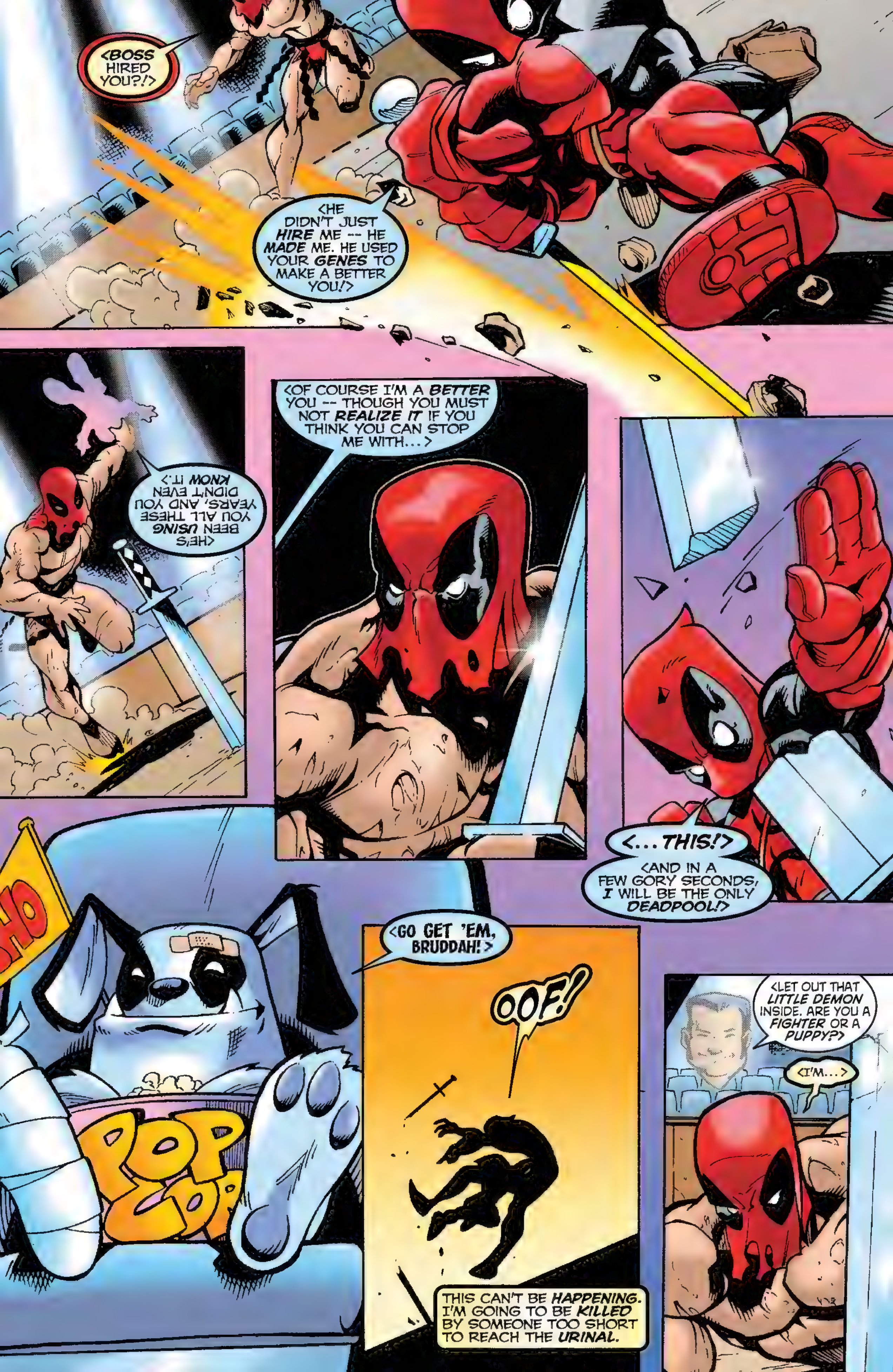

<SAZAE! I WAS JUST COMING TO... I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'M...>
<LOOK. I WAS LYING. IT WAS A MEAN, STUPID THING TO SAY ABOUT YOUR DAD -->
<YOU USED TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHO NEVER LIED TO ME.>
<PROMISE ME YOU WILL BE THAT PERSON AGAIN -->
<-- THE ONE PERSON I CAN TRUST IN THE WORLD...>
<LOOK OUT BELOW -- WHOOPS!>
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
<LOOKS LIKE FALL'S HERE!>
<NEED A LITTLE HELP?>
<UH-OH...>

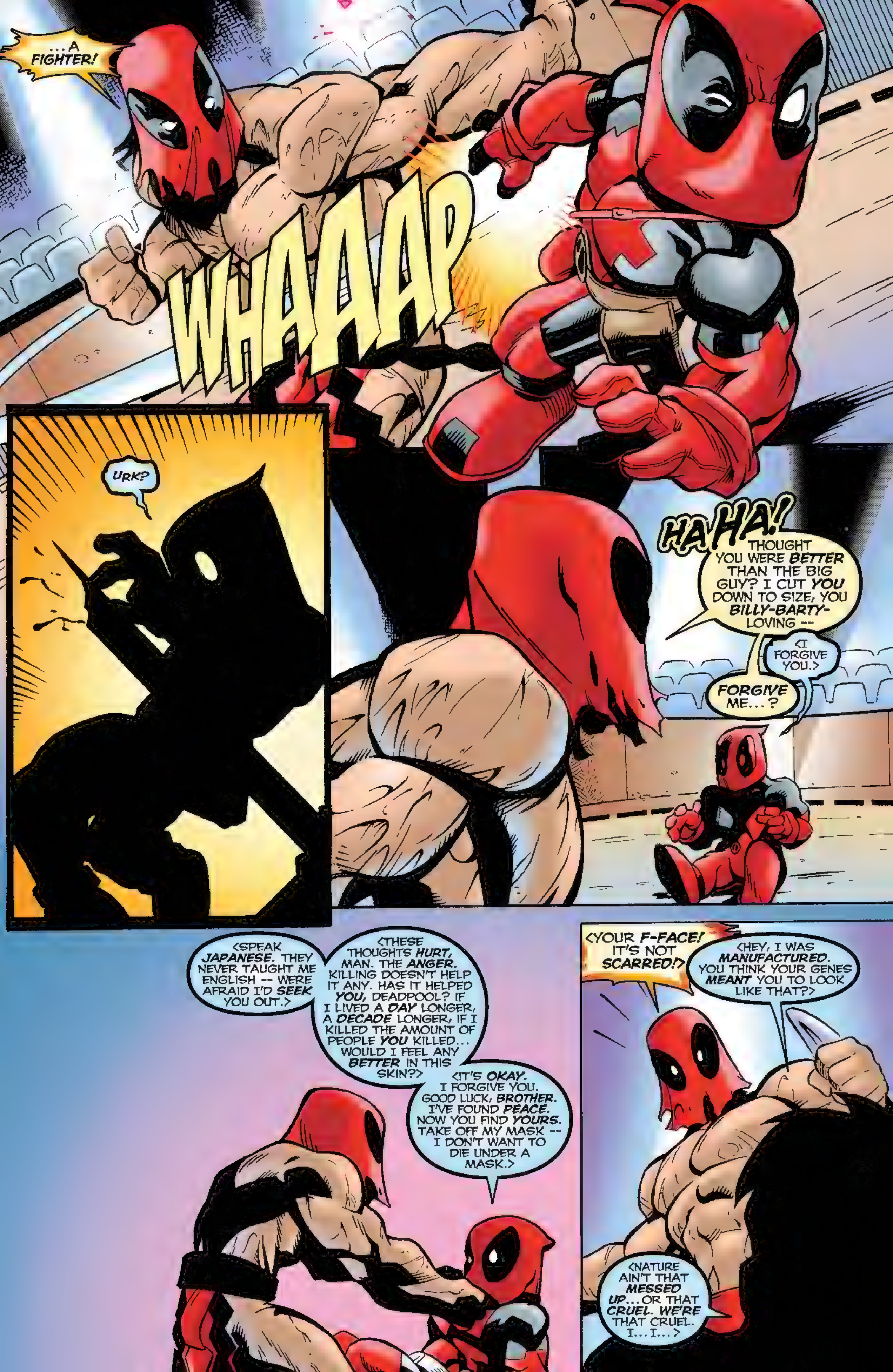

<GET OUT --!>
BRAKOOM
<CHIYO!>
<GUYS, YOU HAVE TO HELP US! GET DAD! THE KILLER'S HERE!>
<YA GOT THAT RIGHT, TOOTS. THE BLUBBER BOYS WERE SLIGHTLY SOFT IN THE MIDDLE. WHATTYA GOT?>
GINSU™
<YOU JUST ASKED FOR A HEAP OF TROUBLE, LITTLE BOY. IN THE HEYA KITCHEN, THEY CALL ME...>

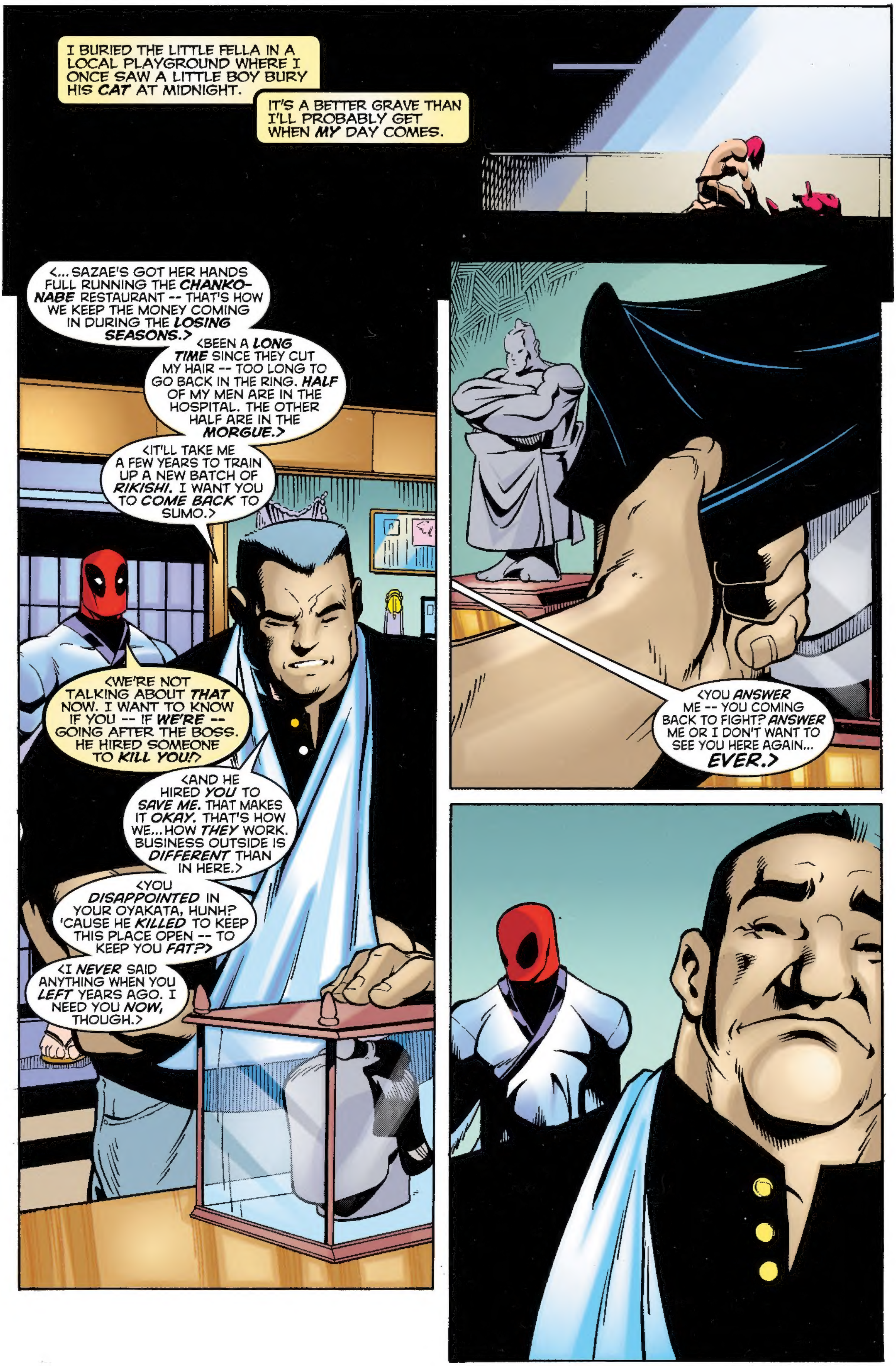

...THE IRON CHEF!
THWEEEEEEEE
<HERE, DARUMA!>
GRRRRRRRRR
DARUMA?
<PLAY NASTY, DARUMA! I'LL BE BACK TO SCRAPE THE DAME UP AFTER I'M DONE WITH HER DAD.>
SWIPE

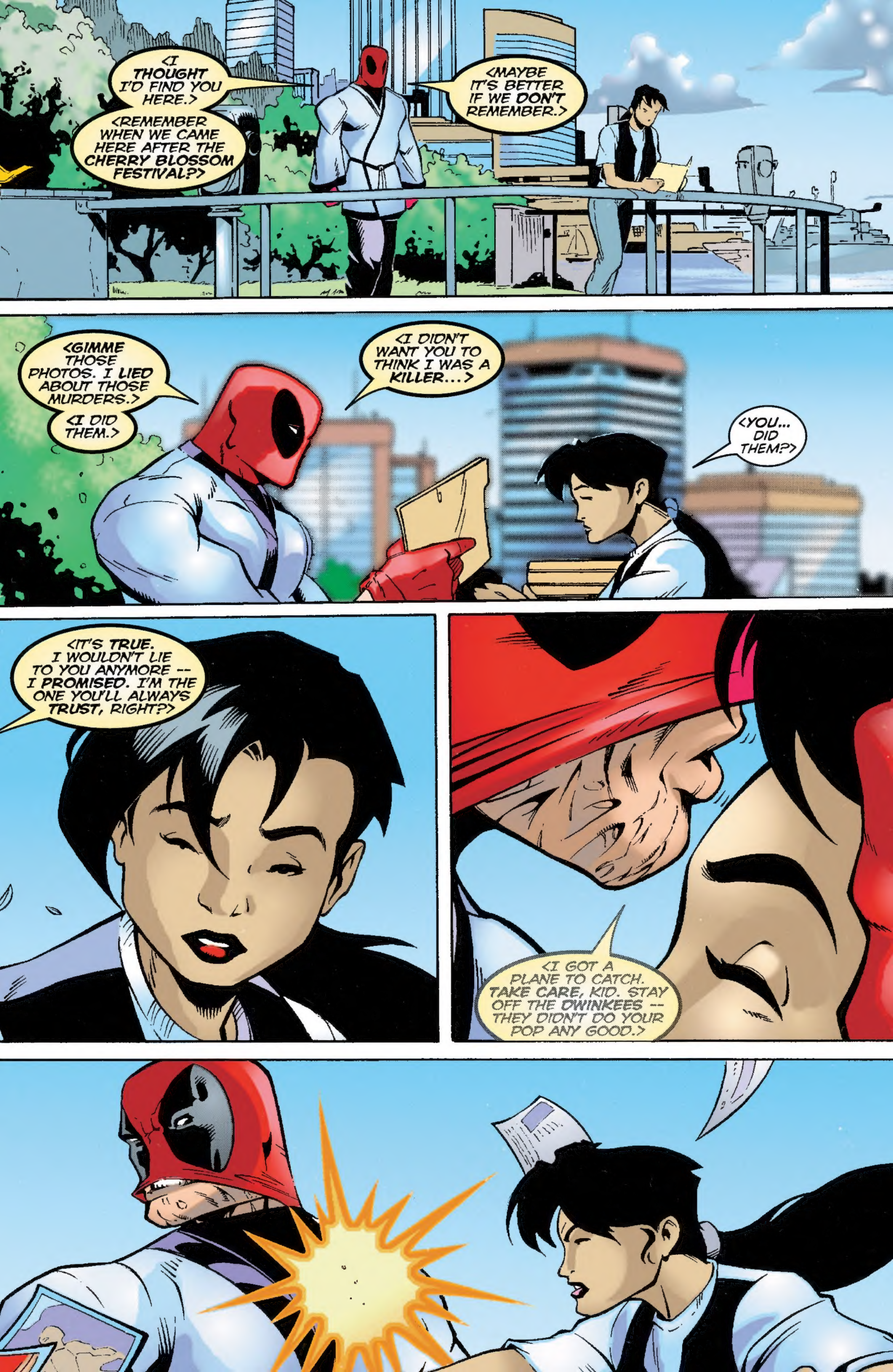

<BAD DOGGY! PLAY DEAD!>
<DEAD!>
<YOWCHY! YOWCHY!>
<AWWWW... WIDDLE WADE WUVS HIS WIDDLE PUPPY-WUPPY -- DOOON'T HE?>
< BIG WIDDLE?>
<YOU WANT I SHOULD START AT THE BOTTOM OR THE TOP?>
PING
<THEY EVER TEACH YOU IN THE KINDERGARTEN YOU COME FROM A LITTLE GAME CALLED... "FOLLOW THE LEADER"?>
<DARUMA!>
DRAG
DRAG

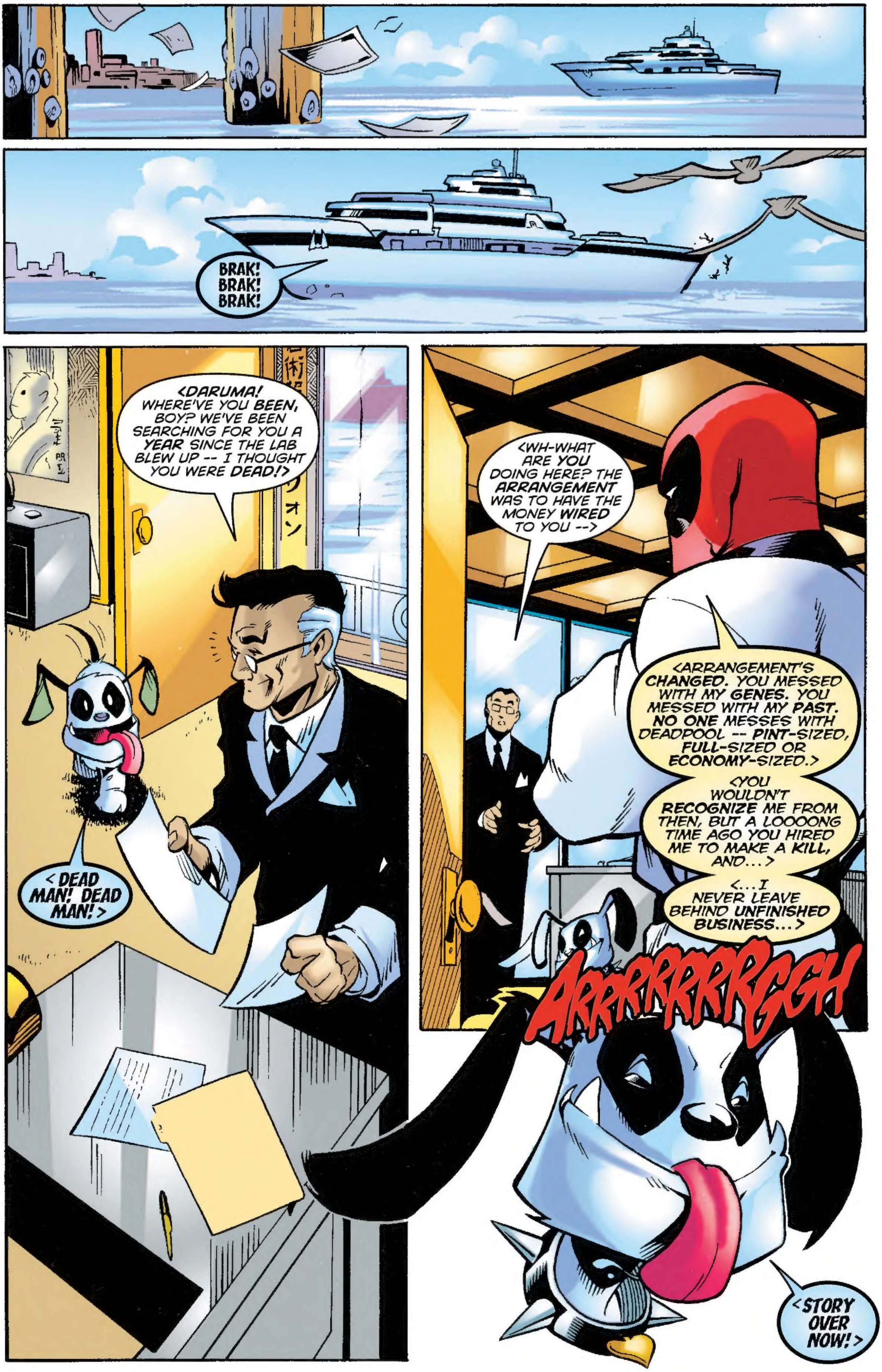

HAHA HAHAHA HAHA -- COME AND GET IT, BOY!
DARUUUUUMAAAA!
THE KOKUGIKAN -- THE HOME OF THE SUMO.
THE LITTLE MUNCHKIN MIGHT HAVE THE GENETIC ADVANTAGE ON ME -- HIS REFLEXES WILL MAKE HIM WIELD ANY WEAPON BETTER THAN ME.
BUT HERE ON THE DOHYO -- THE SUMO RING -- I'M UNBEATABLE!
AW YEAH, BOYEE... NOW YOU'RE ON MR. WADE'S HOME TURF!
SHWING
<BOSS ONLY HIRED ME TO KILL THE OYAKATA. YOU, MY DIAPER-WEARING, SMALL-HEADED, BAD-BREATHED, OVERSIZED DUPLICATE, ARE A FRINGE BENEFIT!>


<BOSS HIRED YOU?!>
<HE DIDN'T JUST HIRE ME -- HE MADE ME. HE USED YOUR GENES TO MAKE A BETTER YOU!>
<HE'S BEEN USING YOU ALL THESE YEARS, AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT.>
<OF COURSE I'M A BETTER YOU -- THOUGH YOU MUST NOT REALIZE IT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME WITH...>
<...THIS!>
<AND IN A FEW GORY SECONDS, I WILL BE THE ONLY DEADPOOL!>
SHO
POP COR
<GO GET 'EM, BRUDDAH!>
OOF!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING. I'M GOING TO BE KILLED BY SOMEONE TOO SHORT TO REACH THE URINAL.
<LET OUT THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE. ARE YOU A FIGHTER OR A PUPPY?>
<I'M...>


...A FIGHTER!
WHAAAP
URK?
HAHA! THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN THE BIG GUY? I CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE, YOU BILLY-BARTY-LOVING --
<I FORGIVE YOU.>
FORGIVE ME...?
<SPEAK JAPANESE. THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME ENGLISH -- WERE AFRAID I'D SEEK YOU OUT.>
<THESE THOUGHTS HURT, MAN. THE ANGER. KILLING DOESN'T HELP IT ANY. HAS IT HELPED YOU, DEADPOOL? IF I LIVED A DAY LONGER, A DECADE LONGER, IF I KILLED THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE YOU KILLED... WOULD I FEEL ANY BETTER IN THIS SKIN?>
<IT'S OKAY. I FORGIVE YOU. GOOD LUCK, BROTHER. I'VE FOUND PEACE. NOW YOU FIND YOURS. TAKE OFF MY MASK -- I DON'T WANT TO DIE UNDER A MASK.>
<YOUR F-FACE! IT'S NOT SCARRED!>
<HEY, I WAS MANUFACTURED. YOU THINK YOUR GENES MEANT YOU TO LOOK LIKE THAT?>
<NATURE AIN'T THAT MESSED UP...OR THAT CRUEL. WE'RE THAT CRUEL. I...I...>


I BURIED THE LITTLE FELLA IN A LOCAL PLAYGROUND WHERE I ONCE SAW A LITTLE BOY BURY HIS *CAT* AT MIDNIGHT.
IT'S A BETTER GRAVE THAN I'LL PROBABLY GET WHEN *MY* DAY COMES.
<...SAZAE'S GOT HER HANDS FULL RUNNING THE *CHANKO-NABE* RESTAURANT -- THAT'S HOW WE KEEP THE MONEY COMING IN DURING THE *LOSING SEASONS.*>
<BEEN A *LONG TIME* SINCE THEY CUT MY HAIR -- TOO LONG TO GO BACK IN THE RING. *HALF* OF MY MEN ARE IN THE HOSPITAL. THE OTHER HALF ARE IN THE *MORGUE.*>
<IT'LL TAKE ME A FEW YEARS TO TRAIN UP A NEW BATCH OF *RIKISHI.* I WANT YOU TO *COME BACK* TO SUMO.>
<WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT *THAT* NOW. I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU -- IF *WE'RE* -- GOING AFTER THE BOSS. HE HIRED SOMEONE TO *KILL YOU!*>
<AND HE HIRED *YOU* TO *SAVE ME.* THAT MAKES IT *OKAY.* THAT'S HOW WE...HOW *THEY* WORK. BUSINESS OUTSIDE IS *DIFFERENT* THAN IN HERE.>
<YOU *DISAPPOINTED* IN YOUR OYAKATA, HUNH? 'CAUSE HE *KILLED* TO KEEP THIS PLACE OPEN -- TO KEEP YOU *FAT?*>
<I *NEVER* SAID ANYTHING WHEN YOU *LEFT* YEARS AGO. I NEED YOU *NOW,* THOUGH.>
<YOU *ANSWER* ME -- YOU COMING BACK TO FIGHT? *ANSWER* ME OR I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU HERE AGAIN... *EVER.*>




BRAK! BRAK! BRAK!
<DARUMA! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, BOY? WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU A YEAR SINCE THE LAB BLEW UP -- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!>
< DEAD MAN! DEAD MAN! >
<WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THE ARRANGEMENT WAS TO HAVE THE MONEY WIRED TO YOU -->
<ARRANGEMENT'S CHANGED. YOU MESSED WITH MY GENES. YOU MESSED WITH MY PAST. NO ONE MESSES WITH DEADPOOL -- PINT-SIZED, FULL-SIZED OR ECONOMY-SIZED.>
<YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE ME FROM THEN, BUT A LOOOONG TIME AGO YOU HIRED ME TO MAKE A KILL, AND...>
<...I NEVER LEAVE BEHIND UNFINISHED BUSINESS...>
ARRRRRRRGGH
< STORY OVER NOW! >

FOR A LISTING OF MORE MARVEL COLLECTIONS, DOWNLOAD

MARVEL
BACKLIST
READING
CHRONOLOGY
MARVEL
www.marvel.com
TM & © 2011 MARVEL & SUBS

Go to your local comic shop to pick up these great collections!
And stay tuned to the Marvel App for more amazing collection releases.
To find a comic shop near you visit www.comicshoplocator.com